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Collier's weekly.

v.34, no. 1 & 2 Oct. 1906

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Learn from the oldest, biggest and most influential institution of its kind in the world. Learn from the founders themselves.

Do you realize the full significance of these facts to you? When we say we can positively teach you advertisement writing by mail and fit you to earn from \$25 to \$100 per week we simply reiterate what those who have graduated and profited by our instruction are saying for us.

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THESE have been recognized as peculiarly representative of the high aims and accomplishment of American Artisan-ship.

FOR the choice of WEDDING GIFTS the stock of The GORHAM Co. offers, both in extent and in the variety of designs shown, an unequalled opportunity for selection.

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TO THE WOMAN OF TO-DAY

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COLLIER'S

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1904



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"DANGEROUS!"

DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

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WHEN PILATE SAID "What is truth?" he may have jested, or he may have spoken with a serious and even sad philosophy. Truth has no one face, although the ordinary mind wishes her to have a fixed expression. The average intelligence craves clear-cut decision. It wishes one thing to be all right and another all wrong. It wishes, for instance, that an organ of opinion should be sharply for ROOSEVELT and sharply against PARKER, with no nonsense. It does not understand that such an attitude is often inconsistent with genuine candor. As so many of our readers reflect this mood, we shall gratify them by announcing how we shall vote, although that announcement seems to us no important part of our duty as a journal. We intend to vote, without entire enthusiasm, for THEODORE ROOSEVELT for President of the United States. We intend to vote, with no enthusiasm whatever, for Judge D. CADY HERRICK for Governor

A CONCESSION of New York. HIGGINS, as ODELL's candidate, certainly represents the worst of politics. HERRICK, dense to the obligations of the judicial office, is an unfortunate alternative, but there is at least a chance of his being better than the ODELL regime. Mr. ROOSEVELT has done many fine things as President. Our vote will be an admission of those excellent deeds, and even a tribute to them, as the votes of other independent men will be. What makes us lukewarm is the President's gnawing and sometimes impertinent ambition. It is almost egomania. In his high office he ought to be serene, strengthened and guided by the size of the destinies committed to him. He ought not to be so convinced of infallibility and so impatient of principles which differ from his own. This country is supposed to be ruled by public opinion, and nothing could be more wholesome than the free expression of every ideal and the freest comment on every public measure. The President meddles too often with matters which are no concern of his. There is plenty of big work for him to do.

MR. ROOSEVELT'S ELECTION is generally conceded, which is one reason for the lack of excitement marking the campaign. We are more interested in what the President will do, therefore, than in the mere fight now progressing. Two possibilities confront the country. The President may remain restless, energetic in many directions, fond of excitement, more and more addicted to using his influence where it is not required. He may, on the other hand, become calmer, wiser, more freed from personal considerations, a larger man and a larger President. That his development may be toward restful principle and away from scattered commotion and obtruding personalities nobody hopes more sincerely than we. Our hopes on particular topics need not be fully specified at present, as the President is sure to do well on most subjects, if his aim is single. Let us take the trusts as an example. If he remains entirely free of obligation, he is likely, buttressed by the high talent at his disposal, to proceed as well toward solutions as the present division of opinion permits. So with almost every other subject, from foreign complications to the postal and land office inequities or the relation of free special trains to the railroad law and the suppression of discriminating rates. The only danger is from the absence of that impersonal mental devotion for which WASHINGTON was a marvel, and which always increased in LINCOLN with the greatness of emergency.

AFTER THE ELECTION

LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR HIGGINS of New York, according to President ROOSEVELT, is one of the rarest men alive. "I have never had the good fortune," says the President, "to be thrown with any public servant of higher integrity or of greater administrative ability." Mr. Root's feelings, as he remembers what was once said of his own administrative ability, are probably not perturbed by the HIGGINS eulogy, for Mr. Root knows the world. But this habitual, reckless disregard of proportion, or even truth, takes away all meaning from the comment which politicians make on one another.

HENRY C. PAYNE undoubtedly had attractions of temperament, but the remarks made by various statesmen upon his death hardly proved the devotion of those leaders to the star-eyed goddess. Speaking only good of the dead is likely to go with speaking generally what is most convenient. When Mr. HANNA died, and again upon the death of QUAY, we had this same phenomenon. Mr. PAYNE resembled many successful politicians in having shrewdness and charm without much principle. He was a good friend but not a good citizen. A favorable

sign on the horizon at present is the tendency of this familiar class of politicians to decrease in importance, giving way to men of larger mold and wider outlook. Principle increases as a power and the importance of shaking hands with conviction is on the wane. Not that the personal side can ever be eliminated. In England, where this aspect counts for less than with us, Mr. BALFOUR's position is due considerably to the popularity of his manner. An observant and experienced acquaintance of ours says that among the public men he has known BALFOUR is surpassed in elasticity and apparent sincerity as a hand-shaker only by MCKINLEY.

BOTH PARTIES ARE ROTTEN ENOUGH in Delaware, no doubt, but it would be well if the Republicans could be defeated. Anything to be rid of ADDICKS and his example. Right or wrong, what the public believes about ADDICKS and the President is fairly represented by a statement now being used as a campaign document: that a few days after the November election of 1902, President ROOSEVELT sent for the chairman of the Republican State Committee, HENRY B. THOMPSON, and said substantially: "I can no longer support you. Mr. ADDICKS has beaten you by a vote of twelve thousand to eight thousand. The regular Republican party was a party of negation and practically accomplished nothing, and the patronage will have to be bestowed on the ADDICKS faction." At the same time he signified his intention of appointing Mr. BYRNE to his old position of United States District Attorney. This conversation was substantiated by the appointment of Mr. BYRNE ADDICKS the following day, and the day after that Postmaster-General PAYNE gave out his celebrated interview, stating that the Federal patronage would be given to Mr. ADDICKS. The explanation that the appointment of Mr. BYRNE was on personal grounds, independent of the ADDICKS question, has never entirely satisfied the people. Mr. PAYNE and certain Senators were certainly open enough in their support of the ADDICKS faction. ADDICKS is an example that ought to be removed. The man who makes an inventory of a Legislature, with details about each man's pecuniary needs, and proceeds methodically to buy it, is a man to destroy, whatever the effect on national politics. The man who has done most to make one State a place where votes are as much a part of commerce as potatoes are, is a man for whom the penitentiary would be a fitter residence than the Senate. The first duty of good citizens in Delaware is to make an end of ADDICKS.

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER, three centuries and a half ago, wrote thus about the Japanese: "The nation with which we have to deal here surpasses in goodness any of the nations ever discovered. They are of a kindly disposition, wonderfully desirous of honor, which is placed above everything else. They listen with great avidity to discourses about God and divine things." Their spiritual interest is what the nations rely upon now to counteract the military side of Japanese nature after the war is finished, and keep Japan from being an obstacle to the world's desire for tranquil life. Mr. HAY, in his address at Boston, before the Peace Conference, pledged the Administration to do what it could for peace, but pointed out the reasons for holding back certain steps in advance until the situation changes in the Orient. An increased desire for peace is unmistakable. In no country is the change shown with as much distinctness as in France, but it can be found, in varying degrees, all over the world. The changes, in the Orient, which will inevitably follow sometime if Japan is victorious, such as the greater equality of China in economic relations to other lands, are likely to be made without the necessity of another fight. The present war looks like one of those decisive conflicts which, by settling far-reaching difficulties, increase the probabilities of peace.

IN A KANSAS PAPER, Socialist in philosophy, appear these words: "One free lodging house in New York City fed and housed forty-one thousand out of employment men since the first of the year. A majority of the inmates are men of middle age who are able to work—men who want work but can not get it. The average age of these men is forty-one years. This is the sort of prosperity which the great mass of mankind votes for—homeless men, men willing to work. Houseless in a great city teeming with millions of dollars of wealth. I wonder if men will always be so blind?" On reading these lines, a woman in Connecticut writes indignantly to a newspaper that in the country, where she lives—"back from the railroads, no saloons"—there is plenty of work and good beds.

SOCIALISM
AND SLUMS



good food, and good wages, with men in constantly greater demand than supply, winter as well as summer. Undoubtedly, it is in the cities that subversive tendencies have their strength, and it is in the farming districts, in every country, that the present order of things has its surest protection. The farmer and the farm hand work hard for what they get, but they live, and they have an independence and hard sense which remove them immeasurably from utopias. They would remedy discriminations and unfair privileges. They are the strongest supporters of moderate reformers like FOLK and LA FOLLETTE. But very few of them share those crass notions of creating a new universe which usually have their breeding grounds in city slums.

OSCAR L. TRIGGS HAS WON a suit for libel against the New York "Sun." The New York Court of Appeals has overruled the Appellate Division, which decided that the newspaper's jesting with the distinguished Chicago educator was not a ground for damages. The upper Court's decision may tend to reduce the pleasures of American life. Englishmen and English courts have been stricter in regard to libel, as in regard to other matters, than we have, Americans preferring to take things less earnestly. The Court of Appeals limits the scope of its opinion. The case going up on demurrer, the decision only means that the newspaper can not be excused as a mere matter of law, although, had it chosen to go before a jury, it might have won on the question of whether the particular allegations were libelous in fact. The Court merely decides that they might be. Again, the Court lays stress on the fact that Triggs's private

VICTORY
FOR TRIGGS

life was involved, the "Sun" having charged him not only with absurd ideas on literature, but with such personal incompetence that his baby remained without a name for over a year. As that fate happened to the writer of these lines, we are not able to take the point so tragically as the eminent jurists took it. The newspaper's treatment of the plaintiff was undoubtedly severe. Wittiest among the great dailies, the "Sun" treated Professor Triggs to the worst it had. The Chicago Solon had spoken with enthusiasm in favor of modern colloquialism against the larger manner of an earlier time. The newspaper gives examples: "Who can read with patience these tinsel lines? 'Madam, an hour before the worshiped sun peered forth the golden window of the east, a troubled mind drove me to walk abroad.' This must be translated into Triggian somewhat like this: 'Say, lady, an hour before sunup I was feeling wormy, and took a walk around the block.' Here is more Shakespearian rubbish:

"O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night
As a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear."

How much more forcible in clear, concise Triggian: 'Say, she's a peach! A bird!' Hear 'Pop' Capulet drivel; 'Go to, go to, You are a saucy boy!' In the OSCAR dialect, this is this: 'Come off, kid. You're too fresh.' Compare the dropsical hifalutin:

"Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops."

with the time-saving Triggian version: 'I hear the milk-man.' It would be a pity to destroy the right of burlesque, and intelligent burlesque for purposes of argument is what these illustrations are. In our opinion, the Court's decision is one that might better have been made in a case where parody was less inevitable.

ANOTHER STRONG MAN has stepped off the stage of British public life. The career of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, however, was at an end some time ago. Although an exceptionally powerful speech was to be expected from him on occasion, his weight in English politics has of late been little felt. The reason is that he was a freebouter, an excessive individualist, a fighter who loved the combat more than any cause. People who play whist know the irritation of having a partner who wishes to take every occasion, whether apt or far-fetched, to play "a lone hand." Much such a spirit was HARCOURT's in affairs of state. Had he represented a large mass of Englishmen, instead of only himself, he might have left a larger splash, for a longer moment, when the waters of death closed over him. In the struggle for Liberal leadership, which followed GLADSTONE's retirement, Sir WILLIAM should have come in first, had he possessed as much constructive principle as destructive ability and joy. He loved to knock down arguments, and he was the best debater whom GLADSTONE left behind

HARCOURT

him. But debating is only one-half of English politics, and HARCOURT lacked the other half, unlike CHAMBERLAIN, who has both, although in many respects the two men had much of similarity. We in America have also lost a notable legislator recently, and it may be said that if Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT had possessed the moral enthusiasm and constancy of Senator HOAR he would have towered, by the end of his life, above every other member of his party, and that party might not have become so demoralized as it now is for lack of leadership.

WHEN MR. BALFOUR SPOKE, a few weeks ago, on the scientific view of the world, his address was much noticed; mainly, however, because he is Prime Minister of Great Britain. To us in America, especially, it would be a surprising sight to find the highest political official identical with the president of an association for the advancement of science and capable of filling both positions respectably. Our newspapers were in error, however, when they treated Mr. BALFOUR's address as an indication that he was intimately acquainted with science. What it proved was his familiarity with philosophy, which is very different. He merely stated, in substance, a problem which lies at the very threshold of philosophy's criticism of science: "If your mind is merely the result of mechanical laws, why trust its conclusions?" This scepticism, which is irremovable, has occupied the Prime Minister's intelligence from the time he was a youth. It is the gist of his first volume, "A Defence of Philosophic Doubt," and it underlies the defence of religion with which he has filled another volume. Most men who are addicted to metaphysics in their college days, and later become occupied with active life, lose their interest in these final contradictions of the human intellect. They take them for granted and let them alone. They cease to frequent Doctor and Sage, and hear great Argument about it and about. Not so Mr. BALFOUR. Speculation on the Be-ness of the Is, which was his first passion, bids fair to be his last. With the Irish-American poet (whom we quote from memory and probably without exactness), Mr. BALFOUR ponders on the

MR. BALFOUR'S
PHILOSOPHY

"Itness saddening
And the whickness maddening,
And the But ungladdening.
That lie behind."

Sceptical philosophy, supporting dogmatically a traditional faith, remains Mr. BALFOUR's most intimate pleasure. Loosely married to statecraft, he is at heart true to his earliest love.

AMERICAN LITERATURE REFLECTS ENGLISH literature in various ways, among them in its treatment of the seasons. Reading has interfered with the truth of observation. April, for instance, is in England a month in which showers and sunshine succeed each other with such rapidity that Londoners carry umbrellas in the brightest sun. We, therefore, speak of April showers and April weather, although the nearest we have to this climatic fickleness comes in May, just as "May flowers" come in June. "Now welcome summer with thy sonne softe," sings CHAUCER, in the season of Saint Valentine, because he felt the cold weather's approaching end and the beginning of the warm. Much, also, that has been written of the summer by the English poets would never have been written in our much hotter climate. Autumn has suffered more than any other season from this reflected poetry. It is with us less grim, less wintry less melancholy than in our ancestral isle. The raw weather which in England marks the early fall, in most parts of America is unknown until November, and most of the autumn would naturally seem as calm and beautiful a season as exists. EMERSON looks at nature truly, and sometimes our other poets do also. Thus BRYANT in November:

IMPORTED
WEATHER

"Glorious are the woods in their latest gold and crimson,
Yet our full-leaved willows are in their freshest green."

And thus LONGFELLOW:

"It was Autumn, and incessant
Piped the quail from shock and sheaves,
And, like living coals, the apples
Burned among the withering leaves."

Were they not trained by English poetic genius to see melancholy in the fall, our poets would never have made gloom the autumn mood. It is like the impressionist training which our painters receive under the very different skies of France. They come back here and paint lights which no unworped eye can see.



THE GREATEST GAME IN THE WORLD—HIS MOVE

February 25, 1903



TWO CONVERSATIONS AT ONE TIME

June 25, 1903



AT THE MATINEE

May 28, 1904



TWO STRIKES AND THE BASES FULL.

May 5, 1904



IN THE SAME BOAT

April 10, 1904



FELLOW PASSENGERS

December 18, 1903



THE SEED OF AMBITION

January 27, 1903



THE CHAMPION

January 27, 1903

NOTABLE GIBSON DRAWINGS FROM COLLIER'S



CHARLES DANA GIBSON AT WORK IN HIS STUDIO

A Letter from Mr. Gibson

When this number was first planned Mr. Gibson was asked for a brief article explaining his reasons for preferring pen and ink to all other mediums and answering some of the many questions frequently asked by young artists. This request at first met with a refusal; but, finding we were not to be denied, he contributed the following letter:

September 18, 1904

My dear Collier:

Your request that I should say something on behalf of line drawing and the many ways you suggest for me to say it sounds so easy that I find myself "almost persuaded." I don't like your suggestion of a "dictated paragraph," and your threat to "send some one up here to interview me" is dreadful.

Your "letter to a young artist" sounds fatherly, but it is the least painful way out of it, and, as beginners do write asking questions, a longer letter printed in this way might after all be better than the short notes I have been sending them.

So this is my excuse. And let it be distinctly understood that this advice is only intended for those young people who have asked for it.

To begin with, I recommend pen and ink for beginners, for by using line their shortcomings are easily seen and located. In other mediums a beginner is apt to be non-committal and deal in broad pale smudges somewhere inside of which he hopes the right drawing may be. It is far better for him to do his drawing in a definite way, for the louder it calls out for correction the better off he is.

Of all modes of pictorial expression the line drawing is the most direct. And with pen and ink there is less fear of the beginner wasting valuable time fumbling over a hopeless drawing in search of some accidental effect, for

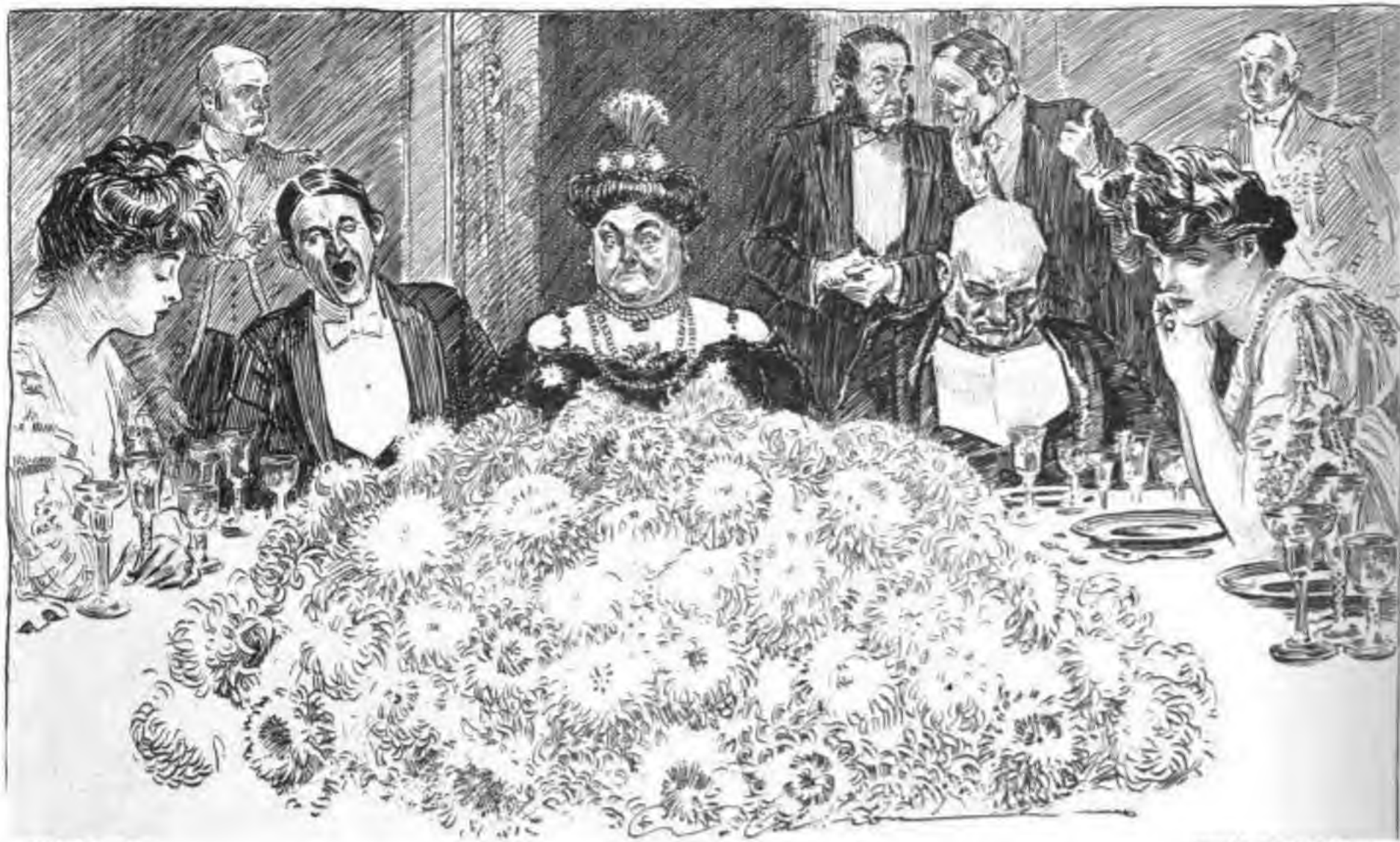
paper will only stand a moderate amount of scratching before it turns back into pulp. All beginners should make a great number of drawings. This teaches economy of line, which makes the detection of errors a very easy matter.

The beginner's future depends entirely upon his ability and willingness to see his own faults. If he is successful in this it is a pretty sure sign that with patience he will have the power to correct them. To draw correctly should be a beginner's first concern. Time is needed, and if none of it is wasted style will be acquired quite unconsciously.

Beginners are worried needlessly over the quality of paper and ink to be used. It is only necessary that one should be white and the other black.

For some reason all beginners draw very much alike. Those who work the hardest are the first to get away from this sameness. First of all a start must be made before any guiding is possible. Nearly all children draw more or less; consequently there are a great number of parents fearing that if they withhold their encouragement a career may be destroyed. It is more likely to be the other way about, for it is entirely a matter to be worked out by the beginner himself. And too much help is bad for the self-reliance without which there is no chance. And now I believe I have answered most of the questions that I have been asked. What I prescribe I take myself in the hope that it is right.

Sincerely yours,



THE ANXIOUS HOSTESS—HER HEART IS IN THE KITCHEN

CHARLES DANA GIBSON

AN APPRECIATION : BY ROBERT BRIDGES



THE MINUT

OCTOBER 1904 BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

his hatchet, Byron and his club-foot—these are inseparable in our pictures of the men. Something accidental which has been well told becomes an essential part of the author or artist. As time intervenes two or three of these stock anecdotes survive—and *there* is the image of the man, ticketed for all time. When the man is a contemporary, and a popular one at that, this pervasive mental portrait that everybody seems to agree upon is most curiously elusive. The personal prejudices of the age play an important part in it, and these are partly formed by stray gossip and paragraphs. Things are in the air, and people seem to like or dislike a certain thing in waves.

MR. GIBSON has lived a long time in the heart of New York, where he has been easy to photograph and write about, and for many years his drawings and looks have been seen of all men. If the mental image which the great public has of him could be projected on a screen it would no doubt fill the souls of his friends with laughter. It would be something like this: A man of extreme height and slenderness, clad as the lilies of the field, in the latest London clothes, devoting his mornings to outdoor recreation in immaculate flannels, his afternoons to receptions where he is adored of many

admirers in beautiful gowns, which he studies carefully for effects in his next drawings, and his evenings to dinners and dances, with late suppers to end the arduous day. This is probably pretty nearly the Gibson of the matinee girl, and the college undergraduate who plasters his rooms with Gibson pictures. They would not recognize the broad-shouldered, loose-jointed, husky-looking man in a blue serge suit who swings into Thirty-first Street every morning at 9:30, with the look of energy and determination which betokens a hard day's work.

AND Mr. Gibson does it: day after day, as regular as clock-work, he is in his studio and works with pertinacity and skill. A Gibson drawing does not grow of itself. It is hammered out till the artist himself realizes something of his conception. He draws from real people, and his choice of a model for a given character is made with great care and discernment. A street Arab may bring a dozen of his friends from whom the artist may choose one minor figure in a group. A good many ball matches are attended to get the faces which express "Two Strikes and the Bases Full."

NATURAL talent, keen observation, and the capacity and inclination for combined work are the only things needed to explain Gibson. Instead of having his head turned by early success, he was made simply more industrious and more determined to do better work than ever. He has a very clear idea of what he wants to do, and of just how far his medium can be used. He likes his work, and he is a thorough artist in spirit, but never an artist in pose. There is nothing artificial about him. His abounding humor would drive him to derisive laughter at himself if he attempted a pose of any kind. With every temptation to act the successful artist, he remains just a good fellow. Manly, straightforward men of talent in all professions are his friends, because he is that kind of a man himself. There never was an artist with a healthier mind—clean, honest, appreciative. With that permanent equipment it is no wonder that he has gone ahead in his art, and is found to continue to grow. Life with its amusing contrasts and vicissitudes never grows stale to a nature like his. But a man's fame frequently stands in the way of his widest recognition. This has been often said about humorists. The fact that

Mark Twain is a great humorist has prevented the full recognition of his wonderful skill as a serious literary artist. There are chapters in his books which have not a gleam of humor in them, but which as serious descriptive writing are almost unequalled in American prose. It has been often noted that a speaker in Congress who gets a reputation as a wit will seldom be listened to in elaborate statesmanlike efforts.

IT was Mr. Gibson's undoubted good fortune to win fame almost fifteen years ago as a portrayer of beautiful women and clean-cut young men, all of them gifted with social graces and beautiful clothes. The "Gibson Girl" has passed into the language, and is embodied in allusions in many books as the expression of a well-defined type of American womanhood. We have become so accustomed to her that it is difficult to realize what a tremendous impression has been made by a series of black-and-white drawings. We find the Girl burnt on leather, printed on plates, stenciled on hardwood easels, woven in silk handkerchiefs, exploited in the cast of vaudeville shows, and giving her name to a variety of shirtwaist, a pompadour, and a riding stock.

THE result of all this has been that the men and women he depicts, who are for the most part young, impressionable, and more or less thoughtless, are accustomed to say in the frivolity of their conversation—if they ever do converse—that Mr. Gibson draws one girl and one man, and shuffles them around in divers positions. This is mere talk, but it is another indication of the way in which a very big fame sometimes dwarfs the finest achievement. Now, as a matter of fact, the people who follow art, and whose opinions are worth something, know that Mr. Gibson's achievement has far outstripped his early fame. The nine volumes in which he has collected his drawings show a wonderful progress, not only in his craftsmanship as an artist, but in his grasp of the important things in the life of this country.

MR. GIBSON has drawn not a few types, but a great many individuals; not the social butterfly flies alone, but the significant people in all grades of life; not only beautiful women in gorgeous

ingly true in the past two years. They will recall that marvelous study of commercial New York entitled "Some Ticker Faces," in which the speculative craze is wonderfully depicted in the half-dozen faces, ranging from extreme youth to avaricious old age. They also have in mind that recent cartoon "Going To Work," where a score or more of typical working men and women are pictured most vividly, and individualized to a remarkable degree. Then there is "The Villain Dies" (to be published this autumn), a view of the gallery in the last act of a melodrama, where every face is not only technically a clever study, but humanly is expressive and self-revealing.

A LOOK through Mr. Gibson's latest volume, appropriately called "Everyday People," in which the best of his *Collier's* and "Life" work for the past year is preserved, will, in short, show that, instead of repeating himself, Mr. Gibson has grown in his appreciation of the ironies of life in all classes. He does not produce types so much as individuals. The student of types is apt to gather into one portrait the eccentricities of a dozen faces belonging to the species. The result is an unmistakable type, but it is not always a possible individual, and right here is the border line between caricature and portraiture. The careful observer of Mr. Gibson's work will easily be convinced that his men and women are real portraits, and one hundred years from now the industrious student of antiquities will be able to say, "Here, at least, are men and women of every class as they actually lived in America at the end of the nineteenth and beginning of the twentieth century."

IF one may venture on that dangerous thing, a literary analogy, it would be that Gibson is the Thackeray of black-and-white drawing and Phil May is the Dickens. This means, of course, that Mr. Gibson is more of a satirist than a humorist. While he draws real faces of real people, he puts them in positions which suggest the contrasts and ironies of life. This removes him from the category of merely clever draughtsmen into that field of social satire and philosophical observation where the great artists in black and white from Hogarth to the present have always exhibited their genius; and it should be said emphatically that Mr. Gibson has never used his satire to make fun of what is worthy and ideal, but that it has been directed against sham, hypocrisy, and self-deceit. If he has, to an appreciable extent,

formed the taste of young men and young women in dress, he has also cast his weight in favor of what is straight, honorable, genuine, and gentle in conduct.

OF his technical side the present writer can not speak with the authority of an artist, but he knows that men of artistic accomplishment, who judge a drawing with full knowledge of how it is done, have increasing admiration for Mr. Gib-



THE FLIRT

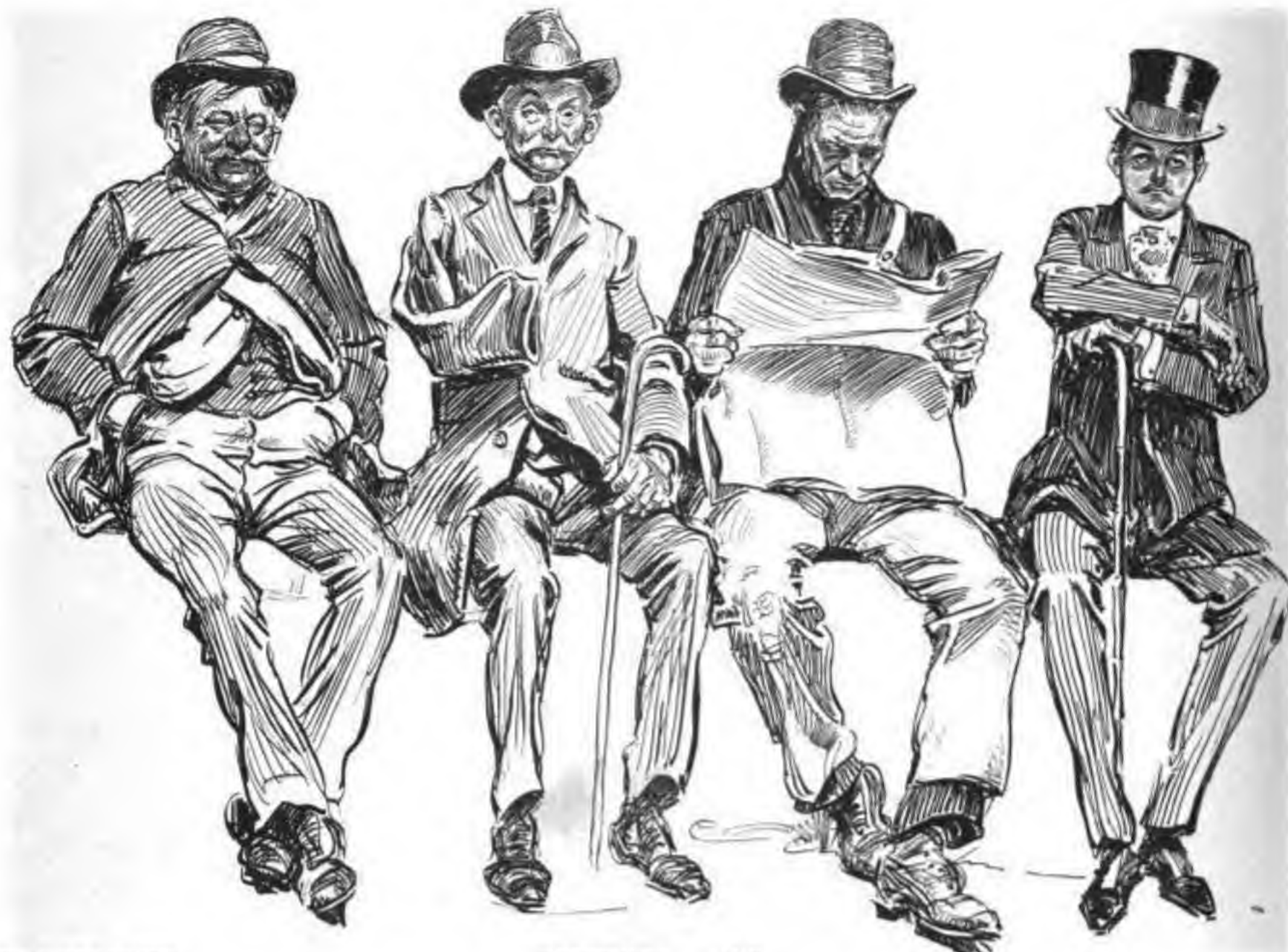
son's skill in the manipulation of pure line. They know that there is no more exacting medium of expression than pure line. As it is drawn it stands, and there are none of the accidental effects of colors blending into each other which sometimes surprise the painter himself and are beyond his best ability. When the line which you draw is to be reproduced autographically on a plate, you can not "fake" it, to use the slang of the studio. It is hard-and-fast and

irrevocable. Whatever else may be said of Gibson's drawings, they are at any rate honest, not softened by half-tone plates, or given the glamour of color reproduction—although he has recently shown that he can draw most effectively in pastel. He draws from life as best he knows how, and the line which depicts life as he sees it is reproduced exactly as he drew it, so that the art critic, if he disapproves of Gibson, has the exact document from which to judge him. You can not read any ulterior purpose into these veracious drawings. There is no smudge of color or breadth of crayon line into which you can put your own idea of the drawing. There is no room whatever to doubt exactly what he meant to express; whether he always accomplishes it technically, the practical artist can best judge.

THIS marvelous skill and simplicity in the use of line is shown to its best advantage in the faces which Gibson draws. The way in which he expresses emotion and varied feelings, some of them the most fleeting, by a few simple strokes of the pen, is the admiration of all good craftsmen. Whether it is a gleam of humor, a touch of despair, a bit of coquetry, or the direst tragedy—a few firm lines tell the whole story, and tell it subtly, but unmistakably. No artist can express the varied emotions and the depth of emotion which Gibson depicts without himself being a man with a grasp of human nature. It is therefore entirely natural and logical that another side of Mr. Gibson is distinctly literary. He has given literary reality to "Mr. Pipp," "The Widow and Her Friends," and "Mr. Tagg." These characters, with their circles of friends, have reached the same sort of currency in the imagination as the characters created by a novelist; in fact, it has been seriously proposed to dramatize Mr. Pipp, as though he were the latest creation of a popular romancer. That is the kind of thing that very few artists have accomplished. Hogarth did it, and so did Du Maurier and Charles Keene. He is in these things, as has been said, the same sort of a satirist as Thackeray; and while satire is his prevailing weapon in a literary way, there are frequent touches of the best kind of sentiment, which never degenerates into sentimentality. The drawing which is reproduced in this number of a very old man whose grandson is telling his fortune, and announces, "You are going on a long journey," is a bit of the inevitable pathos of youth and old age. These are the qualities that give Mr. Gibson the widest appreciation among those who understand what is best in literature and art.



THE FLAT-DWELLERS—THE FAMILY DOWNSTAIRS



DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON
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"BROTHERS — AND

DOUBTFUL STATES AND THE SILENT VOTE

This is one of a series of articles to appear each week prior to the National election. The purpose of the writer is to forecast the direction of the silent vote and to present the local phases likely to influence the doubtful States. The estimate on Indiana appeared in the issue of September 24; Illinois, October 1; Wisconsin, October 8.

IV.—MISSOURI: THE WAR AGAINST BOODLE

St. Louis, October 3

LIKE Wisconsin, Missouri is debating the question of its political future in serene disregard of the fact that this is a Presidential year. So much more vital, in the mind of the average Missourian, are the issues at stake within his own borders, that Roosevelt and Parker are, to a great extent, distant abstractions with which he has little immediate concern. Therefore, one sees no Presidential banners flaunting in the air, nor Presidential buttons distending the buttonholes of enthusiasts. Here it is all Folk or anti-Folk.

Normally this State is close to the head of the Democratic column, but in this year of national apathy there is just a chance that Roosevelt may get its eighteen electoral votes. For apathy is usually a bad sign for the Democrats in Missouri. Then, many elements are opposing Joseph W. Folk, the Democratic candidate who beat his field for the nomination on an anti-boodle platform; some from honest partisanship, some from distrust of his associates on the ticket, and others from a lively sense of future painful proceedings should the vigorous young public prosecutor continue his pernicious activity against boodling, using to that end the great powers which this State delegates to its chief executive. Should they succeed in defeating Folk, which, at the present writing seems highly improbable, or should they be able to give him a close race, which is by no means so unlikely, Parker may lose the State, for the Democratic National ticket bids fair to run considerably behind the State ticket. Certainly the Republicans are working with a vigor which evinces anything but hopelessness, and which has stirred their opponents out of the perilous lethargy bred of an anticipated walkover.

Butler, the Blacksmith Boodler

The history of the anti-boodle movement, upon which the issue of the battle depends, is the record of three men. It begins with Ed Butler. Butler is the Democratic boss of St. Louis. He is to some extent also the Republican boss. That is, he doesn't much care what party name is stamped upon the handle of his tools. He used to be a blacksmith and he went into politics in order to get the contract for shoeing the street-car lines' mules. He got it, and he has been getting something out of politics ever since. He is

now nearly seventy years old; rich, shrewd, far-sighted, bold, and without principles.

It was on the old Tammany principle, "Take care of the boys and the boys will take care of you," that Butler built up his organization, an organization which is probably more powerful in proportion to its numerical strength than any political body in this country. In his forty-odd years of political activity he has never had at his personal command fifteen thousand votes. Yet, small as is this Free Company of civic marauders, its leader, by his cunning and vigorous methods, has been able absolutely to control the most important branches of the city government, keeping himself in fat contracts and his followers in fat jobs. This he achieved through bossing his own party and making

deals with the enemy, and through intimidation at the primaries and at the polls. Even now the mere suggestion of Ed Butler's "Indians" (thugs who made a practice of assaulting voters) will send many a timorous respectability of St. Louis scurrying to the counting over election day. From city control, Butler was floated on the tide of corruption which ebbs and flows between the city and State rings, into State politics. He became a professional briber on a commission basis. "When I undertake a job," he once said, "I deliver the legislation called for within sixty days."

Butler's organization began to spread. His legislative wires gave him connections in all parts of Missouri, and he was in a fair way to develop his peculiar and profitable plan of government into a State machine, when, in an evil day, he permitted the nomination of Joseph W. Folk. Folk was a young Democrat of the stalwart Tennessee brand. Before he was thirty years old he was chosen president of the Jefferson Club, St. Louis's Democratic machine organization. While not otherwise active politically, he had always voted for the party and had made no fuss about it. Harry Hawes, Butler's right-hand man, and a personal friend of Folk's (afterward a personal enemy and now an impersonal political friend), had recommended the young man. Butler took Folk for granted.

The Beginning of Folk's Career

"How was I to know that Folk wasn't all right?" he afterward demanded plaintively. "He'd always been with us. I thought, of course, he was straight."

Not even Folk's own statement of principles, made when the nomination was offered him, undeceived Butler and Hawes in this respect. They regarded it as ornamental rhetoric—like a party platform. So, when Folk said, "If I take this office I'm going to do my duty and live up to my oath to the best of my ability," they replied:

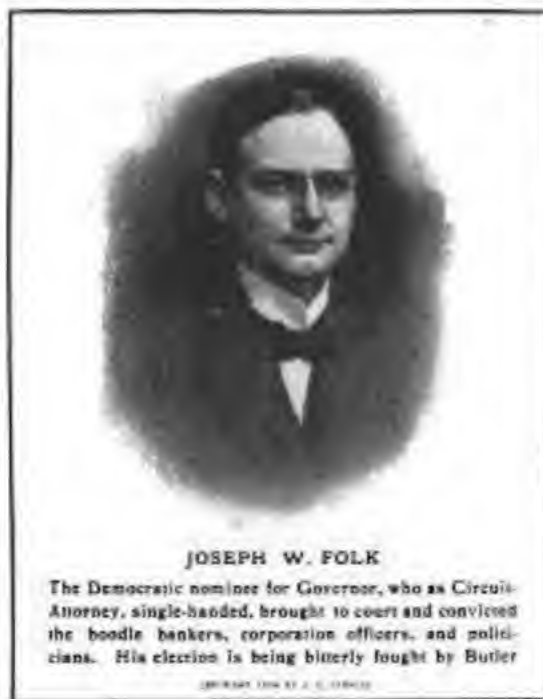
"Sure thing!" And they patted him on the back approvingly.

Folk was triumphantly elected, and in the following fall (1901) had some of Butler's friends up for election frauds. One day Butler dropped in to see him.

"About that So-and-So case to-morrow," he remarked casually. "We don't want anything done with that."

"Why not?" said Folk.

"Why, the man voted for you," said Butler.



JOSEPH W. FOLK

The Democratic nominee for Governor, who as Circuit Attorney, single-handed, brought to court and convicted the boodle bankers, corporation officers, and politicians. His election is being bitterly fought by Butler

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SISTERS"

DESIGNED BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON
ENGRAVED FOR BY COLLIER'S ARTIST

"That makes no difference. I wish he hadn't."
"Why, you don't mean to say you'd send a man to the pen that put you in office?" cried the amazed boss.
"I certainly do," was the reply.

That was the last conversation Ed Butler had with Folk. The man went to the penitentiary. So did others. Threats of political destruction were made against Folk. He laughed. Threats of assassination followed. Folk said he reckoned that was all a bluff, and continued. In 1902 he struck the trail of boodle and convicted a member of the City Council of bribery. Up to this time no bribe-taker or briber had ever been prosecuted in the State of Missouri. When the Circuit-Attorney announced that he was going to devote his time to bribery cases, he became the object of sneering resentment. Why should this boy-lawyer rake up a law that was comfortably dead and stir up a mess of trouble for a lot of good fellows, over a recognized and established system? people demanded. Citizens actually wrote to the papers, denouncing Folk as a pestilent demagogue who, to advertise himself, had exhumed a law as defunct as the New England blue laws. Public opinion had not been educated in respect to political corruption. Folk set out on a regular campaign of speech-making to show why bribery was wrong and harmful.

"If I can get public opinion turned against bribery," he told his hearers, "we won't have to invoke the law. If you people will show the politicians that it's bad politics to boodle, boodling will be stopped."

Having patiently taught the people this point of ethics, he went after the House of Delegates, Butler's stronghold. There he found many lines of corruption, converging upon Butler. In the fall of 1902 Butler was indicted for bribery in connection with his city garbage contract. Folk began to be referred to as "Butler's Folly." The boss was sentenced to three years in the penitentiary, but the Supreme Court got him off on a technicality. He is now under another indictment for bribery. Some of his friends went to Canada, some went to Mexico, some went to Europe, some went to jail. A few confessed. Still, Ed Butler and his ring control St. Louis.

Folk a "Dangerous Man"

In these investigations Folk had occasion to meet many prominent business men of St. Louis, and to get from them certain facts connecting the conduct of business with boodling. Protests and pulls of all sorts were tried without avail. The business men had to tell what they knew. Most of these now regard Folk as a "dangerous man" and an "enemy to the business interests." When the baking powder scandal was traced through the Legislature and Lieutenant-Governor Lee was forced to a shameful confession, United States Senator Stone, popularly known as "Gumshoe Bill" Stone, was summoned before the Grand Jury and questioned by Folk. Nothing criminal was adduced against him, but he has since then been a bitter enemy to his inquisitor. Besides, Stone's term as Senator ends at the same time with the termination of the next Governor-

ship, and "Gumshoe Bill" is suspicious of all possible rivals.

On his record as a boodle-fighter Folk went before the convention last spring and was nominated for Governor. He could not, however, prevent the nomination of two of the old ring, Samuel B. Cook for Secretary of State and Albert O. Allen for State Auditor.

Cook was saved from indictment as accessory to bribery in a certain case only by the statute of limitations. Allen has no personal record of boodling, but on the State Board of Estimate he voted with Cook, consistently on the side of the public service corporations against equitable taxation. If the Folk ticket wins, both of these men will be members of the new Board of Estimate. Folk's friends declare that they had promised to "be good," but this does not satisfy certain Republicans who would probably have deserted their own party had the Democratic ticket been anti-boodle throughout.

Against Folk the Republicans nominated Cyrus P. Walbridge, formerly Mayor of St. Louis, and before that President of the Municipal Council. Ask any city man about Walbridge, and you will be told enthusiastically that he is "a representative business man." To an inhabitant of the outer world it is difficult to make clear the prestige implied locally in this characterization. The successful business man here enjoys much the same authority and reverence which, in Colonial days, was the perquisite of the town minister. To speak disparagingly of him is a sort of lese-majesté. Even the disclosures of the connection be-

tween "big business" and political rottenness failed to vacate the pedestal. The business man is still the ideal citizen, and Mr. Walbridge is president of the Business Men's League of St. Louis.

But as a candidate in a campaign in which boodle is the chief issue, his position is by no means so clear. Mr. Walbridge may be defined, on his known record, as a non-boodler, but he certainly can not be characterized as an anti-boodler. Under his administration boodling in St. Louis attained its golden age. Some of his appointees were men of such evil character and vile occupations that they had to be withdrawn from public life. As President of the Municipal Council Mr. Walbridge voted for many of the notorious graft measures, and was the most active supporter of Ed Butler's garbage contract which afterward brought the boss within the clutches of the law. So obviously corrupt was this measure that the chief newspaper support of Mr. Walbridge said of it editorially: "Its passage will emphasize the necessity for an independent ticket in the spring."

The only misdeed that has been brought home to Mr. Walbridge was a violation of the charter in permitting the Merrell Drug Company, of which he was president, to sell goods to the city institutions while he was President of the Council. A charitable view of this would be that, as the amount was only \$1,500 a year, in a very large business done by the firm, it may well have escaped Mr. Walbridge's attention. For the rest, he is a man of wealth, popularity, ability, and personal integrity. But it is fair to regard the Republican candidate on his record as a machine man and no active enemy, at least, to boodling. Thus, though both tickets boast anti-boodle platforms, neither can claim to be anti-boodle throughout.

Two Anti-Boodle Platforms

To the observer it is rather amusing to see how each side claims anti-boodle as its private and particular issue. One can see them as two small boys, disputing for the snow-white Purity banner.

"Leggo!" shouts the Republican urchin, "that's my flag."

"No, 'tain't. I saw it first," retorts the Democratic claimant.

"You might have had it any time before, but you didn't want it," snarls the Republican.

"Neither did you," the other returns.

So they wrestle for it with the desirable result that the snow-white Purity banner waves frantically aloft.

"We declare ourselves against bribe-givers and bribe-takers alike," says the Republican platform. "We neither solicit nor desire their support."

"There is no room in the Democratic party for boodlers," declares the Democratic platform in a style that suggests Mr. Folk in a vigorous mood. "We repudiate their support and do not want their votes. We invite such as are masquerading under the cloak of the Democratic party to bolt, and propose to make them bolt, not only the party, but the State."

Not less interesting is the haughty and virtuous em-



EDWARD R. BUTLER

Nocturnal boodler, millionaire, "Democrat," bi-partisan boss of St. Louis. A convicted bribe-giver and champion corruptionist who doesn't care who is Governor so long as he controls the Circuit Attorney's Office



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HIS FORTUNE: "You

DRAWN BY CHAR



going on a long journey!"

DANA GIBSON

A DIALOGUE OF DISDAIN

By WALLACE IRWIN : : Illustrated by CHARLES DANA GIBSON



THE FACTORY GIRL

HER

YOU WOIK? Don't make me laff, me face is weary!
So "you're" de mutt dey've hired to bust de strike—
Say, if de State militia wasn't leary
Dere'd be a passin'-out fer yours, sure Mike,
You woikin' w'en dere's notin' fer de Union
But nestin' on de beer kegs dozen de line!
Fer nerve-tablets strong and able ye're de goods wit'out de label.
So excuse "me" if I says, "Pooh-pooh fer mine!"
Say, draw yer pay! it's time fer yer vacation.
Back to yer tank and pull de lid down, too,
Before ye meet de Brickbat Delegation—
I tink I hear yer mudder callin' you.
Perhaps y' own de subway, wit' a contract
To dynamite de boycotts dozen de line—
Den perhaps ye're jest a slob holdin' down a union job
And deservin' dese kind woids, "Pooh-pooh fer mine!"

HIM

SAY, Lady, ye're de Boat to Dreamland, ain't ye?
Wit' me chust General Bumps along wit' you!
I wisht I was a artist chust to paint ye
A-swingin' yer harpoon to chab me t'rough.
Becuz I am a mutt outside de Union
Dey pets me wit' a gas pipe dozen de line
And de Lizzies passin' by gits de statuary eye
And hands me out de wheeze, "Pooh-pooh fer mine!"
I ain't a James K. Hackett fer me beauty,
I ain't a Chauncey Olcott fer me con;
But I'm de hook-and-ladders w'en me dooty
Is dignifyin' Labor—are y' on?
O' course it ain't becuz I need de money
Dat I'm a-bustin' strikes along de line,
But I'm stuck on stoppin' bricks wit' me head and dodgin' kicks,
And I love yer serenade, "Pooh-pooh fer mine!"



THE STRIKE BREAKER

phasis with which both parties wave away the Butler votes and the Butler cash. Strange, indeed, it is, and not without its mock pathos, this matter of some thousands of wail ballots with no welcome awaiting them anywhere. Every few days the Republican papers announce a contribution by Butler to the Democratic fund. This calls forth a prompt denial from Folk, and the announcement that he hasn't had any contribution from the boss, doesn't want any, and would return it if it came. Then the Democratic organs declare "on the best authority" that Butler and his "Indians" will support the Republican ticket in order to beat Folk, whereupon the Republicans, with loud outcry of repudiation, protest that the head-boodler has always been a Democrat and must therefore now stay with his party.

As for Butler himself, he says: "I've always been a Democrat. I'm a Democrat now. A yaller dog on the

ticket (meaning Mr. Folk, one may reluctantly surmise) is good enough to get my vote."

This for publication; but shrewd men on both tickets figure out the Butler position somewhat differently. Butler wants to beat Folk, they say. But, above all else, he must control the next Circuit-Attorney in order to keep himself out of jail. As matters now look he will be able to dictate the coming nominations of both parties for this office. Probably he will choose the Republican candidate, as he can then have his followers vote against Folk and for his chosen Circuit-Attorney without splitting tickets. This will mean straight Republican tickets from a large number of Democrats, and will count against the Democratic national ticket.

Among the Bryan wing of the Democratic party there is much disaffection toward Parker. Missouri Democrats were the first to adopt a 16 to 1 plank in

their platform. Although the Democracy is of the old, rock-ribbed sort in the country districts, many of the Bryan followers will stay at home unless Folk can get them out to vote for him. In that case some of them will vote for Watson or Debs. The Republicans are working hard upon this class of Democrats, circulating Bryan's famous anti-Parker speech, made last April. Giving this possible defection its full weight, taking into account the powerful enemies Folk has made, considering the hostility of Butler, the debilitating apathy of Senator Stone, the revolt of many semi-independent Republicans from Folk's associates on the ticket, Cook and Allen, and Roosevelt's genuine popularity through the State, the cautious man will hesitate before tallying Missouri's eighteen electoral votes in the safely Democratic column. Folk's enemies can hardly beat Folk, but in the attempt they may do that which they have no object in doing—turn the State over to Roosevelt.



THE LAUNCHING OF THE BATTLESHIP "CONNECTICUT" AT THE BROOKLYN NAVY YARD, SEPTEMBER 29

Several attempts, by persons whom the authorities have not yet been able to detect, have been made to injure this newest American warship, and she is now being guarded night and day by patrolling tugs and sentries. At the moment set for the christening, the ship's sponsor, Miss Alice B. Welles, granddaughter of President Lincoln's Secretary of the Navy, failed to break the bottle on the vessel's prow; whereupon a workman employed in the construction of the ship seized the swinging bottle of native champagne and smashed it over the steel prow, crying, "You'll be christened anyway, you're the 'Connecticut.'" The white spot shown in the photograph, just under the flag at the bow, is the breaking bottle.



A DISTURBER OF THE PEACE

DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

THE EVE OF A GREAT BATTLE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY VICTOR K. BULLA



A reconnoitering party of Russian infantry marching through the Talien Pass

PHOTOGRAPHS BY VICTOR K. BULLA

Collier's Special Photographer with the Russian Army

UP TO the present time almost all of the war photographs published in *Collier's* showing troops in action have been received from correspondents and special photographers on the Japanese side. This is due to the fact that the mail service from the Japanese headquarters through Korea and Japan is more rapid than the mail service over the Trans-Siberian Railroad and through European Russia to this country.

At last, however, we are able to present to our readers a wonderful collection of photographs taken by our special photographer, Victor K. Bulla, who has accompanied the Russian army in its campaign against the Japanese during the past few months. The photographs published in this number were taken between June 10 and June 14, and were forwarded to St. Petersburg, where they were printed and sent on to New York. They form a remarkable series, and next week we shall publish a much more interesting and better installment. The present pictures show preparations for the battle at Talien Pass. Next week the pictures will show the actual battle; artillery and infantry in action, Red Cross hospitals, wounded soldiers, etc.

It is characteristic of the tremendous and unprecedented difficulties surrounding the getting of news of the present war that these photographs, which have just reached us, form a record of events that took place in the middle of June, and that, this notwithstanding, they are the first illustrations of their kind to be printed here. And, furthermore, they bring the American public the first authentic information concerning a phase of the campaign where features have been unrecorded until now, although it forms a most important link in the chain of events leading up to the evacuation of Liao-Yang.

The pictures printed in this number were taken by Mr. Bulla while the main Russian force was on its hurried advance from Liao-Yang to a series of positions, paralleling the railroad line from



Field Telephone

Kaichow to Haicheng, at a distance of ten to twenty miles to the east of it. A glance at any map of Manchuria will make the situation perfectly clear. General Stakelberg's march southward to relieve Port Arthur had just come to a disastrous end on June 14, with the battle of Telissau (or Vafangow), where he was defeated by General Oku with a loss of some ten thousand men and



Mongolian Mountaineers of the Von Eske Company of the Second Werschnendack Regiment of Cossacks. These men are recruited in southern Siberia along the Chinese frontier, and bear the same racial characteristics as the Mongolian tribes



A Russian military band playing at headquarters, Simicheng

nearly one hundred guns. He was at the time trying to retreat with his battered and demoralized army toward Liao-Yang, by way of Kaichow and Haicheng. The railroad was able to carry only a few thousand men a day, and it had to be used largely for the transportation of wounded and of war material. General Oku was close at the heels of the retreating army, pounding its rearguard mercilessly. But the main danger lay with a Japanese force, supposed to be a part of General Kuroki's First Army, which was known to be moving westward from Feng-Wang-Cheng, with the purpose of striking the railroad line at some point nearly straight east of Newchwang, and thus to take Stakelberg in the rear. Few of those who were watching that game with understanding eyes dared to believe that the Russian general would be able to extricate himself. And yet nobody—not even the chief leaders of the main Russian force—was aware of the full extent of the danger. But enough was known to move General Kuropatkin to action of the most decisive kind. The maneuvering that followed during the next two weeks has remained in obscurity until now. Yet it was one of the most interesting and brilliant operations of the entire campaign. And it proves now, when the enterprise of Mr. Bulla has given us some light upon

it, that whatever may be General Kuropatkin's faults as a commander-in-chief, he is, beyond doubt, a strategist of the highest merit, who, in a moment of great danger, knows how to snatch safety, if not victory, out of the very jaws of threatened annihilation.

No sooner had Stakelberg's predicament become known to the Russian commander-in-chief than he began to throw the whole force kept at Liao-Yang forward in such a way as to form a screen between the line of retreat of Stakelberg's threatened army and the hostile force on its left flank. At least three divisions took part in the southward movement along the railroad line, while another division, if not two, moved on the enemy along the highroad running through the Motien Pass to Feng-Wang-Cheng, the headquarters of General Kuroki. From the information obtained now, it seems probable that the Russians believed the better part of Kuroki's army was engaged in the flanking movement against Stakelberg. If such had been the case, the Russian pressure along the Feng-Wang-Cheng road would have compelled Kuroki to recall most of the force he had despatched westward, or else risk being taken in the rear.

The skirmishes that ensued developed an unsuspected and very critical state of affairs. It was found that the main part of Kuroki's army was still posted across the highroad to Liao-Yang, and that only his left wing was advancing along a branch of the road running by way of the Tallen Pass to Haicheng. Yet large bodies of Japanese troops were found much further south, on the two roads leading from Shuyen (thirty miles west of Feng-Wang-Cheng) to the railroad line, one ending at Kaichow and the other at Tachichau, halfway between Kaichow and Haicheng. It became clear to the Russians then, but only then, that they had to deal with a whole new Japanese army, that of General Nodzu, which had debarked so quietly at Takushan, on the coast of the Bay of Korea, that nobody knew of its existence until it had reached Shuyen.

The initial skirmishes were followed by a series of artillery duels, leading up to several battles in which the Russians were defeated with great loss. Mr. Bulla was present in the field during several of these fights, and obtained a series of photographs of Russian troops on the firing line, which will appear in next week's issue. The troops shown in the present pictures are those sent down by General Kuropatkin from Liao-Yang under General Sassulitch, to hold off the Japanese and prevent them from cutting off General Stakelberg. They were disposed along the Tallen Pass, which they fortified heavily. Nevertheless, they were driven out by the Japanese, and many pictures of this battle were secured by Mr. Bulla.



WAITING FOR THE ENEMY ON THE SUMMIT OF TALIEN PASS

In the upper picture General Levstam is giving orders to his staff for the disposition of the regiments in his brigade.—The smallest picture shows General Sassulitch and members of his staff. General Sassulitch was the commanding officer at the Battle of the Yalu, where he was badly defeated by General Kuroki, and again at the Tallen Pass, where he was once more driven back by the Japanese. In the large picture at the bottom of the page, General Pleschkeff may be seen disposing his forces along the road over the pass in anticipation of the approach of the Japanese, who are already in touch with the Russian outposts to the south. Next week's issue will contain pictures of the actual battle which took place at this pass later in the day on which the present photographs were taken.

CHERRY ORCHARDS AND A PRINCESS

THE Princess pricked herself with a needle. She did not fall into a hundred years' sleep; on the contrary, she sprang from her window-seat with an angry grace, clapped a slender finger to her mouth, and vigorously sent a long silk stocking skimming through the open casement. It fluttered to a gray courtyard; a sentry pacing it looked down, and looked up, past the grim high walls, with mouth agape, toward the heavens. An officer clanked out of a low doorway, and prodded the thing with a brass scabbard. A sparrow cocked his eye at it from a gargyle; he was nesting, and he considered it solely from the speculative builder's point of view. Finally a footman, proceeding majestically, issued from the doorway, bent his magnificent back in a slow condescension, and bore the stocking away before him on a salver. The Princess laughed and then stopped, because she remembered that she had been pricked by a darning-needle into a royal rage. She could see her English governess at her side raising eyebrows, and she knitted her own defiantly. "I will not endure it," she said. "Why should I? I am sure my mother has never darned hose, and never will."

"When I was in Germany, and instructed their Royal Highnesses—" Miss Webster began.

"Those girls!" the Princess said, with an ocean of contempt engulfing her words. "Oh, I do not pretend to misunderstand you. They have a standard of dulness to which I could never attain. I have been born too near the Balkans for that. I shall never be able to darn stockings and make gingerbread, and so I shall never suit the taste of a Grand Duke, their brother. Dear Miss Webster, you really must permit me to shock you sometimes; I assure you it is in the blood." She paused, shaking her head thoughtfully. "But I remember Johann as a child dimly, and I think he was humanly naughty and kicked his nurse. Do brothers always appreciate their sisters' virtues in other people's sisters? No, the prospect does not allure me. Please God, there will be something to prevent it. . . . At least, I shall be careful to let him know that I am the sworn enemy of plain needlework and the Teuton proprieties."

Miss Webster rose in a pale wrath, her thin lips parting, her spectacles glowering at the rebel.

"It is my duty to acquaint her Majesty with an unseemliness of language and behavior—" she began, when the door opened to admit the Princess's maid with the recovered stocking. Behind her, dimly visible in a vaulted corridor, was a passing vision of a white hat, a drab racing coat, a pair of slung glasses. The combination turned; Miss Webster swept a courtesy, and the Princess Thyra escaped like a bird from the snare of the fowler.

King Feodore, his hat upon his ear, had a holiday air. He was rolling an unlighted cigar round his tongue; he wore spats over his varnished boots. It was his life's ambition, since the Great Powers had prohibited brawling with his little brother monarchs, to be the typical sportsman, English style. He paused before a mirror to pull on a pair of pale lemon gloves, and to adjust a horseshoe pin into his scarf, and his daughter, with a flash of brown hair, and the whirl of a skirt not yet ankle low, fell upon him.

"I am in disgrace again with the elderly Webster," she cried in his ear. "She is going to tell mamma, and they will devise a penance between them. Papa, darling, you are going to the races, I know. Take me with you, and let me enjoy myself for a few hours before their turn comes."

"Eh, my dear! Pawning to-morrow to enjoy to-day is a very poor practice, I assure you," the King said; and he sighed, because he spoke from experience. "You must not oppose your mother, Thyra, you must not indeed. It doesn't pay." He sighed again.

The Princess clung to his elbow, and they passed from the corridor to broad, crimson carpeted stairs.

"Of course not, darling!" she said. "I know that as well as you do. Only take me with you this morning, little papa with the gray mustachios! I am so thirsty



By Mayne Lindsay

for freedom and fresh air; there is a song stifling in my throat; my feet will hardly keep from dancing. It is spring outside. Hark!"

She lifted a finger. A lark was trilling out of the blue. Through an arrow-slit flooded in the ripe sunshine; with it came the breath of blossom and green meadows. Rushing water supplied a silver undercurrent of sound; an ice-fed river was rocking by the castle on its way to the sea. But they could see nothing beyond the courtyard but the strip of sky; the dismal gray walls towered high and shouldered out the world beyond.

"Quite impossible," the King said decidedly. "Little girls mustn't do these sort of things. Grown-up people are different."

"I am sixteen."

"H'm, yes; so you are. Well, my dear child, in a little while you will be grown-up yourself, and then perhaps a young friend of your mother's, who is, I understand, a charming fellow, will come along and prove a thousand times pleasanter escort to races than your poor old father. There! I know why you should endure the schoolroom with patience a little longer, you see. Now run away like a good girl and tell Miss Webster you are sorry."

He patted her cheek, and escaped smiling. The Princess had drawn back at his last words with a frown and a heightened color. He hustled down an avenue of four-and-twenty footmen that cut the hall to which they had descended, and the door swung open to admit the rattle of arms coming to the salute. A carriage-door was shut, wheels and hoofs scraped over the stones, and the King vanished to where, beyond a great archway, sounded the distant crash of a loyal cheer.

Thyra stood forgotten for a moment and her opportunity pirouetted before her. The footmen, when they came slowly up from their obeisances, could have observed the whisk of a petticoat that went, not back to drudgery but into an inviting alley, a passage that corkscrewed its way into the heart of the castle and thence to liberty. Ten minutes later a maiden who was crossing a mead between the river and the capital looked round at the great walls and swung out her chin with a fine defiance, and thus airily dismissing unpleasant thoughts, tripped into the town. She had a handkerchief knotted about her pretty hair, and her skirt was kilted with a careless grace; she was a stage peasant, with Nature's rouge upon her cheeks and Nature's gayety about her footsteps.

The Princess Thyra, palpitating a little under her cool demeanor, followed the stream of market-folk into the town, and was at once pleased and mortified to find that she attracted no more attention than the butter-girls who jogged her elbows. It was, in fact, the busiest hour of a busy day, and the good citizens were too hard at work for ogling; only a few drones lolling against a wall, a soldier before his painted box, a cake woman, long trained to observation of the passing countenance, opened their eyes rather widely at her. But

their brains were dull; by the time they had digested the matter its subject was out of sight.

She wandered down a quaint by-street and drank in its charm. She bought a gingerbread pig with currant eyes, and shared it with a toddling creature that used her skirts, with the assurance of infancy, to help itself out of the gutter; she watched the rivalry of shabby sparrows over the crumbs. What a life it contained, this little kingdom of the pavement! She came, dawdling and purposeless, but wholly enchanted by her draught of freedom, to the starting-place of the steamers below the bridge. The farmers' wives from the far villages were clumping ashore with fowls and cheeses, and a man at a pay-box was loudly proclaiming the joys of an excursion upon which the high-decked paddle-wheeler, *King Feodore*, was just about to start.

"To the upper river and back for a florin only—to the loveliest outlooks of the hills for a florin! And all the way to the cherry orchards, with their exquisite masses of bloom now in perfection—the sight of the year, and of that there could be no reasonable doubt—for half a florin extra!"

The Princess looked up the stream, which was turgid and billowy, and saw beyond the city the low blue line of the hills whence it flowed. The sunshine was clear and warm; the whistle gave an encouraging toot; there swam into her mind a vision of white petals, and with it a great longing for the deep, grassy peace of the cherry orchards. There indeed she could sing out the surging spring-notes with which her throat was trembling. Ah, and the sky was so kind and blue, and she was free for this day and this day only. . . . She dived into her pocket and emptied a purse into her palm.

She gave a little cry of dismay. The sky was instantly overcast; tears of mortification stood in her eyes. She had only half a florin in her possession. The castle might reclaim her at any moment. She had tarried far too long in the city; already they must be searching for her; Webster's sharp nose was not, she was convinced, very far from the trail.

As she stood dismayed and downcast, with her distress patent to the eye of the beholder, somebody touched her. She started and looked round. A young man was at her side, hat in hand; he had lately descended from a drosky, whose driver was pouching silver with every appearance of satisfaction.

"Pardon! The Fräulein is in distress?" said the newcomer with a humble bow and an upward glance that was not so humble.

Thyra occupied a few seconds in remembering that she had left rank and title inside her prison walls. It took her less time to perceive that this god from the machine was fresh-colored and wholesome, his linen spotless, and his chin smooth, and that he was entirely unabashed by the momentary haughtiness with which she regarded him. The corners of his mouth twitched; she understood that he, too, was young, and in tune with the spring airs.

"All my life," she said. "I have wanted to see the cherry orchards, and now I have not the money for the fare."

"And I have a great deal too much," the young man said. "If I were to offer to pay—"



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"And I to accept—" Thyra said doubtfully. "If it were not wrong—" "It would not be so pleasant!" he said, smiling. "Pray give me the pleasure of offering you a loan at least."

He drew a gold piece from his waistcoat pocket.

"Thank you," Thyra said, and hesitated. "Ah, but yes, I must!" The castle walls menaced her. "Thank you heartily," she said and took the coin.

When she had received her ticket and passed the pay-box, she looked back. The young man was lingering on the cobblestones, and it seemed to her that he was eyeing the *Aving Fenside* with a wistfulness surpassing her own. She came back and faced him across the barrier.

"Have you a trouble too?" she inquired sympathetically.

"All my life," he exclaimed with a sudden vehemence, "I have wanted to see the cherry orchards."

"But you have the money!" the amazed Princess said. "Why do you not take a ticket? To be sure, we might even see them together."

He looked her in the eyes, with a flash of apprehension. Then he flushed, and when he spoke it was with a soberness beyond his years.

"That would give me great pleasure," he said. "Not only for my own sake, but because I believe, Fräulein, that you should have a guardian."

"You are not a very elderly guardian, you know," the Princess laughed.

"No, but I understand a responsibility," he said. "And if you will excuse my saying so, a runaway schoolgirl, dressed in an absurd disguise, stands in need of a trustworthy escort."

He took his ticket, and she preceded him up the gangway, and stood abashed while the steamer's lines were cast off. As it churned away her spirits revived, and by the time they were in midstream she was able to say:

"It is done now, and it can not be undone, and I will not be lectured, please. It is only for one day, and I suppose I shall never play the truant again, because I shall not have the chance."

She sat down on a tub, crossed her feet, folded her hands in her lap, and looked up at him. The quay was receding; the red house roofs were blending in a medley of lights and shades; even the castle, frowning at the town, harmonized with the scene. The cheese-sellers and the workmen had disappeared into the deck-house, and the two young people were alone.

"You can not know," Thyra went on, "what a lack of freedom means. You are a young man, and you are not even a Pr—" She checked herself.

"A—?"

"A—a priest," she concluded nimbly.

"By no means a priest," he agreed. "Still, freedom is not so plentiful with me that I can not feel it intoxicating my blood on this glorious morning."

Something rose in the Princess's throat.

"That is my sensation," she said. "I want to get away to the blossom and the singing birds. If I had stayed in the—in the town, with this longing upon me, it would have turned into wickedness, and yet it is nature; it is spontaneous; I am sure it was meant to be good."

The town, crested with pricking spires, slid slowly behind the haze of water meadows.

"There can be no wrong, surely, to indulge one's innocent desires a little when one is young," the young man said, and he mused as if he were interrogating himself. "Not wrong, no! If one remembers that he must fall at the command of duty. By the time we are old we no longer possess them; the stone walls have shut them out."

"Ah, how I hate great walls!" cried Thyra.

He looked down at her with a little indrawing of breath. No Princess at a court ceremony could have surpassed in unconscious grace this unknown runaway upon the butter-tub.

"I meant conventions—social ordinances," he said. "Above all, duty; the duty that requires a man to sacrifice his private happiness for the public good, and the honor beyond his private honor that keeps him to it."

The Princess made a little grimace. The shadow of the Queen-Mother, preacher of duty and apostle of State exigencies, seemed to have fallen across the conversation.

"I do not understand why the good God offers us pleasures with one hand to take them away with the other," she said in a pretty defiance.

"Perhaps the obvious pleasures are not the ones best worth enjoying," her companion said. He turned away from her; he was looking at the pollards sliding by; at a windmill on a ridge; at the ruffling crests of sedge, and a pair of arching gulls fishing in a back water. He appeared to address himself to them.

"Perhaps it is only by putting aside the near things—the dear things—by facing the miseries, by smiling (oh, that's the hardest) when a sigh would come more readily, that one attains satisfaction," he said slowly. "By ignoring one's self, one's own petty inclinations—"

"Oh, what a dull doctrine!" the Princess interposed; and he started as if he had forgotten her. "I do not want to ignore myself to-day at least. I want to realize how heartily alive I am, and how good the world can be when one is able to see it open-eyed. Come, you must know something of the joy of it; you do not deceive me with your melancholy airs. Try, if you please, to forget that you are a chaperon, and remember simply that it is perfect weather."

She resembled the Queen-Mother more than she knew, and for a moment he opened his eyes at her imperiousness. Then he uncovered with a whimsical air of submission and introduced a lighter subject. They were approaching the upper reaches of the river, and the clustering farms and spreading fields

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bridge he took up the practice of law at Worcester, Massachusetts. In 1852 he was elected to the Massachusetts House of Representatives, and in 1857 to the State Senate. In 1860 he was made City Attorney for Worcester. During this time he was also president of the trustees of the city library. In 1869 he was elected to Congress, where he served for eight years, when, in 1877, he was sent to the Senate of the United States. In this chamber he served his State and country until his death, surviving all those who were his colleagues in the early years. His term of service began six years later than the period of Blaine's "Twenty Years in Congress," but it comprises another twenty years immediately following Blaine's—years lacking, perhaps, in the dramatic incidents of the Civil War era, but still fraught with momentous issues.

Beginning his public career as a Free Soiler, he joined the Republican party when it was organized, and for more than fifty years the sage of our Senatorial Solons was the able and eloquent defender of his party's initial principles. To him the Republican party was always the party of moral ideals, though time had softened his rasping partisanship, and though he had repeatedly vigorously opposed his party's foremost issues. But in spite of his party loyalty, he was the most eloquent and convincing of all the opponents of the new imperialism. He showed

George Frisbie Hoar

inspiring political courage and independence when he broke with the most popular Administration the Republican party ever had, and bluntly informed President McKinley that "you can not maintain a despotism in Asia and a Republic in America." He was a statesman of the old school. He represented Massachusetts in the United States Senate, not a railroad, a corporation, or even his party.

He was a man of broad and liberal mind, a scholar and a true patriot. He was a member of many prominent historical and scientific societies, and for years he was the honored president of the American Unitarian Association. He has been called "the Grand Old American," and the epitaph of Charles Francis Adams well becomes him, "He left the example of high powers nobly used and the remembrance of a spotless name."

MAKING MONEY

By WILLIAM J. LAMPTON

"WHY don't you make money?" my friends say to me, And I tell them I do not know how; Then they give me the laugh and the gentle "Come off," And the slangy, "What's eatin' you now?"

They say I could do it as easy as not, If I worked like the fellows who do; That I've got as much sense as many they know Who have gathered a million or two.

They say it is easy enough to get rich, If a fellow will only work hard, No matter whatever the field of his toil, In railways, finances, or land.

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They tell me these things with a confident air, And I'm sure they believe what they say, For they jeer when I tell them I can not, because The Lord didn't build me that way.

But it's true just the same, and these friends wouldn't laugh If I said that I couldn't write verse, Or do other stunts in the province of Art Where wealth isn't measured by purse.

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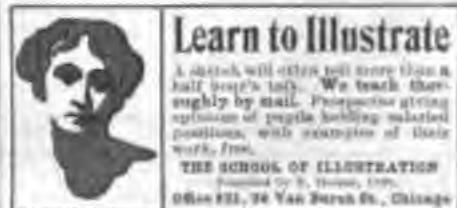
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FOOTBALL

THE showing made by the principal college elevens in the first "practice" games of the year, as Harvard and Yale and their football peers somewhat Olympically choose to call everything short of their final contests, changed in a slight degree the paper estimates made earlier in the season. The Harvard eleven by defeating William 24-0, seven more points than it scored last autumn, brought its potential strength to a considerably higher level than had been set by critics who had nothing to judge from but Harvard's lack of a line and apparent lack of material. The best thing about the game from the Cambridge point of view was the way the men went into it. They had plenty of ginger and all kinds of fight and played well together. The first touchdown was made by steady plugging for more than half the length of the field, and Harvard's new tandem play, by which the ball was carried over the line each time, seemed effective. Williams made first down three times in the game, and she held Harvard for downs once within the very shadow of her goal posts—a thing which even such a defter eleven as Harvard's at that time in the season should scarcely have permitted. That has too often been Harvard's fault in her big games—to work the ball down to the goal posts by magnificent line-bucking, then to sickeningly lose it on downs. The Harvard freshmen, who win from Yale about as consistently as the Harvard varsity loses to its traditional rival, began work on the Monday after the Williams game. Walter Suggen, a former varsity centre, is coaching them. Of the 120 men on the squad, seven are over 200 pounds, seven more between 180 and 200, and twenty-nine between 160 and 180.

Yale Still Leads

Although Harvard's snap and spirit is encouraging, nothing that she showed in her first practice game made it seem any less likely that Yale ought to develop the strongest eleven in the East this year. No team that numbers such veterans as Hogan, Bloomer, Shevlin, Rockwell, Koraback, Kinney, Gowsley, and Tripp in its make-up can be anything but formidable. In her 42-0 game with Trinity, Yale twice ran down touchdowns in less than five minutes of play, and in the first half Yale crossed Trinity's line five times. Hoyt at left half-back kicked well, too, an ability which ought to be especially valuable this season, but he is not yet up to varsity form in other respects. In the first few games no punters appeared who could step into the empty shoes of De Witt and Mitchell. Reynolds of Pennsylvania and Torney of West Point appear to be as good all-round punters as there are in the game this year, and neither Harvard nor Yale has developed men as yet who are of varsity standard both as kickers and as all-round backs.

Princeton's Team Work

Princeton was the first of the Eastern Big Four to meet a really formidable eleven when she beat Georgetown 10-0. The Georgetown eleven is heavy, and it was about an even break when the game started. It was not until the opening of the second half that Princeton was able to score. Short was finally sent over the line by a fine lot of drag-and-push team work—the most encouraging feature, in fact, of the whole game. It is hard to fill the places of such men as De Witt, Henry, and Davis, and yet there is plenty of good material at Princeton. In one respect Princeton's eleven is like Yale's—it has a good string of quarter-backs. Burke, Ritter, and Heim all are strong, clever men. And, all in all, Captain Foulke's men showed a decided improvement both in offensive and defensive play over their first game with Dickinson, and Princeton's score of 10-0 was five points better than her score against Georgetown last year—a score made by men who developed into one of the strongest teams the Tigers ever put on the gridiron.

Pennsylvania won from the University of Virginia on the same day that Harvard played Williams by the same score and in very much the same sort of game. Pennsylvania played with great spirit, and her first touchdown was made after fifty yards of steady line-hacking. Pennsylvania's possibilities in this fall are greater than they have been in years. Columbia on the same day defeated Wesleyan 16-0, Cornell beat Rochester 20-0, the score being made on a fumble, West Point beat Tufts 12-0, and the Indians piled up 41 points against Gettysburg's zero.

On the same day, in the Middle-West, Michigan defeated the Case School 41-0. Chicago University beat Indiana 66-0. Northwestern won from Naperville College by a score of 44-0. Wisconsin beat Fort Sheridan 45-0, and Minnesota smothered Carleton Institute under 65 points. There is a considerable impression among the undergraduates of the big Middle-Western universities that Minnesota will this year develop the strongest Middle-Western team.

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NOTES OF PROGRESS IN SCIENCE AND INVENTION

Q New method of removing Algae from water reservoirs by the use of copper sulphate

A NOTHING which makes far improvement in the water supply of cities and large towns is a matter of personal interest to most of us. In many places the water of the reservoirs is rendered unpleasant by a peculiar smell and taste described as fishy or musty, and attributed by the public to various causes, generally dead fish. As a matter of fact the odor in question is due to minute plants belonging to the group of the Algae, and the water is harmless enough, but not exactly inviting.

Various methods have been tried to stop this nuisance, but with indifferent success. The Bureau of Plant Industry of the United States Department of Agriculture has taken up the matter, and the scientists employed there have discovered a cure which promises to be very valuable. The method of treatment depends upon the fact that these simple plants are extremely sensitive to copper, so that quantities which are quite without effect upon the higher animals are fatal to the Algae. Thus many of the most troublesome forms are destroyed by a concentration of copper sulphate equal to one part in a million parts of water. Actual experiments have shown that the Algae in reservoirs are killed by amounts of copper so small that a man must drink fifty quarts of water per day in order to get an amount of copper in the least harmful. Moreover, in a few days the copper entirely disappears from the water, so that there is no longer any question of its possible harmful effects. In the reservoirs which were experimented on last year one treatment with copper sulphate was sufficient for the whole season. The method is a cheap one, costing about fifty or sixty cents per million gallons of water; no definite cost can be assigned since the quantity of copper needed depends upon the species which are giving trouble. The treatment should be applied by competent persons; it can not safely be entrusted to unskilled workmen. The experiments are being followed up by the Department during the present season, and much additional data will doubtless be obtained.

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sumption seems justified that this substance
destroys the poisonous property of all snake
venoms. Experiments on rabbits showed
that this animal, which is remarkably sensi-
tive to snake bites, could not be kept alive by
means of the permanganate treatment, al-
though the period of life was prolonged. Ex-
periments on cats, which more nearly resem-
ble human beings in the solid nature of their
tissues and in their susceptibility to snake
poisoning, gave the gratifying result of keep-
ing five out of six cats alive even when given
many times the lethal dose of cobra venom,
whereas the cats not receiving the potassium
permanganate died in every case. The same
results were obtained with the venom of
Daboia, one of the vipers. The one failure
in each set of experiments seemed to be due
to faulty application of the treatment rather
than to the inefficiency of the permanganate.
The matter is to be investigated further, and
there is good ground to hope that many lives
may be saved by the use of this simple treat-
ment.

Electricity is now used in prospecting—
gold may be discovered by telephone

A NEW way of prospecting has been tried
experimentally, and is reaching the
point where it is practically useful.
The method is based on the differences in
the electrical conductivity of the earth due
to the presence of ore deposits. Most ores
are much better conductors of electricity
than the soil and rocks, although some
others are almost insulators.

In making use of these facts to locate beds
of ore two electrodes are grounded about one
hundred yards apart. In the circuit is an in-
duction coil with a glass condenser and two
spark gaps. The current as it passes through
the ground is tested by two telephone re-
ceivers connected to portable electrodes
which are usually grounded about seventy
feet apart. The make and break of the cur-
rent in passing through the ground is heard
in the telephones as ticks. As the electrodes
attached to the telephones are moved about,
the variations in the intensity of the tapping
in the telephones give an indication of the
presence and position of the ore deposits.
Although the method is not out of the ex-
perimental stage, yet it seems to promise
much for itself in the future.

Encke's comet will probably be visible to
the naked eye next December or January

THE comet originally discovered by
Mechain, in 1795, and known to astron-
omers as Encke's comet, will make this
year its thirty-sixth return since its discov-
ery. At periods of approximately three
years this comet approaches the earth closely
enough to be seen by astronomers. Of the
thirty-five times which Encke's comet has
returned since its discovery, twenty-eight
have been observed and recorded, the seven
unobserved passages occurring before 1810.
Once every thirty-three years the perihelion
occurs during December or early January,
and the comet is then in the most favorable
position for observation. During November
and December of this year one of the favor-
able passages occurs, and the comet, while in
the region of Aquila, will very likely be vis-
ible to the naked eye.

Pottery made that is acid proof, and can be
plunged white hot into water without breaking

THE artificial corundum from the Gold-
schmidt aluminothermic process has re-
cently been used as an ingredient in
making pottery. The corundum is powdered
and mixed with the clay or kaolin; the mix-
ture is then worked up into stoneware or por-
celain. The value of this new ware lies in
the fact that it does not contract on cooling,
so that articles made from it do not crack on
being suddenly cooled. It is stated that
sherds made from corundum ware may be
heated white-hot in the flame of the oxyhy-
drogen blowpipe and then plunged into water
without being broken. The ware is also acid
proof, and will doubtless find considerable
use in making chemical apparatus.

Where the Money Goes

Probably at some time in his life everybody
has attempted to keep a cash account of his
personal and household expenses. Woolson's
Economy Expense Book is the
outcome of such experience.
The author wanted some com-
plete but simple method of
household accounting. As an
expert accountant, he was fa-
miliar with all the short cuts of
modern business systems. With
no idea of selling, he had a book
ruled and printed for his own
use. Several people who saw
the book wanted a copy. A
dozen books were ordered and quickly sold.
Then 100 were printed and circulars mailed local-
ly. That was the beginning of the present busi-
ness. Last year 5,000 people bought a copy of
this book. The book is simple. It requires no
more time than an ordinary cash book. It points
out exactly where you are spending your money.
It analyzes your expenditures in as a complete
and thorough way as would be required by a
large business house. You can compare your
expenses in any department by days, weeks,
months or years. You can see what expenses
are increasing or decreasing. The book costs
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paid on receipt of price. If you are not satis-
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1824



1854

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1864



1904

It is well worthy to adorn the walls of milady's boudoir or den. The illustrations of some of the figures reduced in size appear on this page. There is no printing at all on the front of the panel, with the exception of the dates under each costume, and the title line, "A Century of *Delineator* Girls." These are admirably suited for framing, and are in every sense works of art.

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COLLIER'S

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1904



GENERAL KUROPATKIN AT THE FRONT

This picture was taken at the Talien Pass a few days before the Japanese, under General Nodzu, occupied the position late in June. General Kuropatkin—the central figure looking at the map—came down from his headquarters at Liao-Yang to inspect the troops and the positions held by them. He then returned to take command at Haicheng and to do what he could to save General Stokelberg's defeated and retreating army from being cut to pieces by General Oka. (See page 18.)



THE STRONGEST ARGUMENT used by independent Democrats, as the campaign draws toward its close, is that the party needs a victory and the country needs the party. This argument is at least sincere. When we read Mr. RICHARD OLNEY's eloquent warnings about the military spirit, we need only turn back to his own words in office for the answer. Likewise most of the other issues are merely the outs howling at the ins. But the appeal to the party's future is sincere. If PARKER is badly defeated, the argument runs, BRYAN and his faction will control the party. If PARKER wins, both parties will be fairly conservative and the radical danger will be averted. This reasoning is sound for those who wish both parties to be conservative. If we were afraid of change we should support PARKER. We believe, however, that a progressive party is called for by actual evils. As long as radicals coquet with adventurers like HEARST, or cranks like WATSON, or follow a leader who, like BRYAN, seeks the cure in bad money and cheap judges, the American people will know enough to be afraid of them, and yet their presence will drive the safer parties onward toward reforms. Had some level-headed radical Democrat, like FOLK, been the nominee, on a progressive but rational platform, we should have been likely to support him, even against the able Republican Administration, on the ground that the country needs to have the Democratic party in good condition, and that the Republican party needs a lesson. When, however, the New York group of Democrats, before and after the nomination—PARKER, HILL, SHERMAN, BELMONT—and a few New York newspapers, succeeded in destroying the situation in which the issue might have become Democracy *versus* Republican plutocracy, that reason for supporting the party vanished. If PARKER's defeat puts the control in BRYAN's hands, it will be only what was expected by the wisest and most disinterested Democrats when the gold telegram arrived to upset the harmony programme on which PARKER had been chosen. The radicals must try to be wiser in 1908. If Mr. ROOSEVELT and the Republicans shake themselves clear of money slavery, they will probably win easily again. If they show themselves docile, "sane and safe" enough to suit business which buys legislation, then the Democrats can win if they have a leader and a platform which stands for bold but just reform, and not otherwise.

THE FUTURE
OF A PARTY

CHOOOSE THE BEST MAN to support, whatever his party, is our doctrine, but where the men are equal, vote, in the present circumstances, to send the Democrat to Congress. A Democratic House and a narrow Republican victory for the Presidency would be a good tonic for the Administration and the Senate. In every State, local conditions should be considered before national ones. To give a few illustrations: In New York we shall vote, as the lesser evil, for HERRICK. In Rhode Island we should heartily support the present Democratic Governor, whose chances for re-election seem slight. In New Jersey the Democrats deserve to win on their platform. In Delaware,

SPLITTING
TICKETS

the power of ADDICKS was built upon his pecuniary ability to buy the State, and a loss of the State would injure him. In a State like Pennsylvania, where one party is hopelessly dominant and hopelessly corrupt, we should vote against it by way of protest. In Colorado we should choose any alternative to PRABODY, unless it were a desperately bad one. LA FOLLETTE's defeat would be a misfortune to Wisconsin, for it would show the national machine slaughtering a man who stands for righteous changes which the people want. In Illinois a practical reformer is running against an ordinary second-rate machine Democrat. In Missouri the State election is more important than the national election itself. We would rather see PARKER President than see FOLK defeated, for FOLK is the most unmistakable centre of correct political principle in the field anywhere to-day.

THE NATURE OF A TARIFF is illustrated amusingly in a pamphlet, circulated in the female suffrage States of Colorado, Wyoming, Utah, and Idaho, making corsets an issue by declaring that they have become better and cheaper under a protective tariff. The argument is not an easy one to grasp. American corsets are cheaper, it is alleged, and much better adapted to American waists, and yet a tariff is needed to keep women from buying from Belgium, France, and Germany. A law, apparently, is needed to force women to purchase what they desire instead of what they don't. The whole tariff question

is about as lucid as this. Many men are free traders, on principle, as a sort of religion, and others are protectionists, on principle, as a sort of religion, but the number of cogent, relevant, and comprehensible facts that are forthcoming is small. England, after a thorough training in free trade, contemplates returning to protection. Opinion in this country, after a long experiment with high tariffs, is now tending gently toward reduction. Certain favored interests, however, will not allow the people to make any change, and favored interests have more power than a mere majority has, unless the majority is excited and large. Economists have nearly all been free traders, and the industrial nations of the earth are nearly all for protection. It is a subject in which abstract reasoning is inadequate. It is a subject for experience, and the same experiences are interpreted in precisely opposite ways.

TARIFF
MIX-UPS

THE PRESIDENT OF HARVARD has lately used the word gentleman in defining his idea of what a college student ought to be. It is a dangerous word, tangled as it is with old-time weakness and old-time strength. Dr. ELIOT has been attacked, here and there, for using it. He mitigated it, however, by associating with it the word democratic. The compound which he described is an admirable creation, whatever may be thought of the felicity of these two words. "A gentleman," says the President, "is quiet. He does not bluster, or hustle, or hurry, or vociferate. He is a serene person." So far Dr. ELIOT has history with him. He goes on: "Another of his qualities is a disposition to see the superiorities in persons, rather than their inferiorities, and to wish to associate with his superiors rather than with his inferiors." It is to be feared that historically the kind of superiors with whom "gentlemen" sought to associate would hardly be deemed remarkable for actual superiority to-day. Gratitude would be due to him who should invent a word containing the valuable part of the meaning of "gentleman" and omitting the class implications. New ideals need new words. "Bright thoughts, clear deeds, constancy, fidelity, bounty, and generous honesty" are the qualities attributed by SIR THOMAS BROWNE to the "true heroic English gentleman." EMERSON calls a gentleman, "the finished man, the man of sense, of grace, of accomplishment, of social power." RUSKIN attributes to him fineness of bodily as well as of mental structure. THACKERAY, who sometimes laughed at this word, asks, among other things, if a gentleman ought to be a true husband, of decent life, with debts all paid, with wisdom and lofty aims. It would be a rash person who should describe these virtues as gentlemanly. In days of class division each class had its superiorities—the peasantry, the gentry, and the bourgeoisie. Our ideal man to-day is a combination, and he draws at least as much of his character from the bourgeoisie, or middle class, as from the aristocracy.

WHAT IS A
GENTLEMAN?

TO THOSE READERS who are displeased with us, for seeming too much like the Church of Laodicea, there ought to be comfort in the articles of Mr. WATTERSON and Mr. BONAPARTE. These readers complain, sometimes, that, even when we incline toward one party in a political controversy, we delay the game by admissions about the side supported and by praise of its opponents. Now by turning a page, readers of this class will bask in satisfaction. In the strenuous declarations of the distinguished lawyer and the no less distinguished editor no sign of hesitation is to be discerned. We are, in truth, glad to have intense convictions expressed with intensity. Mr. WATTERSON believes that Republican victory will mean universal calamity. Mr. BONAPARTE, independent thinker as he is, and famed as a leader in free political decision, sees Mr. ROOSEVELT in the same brilliant rose tints which he seems to wear for the members of his Cabinet. Both men know the facts. Both have the same premises. It is a pleasing illustration of man's freedom, showing how the same object can be seen as two diametrically opposite phenomena.

TO OUR
PARTISANS

BOYS WHO NEVER FIGHT are always ill. Men need combat also, although in maturer form. Some need more, some less. Colonel HENRY WATTERSON of Louisville, Kentucky, needs much. One of his exercises lies before us. It credits us with being half bookman and two-thirds milliner. We can make no such allegation about the Colonel. He is rather three-fourths pugilist and altogether charming. The Colonel accuses the COLLIER style of being a

FIGHTS



twitter, and yet he is dissatisfied when we recognize his as a loud and fearsome bark. After quoting one of our humble efforts to state the truth, he proceeds: "The builder of this stands in need of an evening or two with the old masters. He needs to be told that the basis of all good writing is truth; that the force of all effective writing is truth, and that the value of all writing laid in truth is referable to its directness and its lucidity. A want of sincerity, hardly less than a want of decency, is a want of sense." It seems to us, with all deference, that when one honorable gentleman accuses another journalist of lacking veracity, decency, and sense, he ought to receive with equanimity the far milder descriptions bestowed upon himself. What most amuses us in the Colonel is his logic. If COLLIER criticises Mr. WATTERSON, "what defence," cries he, "has it to make of its hero, Mr. THEODORE ROOSEVELT, who, in a pretentious volume, speaks of PAUL JONES, the Father of the American Navy, as a 'Corsair,' the polite Mugwump nickname for 'pirate,' and of THOMAS PAINE, next after FRANKLIN the earliest and strongest writer for Liberty, as 'a filthy little Atheist'? Is Mr. ROOSEVELT a 'fulminator'? Has he a 'bark'? If he wrote 'more reasonably,' would COLLIER still regard him as a great and good President?" The matchless relevance of this reply can only be sung in verse:

"You are old, Father William," the young man said,
 "And your teeth are beginning to freeze."
 "Your favorite daughter has wheels in her head,
 And the chickens are eating your knees."
 "You are right," said the old man, "I can not deny
 That my troubles are many and great,
 But I'll butter my ears on the Fourth of July,
 And then I'll be able to skate."

AS AN EXPERT ON GOVERNMENT, Mr. JAMES BRYCE holds a place second to no man. In knowledge of foreign affairs he has no rival among Englishmen except Sir CHARLES DILKE. In knowledge of American affairs he stands easily first in his country. His "American Commonwealth" is the most complete and lucid description of our present-day democracy. During his present visit to this country Mr. BRYCE has made the statement that the chief danger which threatens political life in our times is the growing power of wealth, especially as shown in the tendency to abuse public authority and public office for the sake of private gain. That the power of concentrated and organized money is our gravest danger most Americans will agree. Packers

RED TAPE
AND GRAFT

fight with labor and reimburse themselves by raising the price of beef. Oil-makers own Senators and Senators select Presidents. A change there must be. The only question is the method. We wish as little interference as possible. Too much regulation is as bad as immunity in evil. As an English visitor remarked the other day, red tape is the opposite extreme to graft, and the ideal is to stand between them. We do not want any more official dictation than is necessary in any walk of life. The question is, Can we awaken public opinion to such an extent that it will, by the selection of honest legislative and executive officeholders, and by the supervision of them, make our laws work more satisfactorily? Slight legal changes and a sharper popular conscience would be far better than stringent measures and reduced responsibility in the voters. Centralized power is the antithesis of political health. Too much law is the end of freedom.

THE PROPRIETY OF RECEIVING for educational or religious use money tainted by contact with questionable hands has been passed upon by the Yale authorities in a judgment more novel than that involved in acting upon the acceptance of a ROCKEFELLER donation or a CARNEGIE library. Yale felt itself justified in accepting a sum amounting in American money to about \$40,000, which British missionary societies had declined. The money was an indemnity paid by the Chinese Boxers for the murder of two English missionaries. The societies to which the martyrs belonged refused to accept the gift from the Chinese Government, spurning it as "blood money," and the Chinese Government proudly declined to take the money back, handing it over to the British Government to hold in trust for some missionary object. The Yale Foreign Missionary Society declared that it felt no qualms about accepting and devoting it to the erection of a couple of buildings for its new mission college in Chiang-su, China, the first to be founded in a foreign land by an American university. This decision by Yale may serve as a precedent, in case the Boxers

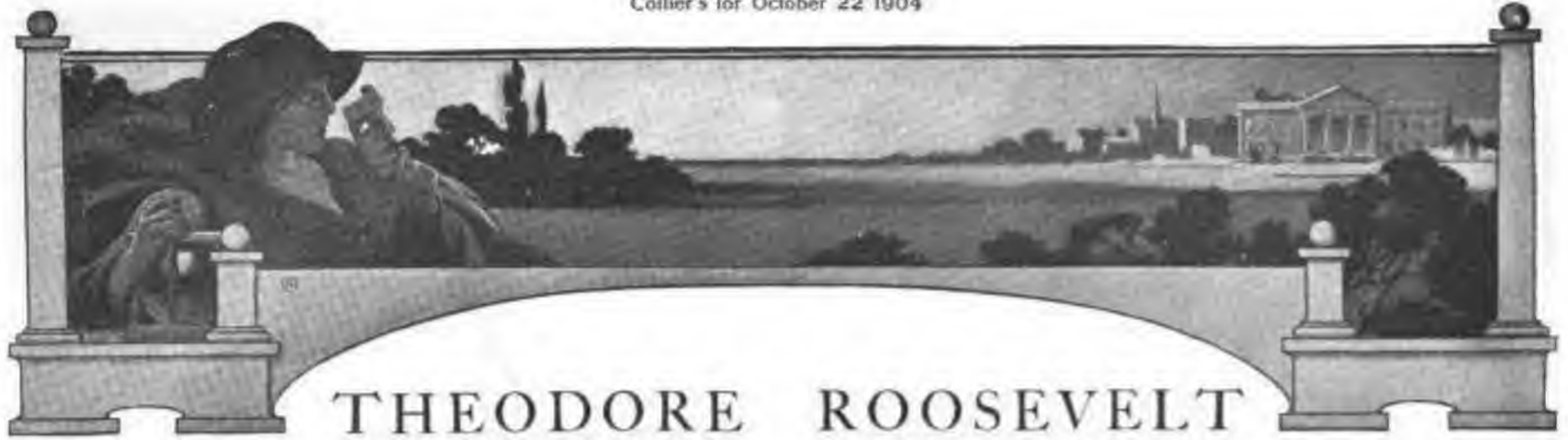
should burst into that renewal of activity which is being prophesied. If they do feel compelled to remove a few more missionaries, money will doubtless be exacted again, on MARK TWAIN'S famous principle of "heads we win, tails you lose," and it is difficult to see any objection to using this money for societies which supply the deficit in missionaries which the Boxers thus create.

TWO LITTLE INCIDENTS, far apart, bring the cat, with weird, imaginative setting, into the world's news. In Pittsburgh the agent of a humane society has interfered with the chop suey industry, by attacking Chinamen for a successful ingenuity. A hole is cut in a back fence, on the inner side of which is placed a fettered cat. In from the alley, then, come many other felines, led by sympathy with their kind. When the yard swarms with them the hole is closed and chop suey is secured with little noise or effort. The agent of humanity, or felinity, objects, apparently, not to the wholesomeness of cat as an article of diet, but to the idea of killing an animal not sanctioned by American custom as a victim to man's appetite. The visiting Filipinos at St. Louis have been allowed to eat dogs, and we imagine the Pittsburgh specialist in sympathy will hardly be upheld. The harmless, necessary cat is just as much subject to the Higher Law or Higher Necessity of man as are sheep in America or snails and frogs in France. The other incident in which the cat figures in large issues comes all the way from Asia. A letter is published from an American woman who was for a time shut up in Port Arthur, and who gives an account of the effect of the bombardment upon the large numbers of cats which assembled on the roofs as soon as shells began to fall: "At each gunshot the cats arched their backs and stiffened their legs, and seemed both terrified and furious. Then when a hissing shell arrived, it gave the signal for a frightful battle. They jumped at each other like raging tigers, and seemed to hold each other responsible for what was taking place. The effect was so comical that we could not help laughing, though the occasion was not one to inspire gaiety. After having fought, the cats retired for a while, but as soon as the bombardment began again they went through the same business." Somehow this vivid picture of the cats and their confused distress makes war seem small. It gives one a feeling like what is given by poetry to the battles of long ago:

"The foe long since in silence slept;
 Alike the conqueror silent sleeps."

Surveying the cat, from Pittsburgh to Port Arthur, makes one feel much as one does in casting the philosophic eye on what mankind is doing, from China to Peru. Humanity speaks for man in Boston and for animals in Pennsylvania, while in another quarter of the globe Russians, Japanese, and tom-cats make the welkin ring with the universal last resort of argument.

THE BLONDE IS THREATENED with extinction. The threat, however, emanates from nothing more important than an instructor in one of the advertising universities. His theory is that fairness implies anæmia and hence ultimate extinction. Since the fair-haired barbarians overcame the swarthy Romans, there has been a great mingling of blondes in Europe, the general mixture being neither as light as the Frank nor as dark as the Italian. The darker the race the more it admires fair hair and eyes and skin. In TITIAN'S day, famous beauties procured golden locks by the help of chemistry, apparently with no loss of social station. To-day the process of manufacturing blondness has become so common that it has cheapened that form of beauty, and the term "blonde" is often used to connote a lady whose character is trivial to the verge of wrong. It seems that the ladies in charge of morals at Rag-cliffe and Bryn Mawr have been treating their students as if they were all blondes. They have warned the girls against ever visibly regarding passing man. This may be good advice for the artificial East, where young women who are not brought up to be fragile and delicate violets are looked upon as improper, or, as it were, peroxide, in their character, but how will it strike students from the unspoiled West, where well-bred girls are natural and free, without either of the Eastern extremes, and would no sooner think of affecting cast-down eyes than they would of altering the color of their hair? The more complex the civilization, the greater becomes the artifice of women, both for refinement and for folly.



THEODORE ROOSEVELT

IS HE SINCERE, OR IS HE A HYPOCRITE?

By HENRY WATTERSON

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I AM asked to jot down some conceptions—perhaps, I should say impressions—of the President of the United States, not so much as an individual—though a personality so pronounced as his may not be ignored—as a political force, as a public functionary. Touching his private life no ill may be said of him. If I find little that is good to say of his official career, it may not be irrelevant to recall the circumstance that many of the most virtuous men have made the worst rulers, while many of the best-intentioned writers have disseminated the grossest errors and exerted the most sinister influence. I shall be strictly courteous, but must not be denied that perfect plainness of speech which is essential to just conclusions.

It is much to be regretted that the border line between criticism and calumny—the point where truth leaves off and falsehood begins—is not clearer than it is; but it will never be distinct as long as controversialists differ about the facts. Even here there is upon the map of debatable land an undiscovered region, a bottomless pit one might call it, whose boundaries of good sense and good feeling we may plainly see, but into whose depths few have penetrated, and they chiefly those of whom it may be said that "they never return."

The critic need not be a partisan, but the partisan is always a critic. Cobbett and Greeley, while living, were accused of wielding only the bludgeon; Beaumarchais employed the rapier and the lance; Junius alternately the broadsword and the dagger; and if we go back to Swift, the master of them all, we shall find such a mingling of statement and invective—strong, simple, and lucid—as even at this range confuses the reader's estimate of what at the time—let us say, when the Drapier Letters were written—may have been strictly just and allowable. The Callenders, the Brownlows, and the Brick Pomeroyes are not to be mentioned in this category, though each of them in his day had a following.

In American politics, and from the beginning, personalities have been the rule. Washington did not escape them. They cost Hamilton his life. Jefferson became one of their dearest victims. Jackson, Clay, and Webster, Lincoln, Johnson, and Tilden—to take but a passing glance into the picture-gallery of our party leaders—met little other than misrepresentation and detraction, often abuse the foulest and falsest, from their adversaries. The Germans have upon their statute-books a law called *lese-majesté*—appropriated from the Romans—in restraint of this. With us there is no abridgment except as commanded by the public sense of decency, whose verdicts it must be confessed carry little weight or authority, and have been for the most part exceedingly loose. The press must not be denied its boasted liberty, and if it makes too free with private character, as it often does, we need not be surprised to find it nearly approaching the licentious in its dealings with the reputations of public men during high party times.

II

THEODORE ROOSEVELT is the President of the United States. He is the official head, the designated chieftain, of the Republican party. He is a candidate for election. All that he has done or left undone his party is answerable for. All that his party has done or left undone he is answerable for. He is it and it is he.

In a case like this it is impossible to separate the actual from the abstract, to draw a line between the personal and the ethical. We can not proceed at all without considering Theodore Roosevelt—what he is and what he is not—what he claims and what he deserves—the man as a man, no less than the magistrate as a magistrate. Naturally, his

supporters seek to have it appear that all criticism is abuse and so to make sympathy, so to put his critics in the wrong; and yet how may he be held to any just measure of responsibility for his public acts unless we consider somewhat of his personality?

No one dreamed of his being President of the United States when he was nominated for Vice-President, except the late Senator Hanna, who did his best to prevent it. Why? If Senator Hanna had lived and become a contestant with Mr. Roosevelt for the Republican nomination, we may be sure that long in advance of the nominating convention we should have heard—from Republican lips—have read from Republican pens—enough to damn both of them. Mr. Hanna, not less than Mr. Roosevelt, had his vulnerable side; but, unlike Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Hanna knew this, and largely because of the impaired state of health which by quite two years preceded his death, he had no mind to offer it to attack. He was not a hypocrite, whatever may be said of him, and he did not deceive himself. Is Mr. Roosevelt a hypocrite, or is his a self-deceptive, many-sided, emotional temperament, which does and then forgets, the element of good intention in provisional ascendancy over each particular act, however illogical and inconsistent a succession of these acts may seem, when strung together, like a rope of pearls and hung about his neck? Is it discourteous to ask whether this rope of pearls will decorate or strangle him?

Civil Service and the Spoils System

There is, for example, that large central pearl of great price, of purest ray serene, pendent, and known to the dealers as Civil Service Reform. Does this match that other large, central pearl, luminous, indeed, but spotted, dangling from the back of the neck and classified by the trade as the Spoils System? Here decidedly is a point to be considered in the estimation of his character. Was Mr. Roosevelt sincere as the systematic denouncer of Quay and Addicks? Was he sincere when he turned his back—with considerable ostentation—upon Platt and Payn—not the Postmaster-General, but the Insurance Commissioner? If he was sincere how could he have made common cause with these persons for the sake of a nomination to the Presidency? They had not changed. Had he? Or was it "a temperamental infirmity"?

Stick a pin here. Mr. Roosevelt is represented by his panegyrists on the one hand as the most guileless of men, on the other hand as the most astute. "What would Lincoln have done?" Mr. Hay tells us he constantly asks himself. Why, Lincoln made no pretension to being a Civil Service Reformer. He was strictly a party man. He lived and labored through a period of revolution and war. Often, indeed, he had no better or other warrant than what is called the war-power for his acts. The Emancipation Proclamation was extra-constitutional or unconstitutional, just as Jefferson's purchase of the Louisiana territory. Lincoln, no more than Jefferson, ever pretended anything else. The act in each case was justified by the occasion. History has vindicated both. But did the Panama business embody any such exigency? On the failure of the Hay-Herran Treaty, Congress had provided that we should go ahead and build the Nicaraguan Canal. It cost us nothing for right of way. No company, with a franchise to sell, was behind it. As between the two routes, the Panama and Nicaraguan, opinions of the greatest engineers, living and dead, were divided. Would Lincoln have been so dilatory in waiting on Colombia to ratify the treaty, so precipitate, when Colombia failed to ratify it, in seizing Panama? Would Lincoln have agreed to a deal by which we pay forty millions to a stock-gambling syndicate in Paris, and ten millions to a group of promoters in Panama, exploited by a corporation attorney, such as William Nelson Cromwell, whose wealth acquired by the transaction is not denied, and a French adventurer, such as Bunau Varilla, masquerading alternately as engineer of the canal, as fiscal agent of the canal company, and as ambassador of the fly-by-night combination—theatrical in the last degree—miscalled the Republic of Panama? There existed an alternative, distinctly specified by law. This was mandatory. Even if Lincoln had seen reasons for declining to execute it, would he have been in such haste to disobey it? Would he have hurried to consummate a transaction so shady in character and so disreputable in its antecedents and dramatic personae? Why did Mr. Roosevelt? Obviously it seems to me to glorify his Administration. Obviously, through this glorification, to increase his chances of election. Good politics or bad politics as this may have been, was it consistent with the high-mindedness, the

disinterestedness, the limpid purity of mind and heart, which Mr. Hay and Mr. Root and Mr. Taft—all his appointees to office and in a sense his retainers—claim for their hero and chief?

Did the President's course in the Post-Office scandals represent a single-minded devotion to the public service? His Postmaster-General had described the original charges as "hot air." We know now partly what they were. Why was Mr. Payne retained as Postmaster-General? Why was a bi-partisan committee of Congress denied? Waive the Northern Securities case—good as far as it went—but what shall we say of the Attorney-General's subsequent statement that the Government would not "run amuck" through the trusts, if that was not intended to appease the dragon, and why are the leaders among the trust magnates and their known newspaper organs supporting Mr. Roosevelt? They must have had some additional assurance. Is all this consistent with the character of a President as brave as a lion and as transparent as the noonday sun?

The Booker Washington incident? Was it an impulse—a generous impulse—or had it a design beneath it? The succeeding negro appointments—notably Crum, five times rejected by the Senate—would any former President have so clung to any such white man? The Indianola post-office affair? Would Lincoln have punished—would any reasonable President have punished, and unlawfully have punished—an entire community because of the threats of a few ignorant and vicious people? Was not the Wood affair official and personal favoritism gratified at the cost both of justice to the army and the morale of the service? Was not the Miles affair the sacrifice of a gallant and veteran soldier either to personal rancor, or a churlish, ungovernable temper? If they were not, what were they?

III

We are told that we must make no readings from Mr. Roosevelt's books. Why not? Mainly, the answer comes, because they were the more or less jejune effusions of an immature mind. Yet, do not such effusions throw light upon character? Young men are, as a rule, generous. We seek, nowhere to discover, a gleam of hearty though unthoughtful appreciation in all the writings of Theodore Roosevelt, but everywhere censorious criticism, faulty judgments, superficial history, exultant, self-confident intolerance. He calls Jefferson Davis a second Benedict Arnold, assails him as a Repudiationist, and, offered proof to the contrary, grossly insults an old man tottering on the brink of the grave. Would Lincoln have done this? He dismisses Schley as an impatient schoolmaster might dismiss a pestiferous youngster. Would Lincoln have done this?

Were these things the offspring of impulse or intention? Perhaps a little of both. Character is made up of contradictions. Yet in spite of all that is claimed for him we never see Theodore Roosevelt doing a magnanimous action—saying a charitable, kindly word—on the contrary, and all the time the relentless critic, exacting of others, grudging as to himself, and never for a moment since his advent to the White House losing sight of the main chance.

The President, the King, and the Kaiser

A model paterfamilias? Why, so is the Kaiser. An upright gentleman? Wherein has he in this an advantage over his Majesty King Edward VII? A brave man? The woods are full of them. We are not choosing a King or a Kaiser, but an American President. Happily, we can choose between two or three, or half a dozen contestants. Why not Tom Watson? Why not Dr. Swallow? Why not Mr. Debs? Each is represented to be a good citizen and a virtuous man. They are, so to say, with the sideshows, as they are called. Mr. Roosevelt is in actual possession of the office. He has been filling it three years. It ought to be easy to see what he is and what he is not. Shall we throw away our glasses out of respect for his dignity? Shall our inspection of wares submitted to us "on approval" be abridged; our refusal to purchase, along with the reasons why, be dismissed as *lèse-majesté*?

I do not approve Mr. Roosevelt at all, but I entertain no private grief against him. I not only do not want to do him injustice, but I should be glad to be able to regard him with admiration and esteem. I am denied this by a belief in the truth of that which is here written. It rests not upon conjecture; it is a fact, though an ex parte part, of the History of the Time. Can there be another side to it?



IS HE SAFE? HAS HE KEPT HIS OATH?

By CHARLES J. BONAPARTE

REPRINTED FROM THE NEW YORK TIMES

IT IS a doubtful compliment to call a watchdog "safe"; for some people it were well to have him "unsafe," and the more unsafe the better; if thieves and tramps feel secure with him unchained, his owner may do wisely to obtain, in his place, an animal less discreet and less amiable. I do not question that, in certain quarters, both at home and abroad, our President's reputation for "safety" is but indifferent; on this point the Sultan of Morocco and his troublesome subject Raisuli are probably of one mind; rebellious Moros and seditious Filipinos doubtless share their views, and some South American statesmen, especially in and about Bogota, are ready to signify an emphatic assent. Nor is this opinion confined to foreigners; "grafters" and the friends of "graft" think him rash and headstrong; some rich men, who once supposed they were rich enough to defy the law, and some agitators, who once thought they controlled votes enough to enjoy the same privilege, are alike displeased with him; generals, who held discipline good for their subordinates but not for themselves, would prefer another commander-in-chief; peaceful and refined Southerners of the Vardaman or Tillman type, who are denied the pastime of "running out" a "nigger" postmaster when the fancy seizes them, feel reasonably aggrieved; in short, all these people unanimously label him "Dangerous." They all believe that life will be safer and more comfortable (for themselves) if Judge Parker shall take his place at the White House, and very probably they are right.

In the old fable the wolves assure the sheep their watchdogs are "unsafe" and too "strenuous," and the silly sheep listen to them, much to their own loss. Shall we do the like? Yes, if we are no less foolish, but not otherwise; for, if we consider the interests and wishes, not of open or secret enemies to our country and her laws, but of her loyal, patriotic, and law-abiding citizens, there is simply nothing in Mr. Roosevelt's acts since he attained the Presidency to justify dispute or even doubt as to his prudence or sagacity.

No President, since the close of Reconstruction, has had to meet and solve so many novel, grave, and delicate problems. He has pacified the Philippines; he has organized a free, orderly, and progressive government in Cuba; he has adjusted Venezuela's imbroglio with her creditors; he has settled the Coal Strike; he has set on foot a just and conservative system to supervise and control the "Trusts"; he has resolutely and effectively, yet prudently, enforced existing Federal laws against capitalists and workmen alike; he has firmly, but temperately, resisted the attempted dictation of race prejudice at the South, and he has assured us an Isthmian Canal in the near future and by the best route. Such a record for three years in the White House will not suffer by comparison with that of any President since Lincoln.

Yet these things are by no means all he has done in that time, and done, on the whole, with remarkable success. During these three years both the Army and the Navy have been reorganized and the latter immensely increased; the Civil Service law has been extended in application and enforced with a thoroughness hitherto unknown; the field of our diplomacy has vastly widened, and its boldness and tact have been universally recognized; finally, the eradication of abuses and the punishment of unfaithful public servants have been as inflexible and far-reaching as the President's will and power could make them.

Mistaken Prophecies

Could an obstinate, presumptuous, self-sufficient, and hasty man deal with such questions and bring forth such results? At any other time than during a political campaign, this inquiry would answer itself; a rational mind judges the tree by its fruits, and only the temporary unreason of a period like the present makes any discussion needful or excusable.

It is to be remembered likewise that in many, indeed in nearly all, of these matters he succeeded in the face of predictions of failure on the part of the very people who now call him "unsafe," and of criticism which the event almost invariably showed to be unfounded and foolish. His critics declared he could never wholly subdue the Filipino insurgents; they prophesied a war with Colombia as prolonged and costly as that of England with the Boers; they were sure his intervention in the Coal Strike would show only his impotency and bring disgrace to his office; they saw disastrous failure certain in the Merger suit and the Venezuelan negotiations. These eminent prophets were mistaken in well-nigh everything; nevertheless, they modestly tell us the man again and again shown by experience to be

right when they were wrong; is "unsafe"; they ask us to take in his place a man wholly untried in such service, on their recommendation, never dreaming that we might fear lest in this recommendation they should prove to have added to their long list of grievous and discreditable blunders.

Those who know the President best think and speak of him otherwise; they praise and trust his sound judgment and discretion no less than his integrity and courage. I need not refer to intimate personal friends like Riis, or biographers like Leupp; we know what has been said by men who shared his labors and responsibilities, men such as William Dudley Foulke and the late John R. Proctor, former members of his Cabinet such as Root and Knox, present members of his Cabinet such as Hay and Taft. I have never met a man more open to suggestion, advice, or remonstrance. If others have had another experience, I believe they attempted dictation under the guise of counsel. Some among us would have a President they can frighten, others a President they can wheedle and lead by flattery, still others a President they can buy, if not with money, with bribes less sordid; for men like these, President Roosevelt is clearly and emphatically "unsafe," but they are not the people.

When President Cleveland gave his angry warning to England that we would not permit Venezuela to be bullied, it must be owned that his conduct verged on rashness; it exposed us to grave danger of a war with a first-class power, a war for which we were totally unprepared, undertaken on behalf of a most unpromising client, and in support of a contention which substantially failed when our demand for arbitration was conceded. Nevertheless, there can be little doubt that President Cleveland was sustained by public opinion, and both he and his party gained credit by his course. Americans are not a nation of weak nerves, and they wish a man for their President.

Has He Kept His Oath?

I MEAN, of course, the oath he swore at the house of Mr. Ansley Wilcox in Buffalo, while the corpse of his murdered predecessor awaited burial. His words were: "I do solemnly swear that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will, to the best of my ability, preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States."

I note first that he did not swear merely to obey the prohibitions of the Constitution; indeed, the word "obey" is not contained in the oath, although, of course, it is plainly implied. Unlike Mr. William B. Hornblower, the framers of this oath wanted a President who would "do things," not a President over-indigenous to discover how not to do them, or who scrupled and quibbled about what he might, could, would, or should do until the time for doing anything useful had passed.

Moreover, the President contemplated by the Constitution must, "to the best of his ability," i.e., as strenuously as he can, "preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution," not evidently a piece of paper with writing on it, but a system of government framed to attain certain momentous ends. What are those ends?

The people, speaking in the Constitution itself, tell us why it was "ordained and established." It was made "to form a more perfect Union"; the President who is to "preserve and defend" the work must find and stamp on every spark of disloyalty or sectional hate. It was made to "establish Justice"; its faithful protector must let no claim of policy or prejudice cheat Justice of her due. It was made to "insure domestic tranquillity"; he who is bound by his oath to defend it must see that the laws committed to his keeping are nowhere defied with impunity, whether by rich or poor, in the North or in the South. It was made to "provide for the common defence"; a President who sacrifices those "suitable establishments" advised by Washington in his Farewell Address to the clamor of demagogues or the whimsies of visionaries is no faithful steward. It was made "to promote the general welfare and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity"; a President mindful of his oath will overlook the welfare of no class or race, however humble or helpless, among our citizens, and can not see with indifference any robbed of their political rights or threatened with the degradation of peonage.

To do his full duty under this oath, a President must accept responsibility and incur risk—risk of misconception, of unjust censure, of his own honest mistake. Those Presidents most revered as patriots and profitable servants of the people, such men as Jackson and Lincoln, while in office, were frequently and fiercely

charged with violating the Constitution. A story is told of an Eastern nation, whose laws forbade any subject to lay violent hands on the King. The monarch fell overboard from a boat and was about to drown. Most of the sailors bowed profoundly to him as they watched his struggles and uttered loud protestations of loyalty; one of them seized him by the hair and dragged him into the boat again. There are those who would have a President show respect for the Constitution as did most of the crew for the sacred person of their sovereign, but a President who, in truth and not in seeming, "preserves, protects, and defends" it, will act as did the one man who saved the King's life.

That President Roosevelt has on any occasion exceeded his Constitutional powers is asserted by his critics with a great deal of vociferation but very little proof. In truth, I am not aware of any attempt to furnish a bill of particulars of the high crimes and misdemeanors thus laid to his charge until an eminent body of legal microscopists, known as "The Parker Constitution Club," announced an important discovery in this field with which their patient research had been rewarded. It is well that the public should understand in detail the enormity thus brought to light.

The President and Pensions

The Act of 1890 provides that soldiers and sailors of the War of the Rebellion suffering from any mental or physical disability of a permanent character which incapacitates them from earning their support through manual labor, shall receive a pension proportioned in amount to the degree of inability to thus earn a support "upon making due proof of the fact according to such rules and regulations as the Secretary of the Interior may provide." With the justice or policy of this statute we have no concern; President Roosevelt's oath certainly obliged him to faithfully execute it. That it should be executed, "rules and regulations" had to be "provided" by the Secretary of the Interior, acting, of course, in this respect, under the President's supervision. In the absence of such rules and regulations it could not be executed at all.

It is too plain for argument that this act of Congress not only authorizes but obliges the Secretary of the Interior to determine what disabilities will so incapacitate a man for manual labor as to entitle him to a pension. Congress might, of course, have decided this question itself, but it might also, as it has done in countless analogous instances, refer the decision to an Executive officer charged with the administration of the law.

It is also perfectly obvious that when a man has reached a certain age, the mere fact of his being so old of itself shows an incapacity to support himself by manual labor. No rational being will ask a man of ninety-five, for instance, to establish such incapacity by proof. Moreover, it is equally evident that such partial incapacity as entitles the sufferer to a pension less in amount will be shown by his attaining a less age. If the Democratic candidate for the Vice-Presidency had been a soldier and were dependent on manual labor for his support, no one would, I am sure, question his right to pension under this act. Previous Secretaries of the Interior, with the approval of previous Presidents, provided rules and regulations whereby ages were fixed at which applicants for pensions under this law were presumed to be entitled to the maximum and minimum amounts therein respectively mentioned. Secretary Hitchcock, with the approval of President Roosevelt, somewhat reduced these age limits, fixing the former at seventy and the latter at sixty-two. This is the offence, and, so far as I know, the only definite offence against the law.

(Continued)





"LECTIONEERING" : By Booth Tarkington

WITH A HEADPIECE BY THOMAS FOGARTY AND ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

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"LECTIONEERING" is the candidate's part, and the quality of it depends upon the quality and paying capacity of the office in contest, although, of course, it always includes handshaking and cordiality. However, the cordiality is usually tempered to suit the office. A candidate for a great office, a governorship or the bench, even for Congress, may profitably assume a certain graciousness, an intimate yet almost aristocratic benevolence of manner which might be resented in a candidate for one of the less exalted, though remunerative, county or city offices. Usually it must be all first names, cigars, and boisterous good cheer with the latter.

As the campaign warms up, the nominee's family begins to forget his face; he has little time for his meals and less for sleep; his day is a long hustle. It has recently fallen to the writer's enlivening lot to accompany an energetic candidate throughout one of his ordinary electioneering days. This candidate's name may be paraphrased to Joe Share; he is, by profession, an auctioneer; he is running on the Republican ticket for the office of Recorder in a large and important county near the country's centre of population, and he wishes and intends to be elected. He has a wonderfully loud and fearless voice; is smooth-shaven, with an eagle's nose and eyes; he is over six feet tall, very lean and long-armed, of that pioneer-given type which, so long as it shall last, means backbone and triumph.

We were to go first to a country sale, a fourteen-mile drive, and we met at seven in the morning—Share, a reporter from a Republican paper (with a camera to photograph the candidate shaking hands with farmers), and the writer in his capacity as student. Share had declined a friend's offer of a pair of fast horses and a light trap with a word of pity—"You want to make me look like a Duke?"—however, we were carried along not too slowly over the dusty roads in a country surrey behind a couple of big, shaggy, rough-headed colts. The candidate, sitting alone on the front seat, drove. Beside him were half a dozen boxes of "Joe Share Segars" (constructed at a somewhat moderate price for campaign use) and a large receptacle containing two hundred pink packets of "Joe Share Chewing Gum."

Joe knew all the well-to-do farmers whom we encountered on the road, as well as most of the farm-hands, teamsters, and laborers. Those with whom he had no previous acquaintance he freely left in possession of his name, condition, present aspirations and cigars. When we met or passed women and children he threw out to them, if they were walking, or showered their vehicles if they drove, a pink storm of his chewing gum.

"Here, girls," he cried to a couple of young women in an old-fashioned phaeton. "Here's some of Joe Share's chewing gum for you! Plenty more where that comes from when you run out! And, remember, two as good-looking girls as you are oughtn't to let your men folks vote for anybody but Joe Share for Recorder!"

We passed a schoolhouse as the morning session was just beginning and the indignant teacher rang her bell for five minutes in vain, while Share threw chewing gum over the fence. The enthused scholars refused to enter the building until the incredible Santa Claus had driven away, calling over his shoulder: "Don't forget the name, children! Tell your daddies that Joe Share's the best man for Recorder!"

The sale was crowded; neighbors had come from over the county line; they were all there, gathered in the barn lot, the tanned, the bearded, the shrewd—slow of speech and slow to bid. Everything on the farm was to be sold; stock, implements, the very hay in the loft, everything down to the frayed rope-balter which went for one cent.

To the multitude at large did my friend in stentorian tones address himself, alighting by the watering-trough with an open cigar-box in each hand. "Friends, here's Joe Share, candidate for County Recorder! Step up and take a cigar and we'll talk it over! There's a cigar for every man here, Republican, Democrat, or Prohibitionist, whether you vote for me or not—and I'll say to you, *honest*, now, boys—I don't see any reason why it ought to be not!"

Immediately he became the attraction at that show. Indeed, the sale languished all the time he was there, and his voice and laugh rang out to the utter stultification of the country auctioneer. He met dozens of acquaintances, forgetting neither names nor faces.

"By George!" he would cry. "If there ain't old Pap Lawrence and Uncle Henry Drinkwater! Skin me, boys, but I'm glad to see you! Hello, Bill Davis, how's Ben? That twelve-year-old boy of yours must be pretty near as tall as you are by this time. Hello, Dad Elkins, who's this man you got with you? Republican? He certainly looks good to me! I'll bet he keeps his front-walk in good order! Friend, take a cigar on Joe Share, candidate for County Recorder, and wants the job mighty bad! Take another to smoke after a while and another for your hired man. Tell him it's from Joe Share; tell him to vote for me, and I'll act like a father to you when you come to town."

One singular phenomenon of his attack a student was able to observe: He invariably addressed very old men as "Pap"; middling old men as "Dad," and oldish middle-aged men as "Uncle."

He kept eddies and whirlpools about him in that slow-moving crowd; he went through it like a big dog scampering in a pile of fallen leaves, and was quite impossible to follow. I think it took him about twenty minutes to shake the hand of every one there, and distribute most of his cigars, and when that was done the place made one think of a burning hayfield.

The ladies of a neighborhood Baptist Church had established themselves at a long, extemporized plank counter in a big wagon-shed, and were prepared to supply the hungry with dinner (it was now about the eleventh hour of morning) at fifteen cents a cover, for the benefit of the church building fund. To this retreat Mr. Share conducted as many people as could possibly crowd in, there to be regaled at his expense. There were no seats, nor were they needed; we all lined up against the counter, and each received a quart tin-cup of boiling chicory and a large tin platter whereon reposed, mingled in pleasant confusion, about a half-dozen of boiled beans and fried potatoes; one-half of a half-boiled chicken, and a section of moist crusted apple pie, about as eatable as a wet book. I profess my admiration and respect for those who labored for the church building fund, yet it was impossible not to fear that their piety asked too much of the gastronomic capacities of even the candidate for Recorder.

Not so; very far from it. He placed himself in a commanding position at the head of the counter, and, after one glance of misgiving at the food—so faint that no one caught it—settled to his task, and cleaned his platter utterly with a despatch that one would have called magnificent had it not been for the fact that to linger over such a repast must have been fatal.

"Talk about good cooking!" he declared solemnly, pouring down the scalding chicory without a tear. "All I want is good old-fashioned country eating! I tell you, boys, Joe Share don't ask anything better than this! Hi, down there by the door, can't you move up one and let old Pap Good-eam there get in? Always room for one more, as you'll find when you elect me Recorder and want a favor. Come in."

Pap. I never met Pap till this morning—strange, too, because my first cousin's a great friend of his son-in-law—but I never met either of 'em till to-day, yet I somehow kind of took to both of 'em, right off. Are you all right down there, Pap? That's good! Papsmelt this good country cooking, and it made him so hungry he had to crowd in! Ha, ha! Eat hearty, boys, it's all on your next Recorder—nobody else is allowed to spend money here except one man, and Joe Share's his name. I tell you, we ought to be mighty grateful to these ladies, giving us a banquet like this—just giving it, that's what I mean—why, it's worth twice the money! And think o' the trouble they're going to, waitin' on us big, lazy men! You don't see any such good-lookin' girls as these waitin' on men in town. The country's the place for good looks and good cooks; that's what I tell 'em in town! And I want to say right here that if I get elected Recorder I'm comin' out to the country to get a wife!" This was greeted by a cheer from the diners, and a burst of laughter from the blushing and busy waitresses. "Vessir," continued the candidate, "it's the Gospel truth; if you elect me I'm going to head right out for this neighborhood. Now look at this pie—you don't get such pies as this in the city, money couldn't buy 'em! I'd like to know who made it." One of the girls was hereupon laughingly indicated as the creator and donor of the pie to the cause, and Mr. Share disposed of his section without a shudder, meanwhile following the perturbed lady with admiration of the deepest in his eyes. "I might have known it!" he exclaimed; and, indeed, he might, since she was by far the prettiest girl in the place. "I kind of thought it was her all along, and I want to say again, and no shenanigan about it, if Joe Share's elected to draw that Recorder's salary he'll be out here the day after election!"

At this the embarrassed waitress, much pleased, but unable to face the thunder of guffaws which followed the declaration, set down some pans she was carrying and openly fled.

"That's a mighty nice girl running away there," said Joe reflectively.

"Yes," whispered the reporter at his elbow. "That's why she's running."

The feast having been concluded, the candidate led the way to the watering-trough, where, after being properly photographed in the arms of his old and new friends, we ascended into the surrey, and after a final shower of cigars and chewing gum—to be taken home to the children—we drove slowly out of the yard.

"I'm mighty sorry to go, boys," Share called back, "but I've got to get back to town and do some lectioneering. Mighty pleasant little excursion—just came out to see how you are and have a good time, just for sociability, you know, not campaigning—but don't forget Joe Share on election day!"

Then as we passed out of hearing he turned to the reporter: "Say, comrade, I wish you'd give me another of *your* cigars." We did not drive home by the roads we had traveled on the way out; that might have caused a waste of ammunition. The "Joe Share Segars" and the eternal chewing gum brightened the lives of another portion of the county's population, and the loud hearty voice of the candidate cheered the voter on his way, while the reporter and I reclined in the rear seat, soaking in the warm autumn air, and smoking—but not smoking the famous Segars, no.

We approached a white farmhouse, standing some distance from the road, and observed that a streamer of crape was attached to the door-knob, and that a number of folded undertaker's chairs leaned desolately against the porch-railing, though



Handshaking in a paint shop

Illustration by Booth Tarkington



"Friend, take a cigar on Joe Share"

Illustration by Booth Tarkington

nobody was to be seen about the place. "Well, I'll be doggoned," said Mr. Share regretfully, "if that poor, fat old Mrs. Schultze mustn't be dead! Lived there all alone with a hired girl and ran her farm in good shape, too. Well, I am sorry! Poor old Mrs. Schultze, it's a shame she's dead; good a woman as ever lived! I suppose they're fixin' for the funeral inside now. I'll just go in and—"

"You knew her well?" asked the reporter as Share drew in the colts at the gate, and, handing the reins to me, jumped out.

"Well, kind of well; she bought a bureau of me once. I tell you, boys, there's no place on earth you can 'lectioneer better than at a funeral, if you go at it right."

He removed his hat, and, with modest mien and bowed head, walked slowly up the path to the door, which he opened hushfully; then, having passed within, closed behind him. Five minutes later he came out briskly, strode down the path, and threw the gate shut behind him.

"Too late," he said, as he gathered up the reins and chirruped to the colts. "They'd already got through with the funeral; all on their way to the cemetery. Nobody there but the undertaker's assistant." He paused, sighed, then with a brightening face concluded, "But you bet your life I 'lectioneered him all right!"

It was mid-afternoon when we reached the city and the candidate's next appointment, but we were in good time. We descended from the surrey at the office door of an immense carriage factory and joined a cheerful assembly of fifteen Republican candidates for various offices, who were to go through the shops and "electioneer" the employees. A small wagon-load of boxes of campaign cigars was piled in a corner for distribution to the workmen as they should pass out in the evening, and the candidates formed in single file, Share at their head, each with his right hand shaped to shake the hand of toil, and grasping in his left a pack-

age of cards bearing his name and the declaration of his candidacy.

The superintendent led the way and the line marched off into the shops. There were three miles of those shops to be traversed, floor upon floor, not counting the



The congregation was moved by a natural reaction
DRAWN BY HENRY T. HARRIS

stairways, and every one of the workmen was to be electioneered, handshaken, becarded, and informed of the waiting cigars by each of the fifteen. Not all of the latter lasted; five had fallen out of line after the smoke and heat of the forges, and only eight very hot

and grimy men, covered with dust and shavings, were left when the first of the paint-shops was reached. It was here that they began to be unrecognizable. The workmen in the paint-shop, to all appearances, disdained the delicate arts of the brush—seeming to do the work with their hands. As the perspiring and somewhat uncertain file of candidates approached the painter nearest the door, he politely waved them away with a dripping black hand, indicating that the cards might be left on a bench near by.

This was not to Mr. Share's notion as a working candidate, or perhaps his motive may have been a generous wish to see his fellow candidates handsomely decorated, even at some cost to himself; at all events, he walked straight up to the painter and, firmly grasping the oozy hand in his own, announced his name and ambition and the deposit of cigars. The other candidates paused, exchanged somewhat sickly glances, then of necessity followed his example. They shook the hand of each of the thirty or more painters in that big room. This was the room where the work was in black paint. From it they passed into one of the varnishing rooms, where a round of handshaking securely varnished the black paint upon them. Thence they went through the room where blue paint was used; after which the blue was varnished in. Passing from room to room, the candidates made furtive efforts to dry their hands on their handkerchiefs, and then wiped their hot faces on those same handkerchiefs, with striking effect. By their clothes, also, the total stranger to Mr. Holmes could have told where they had been. Red and yellow were the last colors, each followed by a coat of varnish, and when at half-past five in the afternoon Mr. Share led his exhausted cohorts back to the office, their appearance offered all the charms of a comic supplement rescued from an ash barrel. "But we did some mighty good work 'lectioneering, boys!" remarked Mr. Share, as a friend led him at arm's-length to a room where there was a barrel of turpentine and a tub of hot soapsuds. (Continued on page 28.)

DOUBTFUL STATES AND THE SILENT VOTE

This is one of a series of articles to appear each week prior to the National election. The purpose of the writer is to forecast the direction of the silent vote and to present local phases likely to influence the doubtful States. The estimate on Indiana appeared September 24; Illinois, October 1; Wisconsin, October 8; Missouri, October 15.

V.—WEST VIRGINIA: CORRUPTION RAMPANT

CIRCUMSTANCES so shape themselves in some localities that, even with the best intentions of non-partisanship, the honest observer finds himself inevitably leaning to one party or the other. Thus, in Missouri, Folk (a Democrat) indubitably represents clean government; his opponents, the old, evil system. La Follette in Wisconsin and Deneen in Illinois (both Republicans) stand, as obviously, for the better against the worse. Here in West Virginia the problem is more difficult. Neither side represents anything loftier than expediency. Both seem, on their records of party government, equally conscienceless. So, if this article appears, in essence, anti-Republican it is only because the Republican party is in power, has long been in power and has grown arrogant with power. What is now true of it has been, in the past, true of its opponents. Corruption is of no one party. It is of the body politic. West Virginia, to-day the greatest "boom" State in the Union, is poisoned throughout with a political contamination so thoroughly assimilated that its ulcers are visible in every department of public life.

Basing judgment on the 1900 plurality of 22,000, this State may fairly be regarded as normally Republican. Only the Republicans can defeat the Republican candidates here, this November, and they are in a fair way to do it. Last spring W. M. O. Dawson, the Republican candidate for Governor, and Governor White, the present incumbent, had a tax bill passed which is now the paramount issue in the campaign. Ostensibly it was designed to relieve the farmer and small property holder, and to put the heavy burden of taxation upon

the coal, oil, timber, and railroad interests, which constitute the chief wealth of the State. Without going into the merits of the law, it will suffice to say here that it has aroused intense resentment among all classes, and it will admittedly lose to the party that fathered it thousands of votes. In it, capital sees a threat of permanent "hold-up," while the farmer is being eloquently persuaded (and on the face of it the tax measure seems to bear out this claim) that instead of reducing his tribute to the State, the law will double it. No denial is made by Republicans that this measure has put them upon the defensive. But they assert that it will not divert enough votes to change the result.

Most of the discontented Republicans with whom I have talked—and one comes upon them everywhere—say that they will vote for Roosevelt and Fairbanks, but will split to the Democratic candidates on the State ticket. Such is the form of ballot in this State that splitting a ticket is a delicate and cumbersome enterprise. Indubitably, many votes will be nullified by illegal markings, and these may be counted as lost to Roosevelt. Other malcontents will "go the whole hog" and cast a straight Democratic ballot in order to compass the defeat of Dawson. If Dawson is beaten by any considerable plurality, he will drag the entire ticket down with him. On the other hand, should his opponent win by only a small margin, the Republican Presidential candidates may well pull through on party loyalty.

Other influences than the tax law are working to the detriment of the Republican party. The nomination of Dawson was accomplished only after a struggle of unprecedented bitterness, carried on by methods that were a mere mockery of the right of suffrage. C. F. Teter was Dawson's opponent. Both sides had a strong and active organization in every county, and in many of the counties the fight was fought out with every weapon known to political warfare. Ballot-box stuffing, padding of the rolls, intimidation, ruffianism of hired thugs, open and shameless bribery, importation of floaters, and repeating were resorted to by both factions. The worst conditions are typified by the battle in Kanawha County.

Kanawha is the capital county of West Virginia. Charleston, the capital city, is the business centre of a wonderfully rich coal and timber country, a region of great and sudden fortunes. Hustle and enterprise are its normal characteristics. But with all its commercial progressiveness, Charleston is, perhaps, as rotten politically as any American municipality. Civic pride seems not to exist; public opinion is almost dead. Calumnious statements these, if made upon the authority of a mere outside observer; but they are not made upon my own responsibility. They are the open expression of the leading citizens without respect to party—that very "best element of citizenship" which by reason of inherent inactivity, discouragement, or cowardice is responsible for these conditions. Charleston's enforcement of criminal law, particularly as regards murder, has been farcical; its police department, commanded by a professional law-breaker, is largely made up of the lawless element; its political processes are based upon the dollar and the pistol. The Dawson-Teter fight at the primaries enlisted all the elements of lawlessness. Chief of Police "Brinny" Lynn was in charge of the Dawson forces at one of the polling places. Lynn is typical of the Kanawha County system of political rewards. He is an ex-divekeeper who, at the time of his appointment, was under indictment for running a "blind tiger" in his house of evil resort near the town limits. Lynn was in charge of a crowd of negro repeaters at the polling place. He performed the im-

portant function of paymaster. The system was this: One of Lynn's policemen stood at the door of the polling place, and as each negro came out, received a signal from an inside official, which he transmitted by a lifted finger to his chief across the street, signifying that the man had voted "right." Thereupon the Chief of Police pulled out a wad of money and paid the voter in the open street, and in direct sight of the passers-by. Not until cameras were produced did "Brinny" transfer his operations to a shed whose shadows protected him from the sensitive plate. When some of his friends remonstrated with him upon the methods employed, he said: "Ah, what do I care? The snap-shooters didn't get near enough to show the money, did they?"

While Lynn was financing the voting here, in another part of town Douglas Hughes, Deputy United States Marshal, was handling another "roll." Occasionally he would come down to see how Lynn was managing, and on one of these visits the picture here produced was taken. Upon learning that I had secured a copy of the photograph, friends of Hughes urged me that I should not couple him with Lynn. It would not be fair, said they, as Hughes was a man of good private character and of refined associations. That is true; he is. "But," said I, "I have the testimony of a number of reputable citizens who saw him openly paying for votes."

"Oh, that's all right," said they. "Everybody does that. That won't hurt him socially. But to associate his name with Brinny Lynn's, unless you explain that it is purely political, would injure him seriously."

In another precinct the Teter faction burst into the polling place armed with revolvers and took possession. O. B. Petty of the Dawson faction, then postmaster at



STEPHEN B. ELKINS

United States Senator from West Virginia and Republican leader of his State. He is the son-in-law of Vice-Presidential nominee Henry G. Davis, is a holder of extensive railroad and coal-mining interests and was Secretary of War under President Harrison.



HENRY G. DAVIS

Twice United States Senator from West Virginia, president of two railroads, and one of the country's leading coal operators. He has been delegate to six National Democratic Conventions and at the last was made his party's Vice-Presidential nominee.

THE DOLLAR IN POLITICS

THE WAY THEY VOTE THE NEGROES IN WEST VIRGINIA

REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION OF THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF POLICE



Chief of Police Lynn, of Charleston, West Virginia (in the slouch hat), and Deputy United States Marshal Hughes escorting a colored voter away from the polls at the Republican primaries of May 7, 1904, after making sure that he has "voted right." The negro with his hand in his pocket and the satisfied expression of face is the voter. Chief Lynn is threatening the photographer with arrest.



Chief of Police Lynn, of Charleston, West Virginia, who had charge of the Dawson forces, taking a negro voter to the "pay-off" shed at the Republican primary elections of May 7, 1904.



A crowd of negroes at the polling place of the Republican primaries in Charleston, West Virginia, May 7, 1904. The policeman at the door signaled to Chief of Police Lynn as each negro "voted right," and on his signal the voter was paid off in broad daylight in the public street by the Chief.

Charleston, led a charge upon them. (Petty has since been forced out of the post-office and out of the chairmanship of the Republican local organization, under disgraceful charges brought by two of the women employees of the post-office.) The charge was repulsed and Petty was thrown out. One of the Teter faction then sat down on the poll-book with the announcement that no vote would be cast in that precinct that day. He "made good." Not a vote was cast. The fact that the maker of the announcement had a revolver in each hand may have had its influence. However, the adjoining precinct made up for any deficiency, by casting about twice as many votes as there were voters within its limits.

All these things were matters of public note and discussion. But no prosecution followed. The prosecuting attorney is Chairman of the Republican County Committee. Giving him credit for willingness to prosecute, there is no law under which he can proceed. Under the present system in West Virginia, no crime against the suffrage at primaries, unless such primaries are called by a special formula which is not in common use, is punishable. At a regular election there is a penalty (ridiculously inadequate) for bribery, ballot-box stuffing, and similar offences. In so far as bribery is concerned it is a dead letter. There has never been in the history of Kanawha County, nor, so far as I can discover, in the State of West Virginia, a prosecution for bribery or a conviction for election frauds. Two years ago a reward fund of \$1,000 was raised in Charleston for the conviction of illegal voters. Not a bank in the city dared hold it as a trustee. That year negroes voted who variously gave their residences to the officials as St. Albans, Kansas City, Missouri, and Gallipolis, Ohio.

In Parkersburg the delegates to the State Convention were chosen by a mass convention. The Dawson forces organized, elected delegates, adjourned, and spent the rest of the day trying to keep the Teter forces from doing likewise. Every time the Teter men got their meeting under way, a rush would be made by the Dawson troops, and a free-for-all row would ensue. All the afternoon the electors played football. Hired thugs and negro bruisers came to grips with the leading financial, legal, and business lights of the community. The furniture was reduced to splinters, the piano on the stage was torn to pieces, and at one time the interested spectators fled in panic, fearing that the flimsy building was about to fall. Yet no one was killed, and there were only a few arms and legs broken when the Teter men finally effected what they called an organization.

Naturally, both factions went to the State Convention at Wheeling ready for anything. It was really an astonishing convocation. For one thing the Dawson men, who were in control, dispensed with the Committee on Credentials. The Teter contestants from Kanawha got no chance to present their case, because, as one of the leaders in the convention declared "if the truth about Kanawha comes out here, it will raise a stench that will drive the best element out of the party." Those in control of the convention "bulled through" their programme.

Dawson won by methods palpably unfair, when he could as well have won by fair methods, as he had a majority of the delegates in any case. The Teter men are very bitter, and, although Teter himself is loyal, many of them will cast a silent vote for the Democratic candidates.

Politicians of both parties assure me that Dawson personally is "straight." "Straight" seems to be largely a relative term. For instance, Dawson has been for eight years Secretary of State of West Virginia. There are about twelve thousand corporations, a large proportion of them doing business in other parts of the country, which are incorporated under the liberal laws of West Virginia, and all of these are responsible, in certain details of management and legal status, to the Secretary of State. When a charter is taken out by a corporation, the Secretary of State sends out a notice requiring the incorporators to pay certain fees and also notifying them that by the law they are compelled to appoint an attorney in the State. With the official notice, Dawson has been inclosing an advertising slip, summarizing the law, and making this bid for his own private practice:

"The undersigned being a regular practicing attorney at law, giving attention to corporations and corporation laws exclusively, offers his services as Statutory Attorney, and will act as such attorney for a corporation for a yearly fee of \$10 payable in advance. If I am appointed the attorney of record of the corporation, the power of attorney should be sent to me with sufficient remittance, and I will attend to the filing and recordation thereof in both the offices of the County Clerk and the Secretary of State, etc. The total amount to be remitted to me is \$25.00 for first annual fee, and \$5.00 for recording, etc., as above.

"Yours respectfully, WILLIAM M. O. DAWSON, Secretary of State."

This remarkable document is headed "Circular No. 10, State of West Virginia, Office of Secretary of State, Charleston," and has all the appearance of a State document. Thus Mr. Dawson has not only been using his position as a persuasive influence (let us put it mildly) upon the corporations, but he has also been drumming up his private business at the State's expense for stationery and postage. When I asked the politicians about this they were frankly amused.

"You're not going to publish a little thing like that, are you?" said they. "Why, that's a recognized perquisite of the office."

This I found to be true. Former Secretaries of State have done it. It was under a Democratic administration that the scheme started. This office has been a famous grafting ground in other particulars. The present Democratic boss of Kanawha County, Will Chilton, was short in his accounts some \$20,000 when he was Secretary of State, and no one ever knew whither the money went. Afterward, under pressure, he paid it back. Further to illustrate my point that the Democrats are no better than the Republicans, the only Republican nominee now endorsed by the Democratic party in Kanawha County is the candidate for Circuit Judge, and he has to his record a defalcation of several thousand dollars of public funds, only a small part of which has he ever paid in. It is hard to find a State or city administration here without its shameful record of money baldly stolen.

In some of the more reputable communities I have heard it argued that West Virginia should not be damned for the sins of Kanawha County. But Kanawha is the political centre of the State, and from there the poison has spread. Fayette County, next door, is as bad; they have nominated there, for Circuit Judge on the Republican ticket, a Democratic turncoat who is under indictment for embezzlement. The city of Huntington is a fair match for Charleston, with the Democrats somewhat in the lead in the matter of corruption. Parkersburg and Clarksburg are less flagrant, but they are learning the lesson. Even in the fine and staid old counties, such as Monongalia and Berkeley, it is now recognized that money can be "judiciously" used. Wheeling, the largest city in the State, claims to be comparatively exempt, but its officials make corrupt bargains with the professional law-breakers, and in the matter of illegal liquor selling, gambling, and other forms of vice, the city is as "wide open" as New York in Tammany's palmy days. What corruption is done at election time, however, is under cover, and there exists a wholesome fear of discovery in the matter of repeating and illegal voting. The vote-market, on the other hand, is always active on both sides. (Continued on page 25.)



George Heath, the winner, at the starting line



Isidor Wormser's car, driven by Lutigen, going at full speed



Alfred G. Vanderbilt's car, driven by Sartori, rounding a curve

Wreck of George Arcene, Jr.'s car

Clement (12) passing Frank Croker (17) in front of the grand stand



George Heath, the winner, crossing the finish line, having covered the course of 98.40 miles in 5 hr. 36 m. 45 sec. actual running time

THE INTERNATIONAL RACE FOR THE VANDERBILT CUP, ON LONG ISLAND, OCTOBER 8

PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE HARRIS—SEE PAGE 28



1. A Cossack scouting party. 2. Russian officers on the hill. 3. A "flying column" of Red Cross surgeons in the rear from a possible infantry attack. These soldiers the afternoon of the same day they held the Japanese in the valley is Sanchensk. 4. A battery of the Sanchensk Russian firing line just before the beginning of the fight. 5.

THE RUSSIANS AT THE

Photographs by Victor K. Bulla, Collier's War Photographer



Russian infantry trench at the Talien Pass; Cossack cavalry on the hillside

Talien Pass and the Japanese Plan of Campaign

Photographs by Victor K. Bulla, Collier's War Photographer with the Russian Army

LAST WEEK, under the title of "The Eye of a Great Battle," we published an article illustrated with photographs by Victor K. Bulla, Collier's photographer with the Russian forces, describing the situation, from the Russian side, at Talien Pass, just before the battle which resulted in a severe Russian defeat at that place, and the subsequent fall of Simucheng and Haicheng. This week we print a striking lot of photographs, some taken just before the action at Talien Pass began, some during the battle, and some after the fighting was over. These photographs were taken June 14 and 15. On the evening of the 14th, General Kuropatkin left his headquarters at Liao-Yang and proceeded in person to the front to inspect the conditions of the troops which, since June 10, had been poured southward for the saving of General Stakelberg's shattered and demoralized army. Mr. Bulla boarded the same train as General Kuropatkin, and accompanied him south as far as Haicheng. There our photographer turned to the east and was permitted to accompany the division commander, General Sassulitch—the one who fought bravely but not wisely at the Yalu River—up to the very forefront. About ten miles to the east of the city of Haicheng lies the village of Simucheng, where the headquarters of the army defending the road leading from Feng-Wang-Cheng through Talien Pass to Haicheng had been established. The Russians had large ammunition and commissariat depots at that place, as well as their field hospital. Most of the stores had to be destroyed about a month later, when they fell back before the pressure of the Japanese.

But at the time Mr. Bulla reached Simucheng no Japanese were within fifteen miles of that village. They were on the other side of Talien Pass, which the Russians call Dalinsk Heights, and they seemed to be falling back before the Russian advance guard.



MAP

Showing routes followed by the Russian and Japanese armies. 1, On in pursuit of Stakelberg; 2, Nodda's advance on Kichang from Shiyen; 3, Nodda's advance on Yachickan from Yachickan; 4, 5, 6, advance of Kuraki's three divisions from Feng Wang Cheng.

An outpost firing on the Japanese advance guard



This pass is one of a dozen gateways in the mountain chain that runs from the head of the Liaotung Peninsula almost straight northward to within some twenty miles of Liao-Yang, and then curves to the east, paralleling the Taitsse River, about fifteen miles to the south. The principal passes, which were hotly contested by the hostile armies, may be found on the accompanying map.

When Mr. Bulla reached Talien Pass, on June 15, he found it heavily fortified. The ridges of hills flanking the Pass were striped with trenches and dotted with bomb-proof casemates. The guns that commanded every approach to the Pass numbered about sixty, and belonged to the Sixth East Siberian Artillery Brigade. Generals Lewesham and Pleschkoff, under General Sassulitch, were in command of the forces defending the position. Mr. Bulla found his point of vantage in the trenches occupied by the First Battery of the Sixth East Siberian Artillery Brigade. The fight had already begun. From where his camera was planted our photographer could see the smoke of the Japanese artillery that held positions on the lower hills to the east of the Pass.

The fighting which Mr. Bulla witnessed was only the "turning up" of the two opposing armies. It was the long-distance artillery duel which generally precedes every attack on a fortified position, and which may last for hours only, or for days. In this case the two antagonists did not come into close contact for nearly a fort-



A gun of the Sixth East Siberian Artillery Regiment about to go into action; two of the gunners have bandaged heads from wounds received in an earlier engagement. Another battery may be seen in action on the hill in the background. The Japanese are coming up the valley

night. When they did, the Russians got the worst of it. The position at the time when Mr. Bulla took his photographs needs some detailed description to be understood. It is doubtful if it has been made comprehensible to the American reading public before this, although considerable light was thrown on it by Frederick Palmer, Collier's correspondent with General Kuroki's army, in the description of the advance on Motien Pass, written at Kansu, June 27, and printed in *Collier's* for August 20. Mr. Palmer accompanied the central column of the Japanese First Army on its march to Liao-Yang along the great Peking Road from Feng-Wang-Cheng, and he knew that parallel columns were advancing in the same direction on the left and on the right. But of the experiences of these two wings, he knew nothing, of course.

The situation needs explanation because the fate of Liao-Yang may be said to have been settled at that early stage of the campaign's second phase, although the battle named after that place did not occur until two months later. The map shows six numbered roads, radiating from the coast of the Bay of Korea to the east, northeast, and north. Route 1 turns from Pitsung, the landing place of General Oku and the Second Japanese Army, into the main road running along the railway from Port Arthur to Liao-Yang. It was along this road that General Oku advanced to Wafangow and Telissu, where he met and routed the Russian force under General Stakelberg, sent south to relieve Port Arthur. Further to the north on the same road lies the city of Kaichau, or Kaiping, the taking of which in August compelled the evacuation of Newchwang.

Roads 2 and 3 start together at Takushan, forty miles west of the mouth of the Yalu River, and there General Nodzu disembarked the Japanese Third Army in the latter part of May. He marched north to Siyen, where the road forks and turns west. Its southern branch (Route 2) runs through a very mountainous and inaccessible country to Kaichau. Like all the other Manchurian roads east of the railway line and south of the Taitse River, it has a gateway which by fortification may be made as hard to take as any fortress. On the Siyen-Kaichau Road this gate is named Chapan Pass. The northerly branch, designated on the map as Route 3, leads from Siyen to Tachichau, half-way between Kaichau and Haicheng, where it crosses the railway and the Port Arthur Road, and continues to Newchwang. At its narrowest point lies the Fuchu Pass.

Route 4 is a branch of the old Peking Road, leaving this at Chuchiatien, some fifteen miles to the northwest of Feng-Wang-Cheng, and proceeding through the Talien Pass to Simucheng and Haicheng. The highway from Feng-Wang-Cheng (and all Korea) to Liao-Yang and Peking is numbered 5 on the map, while Route 6 goes in a northeasterly direction from Feng-Wang-Cheng to Samatze, or Samatze. There it turns and runs in a wide-sweeping curve north and west to Liao-Yang; its last twenty-five miles paralleling the Taitse River. Within twenty miles of Liao-Yang it forks and sends a branch northward to Mukden. This last-mentioned branch may be heard of in the cam-



A field-gun in action



Operating on a wounded soldier on board the hospital train



A Cossack scout reporting to officers of the staff, giving the details of a skirmish with Japanese outposts at the head of Talien Pass

paign now going on, with Mukden as the objective. Along each one of these six roads a Japanese force was advancing at the time Mr. Bulla secured his pictures. General Oku's northward march along No. 1 has already been referred to. It continued after the battle of Telissu, and General Stakelberg had to retreat further and further north. Nodzu and his Third Army were pushing along Nos. 3 and 4 with the apparent intention of cutting off Stakelberg. Kuroki had his left wing on No. 4, his main force on No. 5, and a strong detachment on No. 6. Thus the entire front of the Japanese forces about June 15 measured some one hundred and fifty miles, curving from the coast of the Liaotung Gulf to a point situated some one hundred miles east of Liao-Yang, and as far north of the Yalu River. The six divisions moved concertedly with the precision of clockwork. Every force waited on the others. The outside world knew next to nothing about what was going on. Brief and confused cable reports told of skirmishes at places that could not be identified on the maps, and which might be located along any one of the six roads. The Russians, sending their reports through General Sakharoff, were particularly careful in not making any distinctions that might convey comprehensible facts to the world at large. And it seems, too, that they knew little more of the manner in which the Japanese forces were being moved forward than we did here in the United States. Apparently the Russians supposed, about the period we are now dealing with, that General Kuroki had thrown almost his entire army westward along roads No. 3 and 4, in order to cut off General Stakelberg. Accordingly, General Kuropatkin weakened his forces on the Motien Pass on road No. 5, and threw as many troops as he thought he could spare to the south, where they advanced to head off the Japanese at the passes of Talien and Fuchu. This move was fatal.

General Kuroki had to wait for General Nodzu, who was last on the scene and had the most difficult country to traverse. That was the period in which the First Army spent six weeks at Feng-Wang-Cheng, while the war correspondents filled the air with wails and wondered if the war had come to a close. During that time Kuroki's main force and left wing coquetted with the Russian forces opposed to them in such a way as to draw the enemy further and further on. The Western world heard a lot just then about Japanese retreats, and their lack of ability to follow up such victories as those won at the Yalu and at Telissu.

On June 24 word reached General Kuroki that General Nodzu had taken the Chapan and Fuchu Passes, and was well on the way toward a junction with General Oku's army on the Port Arthur Road. That same day the advance described by Mr. Palmer began. And the very same day General Kuroki's left wing on the Feng-Wang-Cheng-Haicheng road ceased withdrawing and took the offensive. The Russian vanguard was swept aside and withdrew to Talien Pass. (Continued on page 24)



THE INSIDE STORY OF A CHAMPIONSHIP GAME

THE Trophy Room in the Gymnasium of Montclair University was decorated with shields and banners celebrating athletic triumphs over the rival institution of Stone. For all but one week in the year it was merely a room into which visitors glanced and exclaimed, "How interesting!" But during the week before the annual football game with Stone, it was a closed and sacred place, for here in the evenings, after the day's practice was done, the coaches gave the football team their last tuition.

On one such evening a big Freshman stood among the men whom the head coach was questioning. The head coach was a short, thick man of thirty, black-haired and dark, with a morose frowning face and a nervously quick manner; he believed that to be disagreeable was to be forcible. Three assistant coaches, younger graduates of the university, made a group on the other side of the room, and now and then exchanged an observant word.

Warden, the Freshman, was a mild, dreamy-looking boy, but the shadow of an obstinate resolution marked the corners of his mouth. He was wishing that there were chairs, and that he might sit down, for he was very tired.

Bullock, the head coach, observed his inattention, and with a quick and noiseless step appeared before him.

"Signal thirty-five ninety-five, your man is through you, what then?" he demanded swiftly.

Warden gave a nervous start, looked bewildered, and repeated: "Signal thirty-five—ninety-five, did you say, Mr. Bullock?"

"That is exactly what I said," replied the coach in an acid and sarcastic voice, standing with his hands in his pockets and glowering at the Freshman. "And your man is through you, what then?" he repeated with ominous patience, "and I asked you what, when you had stopped and thought the matter all over, you would probably do?"

The Freshman dropped his eyes.

"I forget," he said.

"Yes, and you would forget in the game," sneered the coach. "And that would be very valuable of you. Now listen. Your duty then would be to put their right half-back out of business and, if possible, join the interference as it breaks through between left tackle and guard. Kindly meditate on that for a short time. Glenn," and he took a nimble step to the other end of the line, "what the deuce would you do—?"

He stopped abruptly and sprang back at the Freshman. "Signal thirty-five ninety-five," he thundered, "your man is through you, what then?"

"My duty then would be to put their right half-back out of business and, if possible, join the interference as it breaks through between left tackle and guard," said the Freshman monotonously.

Bullock's dark face turned even more black.

"You are nothing but a confounded poll-parrot," he said. "Why don't you use your mind?"

Two of the assistant coaches laughed, the third did not laugh, but turned and looked out of the window. Bullock passed up and down the line of men, questioning, scoffing, badgering, occasionally instructing and explaining; he came back again and again to the Freshman, who, each time with a rising flush, met his eyes squarely and answered him sharply and correctly. The drill lasted three-quarters of an hour. "Now you can go to bed," said the head coach grudgingly.

Warden lingered and approached Bullock, who was consulting the trainer.

"Mr. Bullock," he said, "I'm afraid I'm over-trained. I—"

"Oh, rot!" cried Bullock. "Don't talk scared. Take yourself off to bed."

"I have lost ten pounds in the last four days," continued Warden. "I haven't any appetite. I hate the sight of beef. Last night I couldn't sleep. I got to thinking about the signals, and they got all confused and kept running and running through my head."

"What do you think, Jim?" Bullock said to the trainer.

Now the trainer was new to college sports and had had experience mainly with professional pugilists and men of phlegmatic disposition. Moreover, he had no very subtle eye. He said carelessly to the coach: "Oh, give him only half practice to-morrow and he'll be all right."

"I wish," said Warden, speaking a little wistfully, "I could get away from football altogether for a day or two. I'm sure that would do more—"

"Don't be a quitter at this stage of the game," Bullock interrupted, and the Freshman turned and left the room.

As he was going down the steps, Glenn, who played left guard, came running back. "Wait for me a sec-

ond, I forgot a book," Glenn said, and when he came out with it, the two walked across the campus together.

"Glenn," said the Freshman, "you've played two years; do you think it's really any fun?"

"Not really," said Glenn.

"Just glory and duty?" asked the Freshman.

"That's it," said Glenn.

"It was fun at school," mused the Freshman. "But we just had one of the masters to coach us there, and he wasn't like Bullock."

"Bullock is certainly the limit," Glenn declared. "He was a good football player in his day. He's a lawyer in the city, and he's had his own way to make—no money, no position—and he's tolerably coldblooded. He's come out and helped coach every year since he graduated, and so he's worked up quite a reputation in town for his unselfish loyalty to the college. And this year, when nobody was anxious to be head coach, Bullock stepped into the breach—I suspect, because he thinks it will be a good asset for him in his business if he can turn out a winning team. It's an advertisement for him anyway. I don't believe he has much more college feeling about the thing than if he were a professional hired with cold cash."

Glenn swung off into the shadow of one of the buildings, and left Warden to continue down a lonely side street to his room. The Freshman slept no better that night than the night before. The moment his head touched the pillow he was more wide-awake than ever, and football signals and formations chased one another through his brain.

The next afternoon when he reported at the field for practice, Bullock said to him: "How are you feeling? Sleep all right last night?"

"Not very well," Warden answered.

"Well, we've got to have more practice in team play. Here it is only three days before the game and the team doesn't play together yet. No time for anybody to get sick now—not till after the game, not till after the game." And he bustled away.

"That means," Warden thought, "that I don't get any rest to-day after all. Oh, all right," he muttered, pulling off his clothes, "I'll play till I drop. But I don't see the fun." As he was drawing on his stockings, he felt a tender place on his right knee; passing his hand over it, he found a small inflammation. "Boils," he muttered. "Nice time to have a boil."

He mentioned his discovery to no one; he went out and played through two thirty-five minute halves. The practice was behind closed gates; Bullock ran about, abusive and vituperative; he believed in "driving" a team during its last week. So he encouraged one player and another on the second eleven to "put his man out of the way" or to "knock the head off of him." And if the second eleven made five yards, he would turn furiously upon the first and tell them they were a gang of quitters, chumps, or lobsters.

"That Freshman Warden's a corker," said one of the assistant coaches to Bullock, and Bullock grunted.

After the practice, when Warden had stood under the shower and then had weighed himself, he came up to Bullock and the trainer.

"I have lost fourteen pounds since last week, and I have a boil coming on my knee," he announced.

"You are nothing but a confounded poll-parrot!"

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"You are nothing but a confounded poll-parrot!"

"Let's see it," said Bullock; and Warden exhibited the red spot.

Bullock summoned the young doctor who had been putting a cocoon on the cut over Glenn's eye.

"Yes," said the doctor, "you'll have to lie quiet till the game. No more active practice for you. You'll be all right Saturday."

Bullock was in an ill humor. "That's the way we have to break up the team at the last moment," he grumbled. "Put Thurber in at centre—and you punch a hole in the line. I never knew a year when the material was so rotten and so limited, and now without Warden in the final practice there's not much use in practice." And the coach wound up with one of his characteristic snappers.

That night in the Trophy Room he gave the team what he called "straight talk."

"See here," he said, "there's one thing you fellows have got to understand. To beat Stone, you've got to play like Stone. That is, you've got to be aggressive. And when I say aggressive, I mean it. I've shown you men in the line a few tricks; I want you to use 'em. You can use your elbows and be within the rules. Now and then you can take a chance and slug—but you want to time it just right. Spoil your opponent's play every way you can—and take care the umpire don't see you. It doesn't pay to be too refined in football. That's the trouble with some of you fellows; that's the trouble with you, Warden. You've got to bulldoze your man—every one of you."

To most of the team this was not altogether new doctrine, but never before had they heard it preached so openly. They accepted it in different ways. Two of them grinned approvingly, most of the others looked stolid and non-committal; Warden's mouth showed the shadow again of obstinate resolution, and Glenn raised his head haughtily. Benton, an assistant coach who was present, whispered with Bullock a moment and then said:

"Of course, Mr. Bullock doesn't mean that you're to play dirty football; he just wants you to put up a rougher, scrappier, sharper game than you've been in the habit of playing. Isn't that it, Mr. Bullock?"

"Yes," said Bullock shortly, for he did not like this emasculation of his words.

All the next day Warden lay quiet in his room, and the doctor, and the trainer, and the coaches came in to inspect his knee every few hours.

"Quite a big boil, isn't it, Doc?" asked Warden; he seemed the least concerned about it of any of them.

"Oh, fair," said the doctor, and outside of the door he remarked to the trainer: "That isn't a boil, that's a carbuncle. How in blazes did you let that boy get into such a condition?"

"Well, I never had no man go back on me that way before," the trainer complained.

"Will he be all right Saturday?" Bullock asked.

"All right? No."

"He's got to play, knee or no knee," Bullock declared. "I won't put Thurber into the game. We'd have just no team at all."

On the morning of the game the local newspapers were filled with accounts of the teams. All the Montclair men were in "superb physical condition." Warden, to be sure, had slightly strained a tendon in his knee; but he would be in "fine fettle." Bullock believed in censorship of the press.

Warden, lying on the couch in his room, read these newspaper stories with bitter amusement. His breakfast had been sent round to him from the training table. The doctor and Bullock came in together.

"It's near the turning-point," said the doctor, after making an examination. "Just before the game I can cocaine it, and you can play—though I tell you, Warden, it will hurt like sin. But I don't believe it will result in any serious trouble."

"All right," said the Freshman.

"You had better lie quiet here all morning. We'll send your lunch in to you and keep you amused, and we'll have a carriage to take you down to the field. Then just before the game we'll fix you up."

Three or four of the second eleven were detailed to spend the morning with Warden, to play cards with him, and keep him otherwise amused and in good spirits. They ate luncheon with him, and stayed till the carriage drew up in front of the house.

Already people were streaming past on their way to the field. Driving along with the hurrying, bright, excited crowd, seeing the girls and the men carrying the Stone or the Montclair colors, Warden became too bewildered and excited to think much about his knee. He had made up his mind that he would go through the game on his nerve, and that it certainly would not be fun. He was sure he could bear the pain; he was not afraid. But he had been filled with a scornful,



"You are nothing but a confounded poll-parrot!"

cynical surprise at finding a coach who believed that a man in his condition should go into the game, and a doctor who was willing to let him go in. "I suppose I'm only a foolish Freshman, and that I come from a school where they coddled us," he thought. "It's a different game from what we played at school; I might as well get used to that."

He had arrived at this philosophical state of mind during the morning; but now, at seeing the crowd marching to the game, and hearing the cheers, and hearing his own name shouted occasionally as he was driven by, he felt excited and elated—as he used to feel at school, when football had been fun.

In the athletic house the teams were already dressing, the men from Stone at the further end, the Montclair men nearer the door. Warden glanced at the strangers, and in spite of an instinctive hostility he liked the appearance of most of them. He did not like the face of Snell, who was to be his opponent. He recognized Snell from pictures that he had seen of him—he had just the same stiff black hair and sly, genially tricky face that the pictures had shown. Warden went into the alcove where his locker was.

The doctor came and sat on a bench while the Freshman took off his clothes. When he was stripped, the doctor pricked the carbuncle with his cocaine needle—pricked and pricked it; at first Warden ground his teeth together at the pain, then he looked on, feeling a hopeful interest in the gradual numbness. He glanced up suddenly and saw Snell, all dressed, standing in front of the alcove. Snell turned instantly, shouted, "Hurry up, Bill," and then passed on to the door.

The doctor bandaged the knee carefully; Warden put on his football clothes and walked round. "Feels pretty good—a little stiff," he said.

"It will hurt; you've got to make up your mind to that," said the doctor. He seemed now more than half regretful over the whole thing. He was young. He was an enthusiastic Montclair man and an enthusiastic follower of football; he was also an enthusiastic admirer of Warden's ability. And for all these reasons, with some professional qualms, he was letting the Freshman play.

"Ready, fellows!" called Bullock, clapping his hands. The team gathered round him at the door. "Now, fellows," he said, "just one last word to you. Play like mad!"

With this admonition he flung open the door, and they ran, headed by their captain and quarter-back, out upon the field. Warden was limping a good deal, but he felt sure that when the game once started he would limber up. The tremendous cheer that burst from all one side and one end of the four great banks of seats as the Montclair team appeared thrilled him with an eager fighting spirit. He looked up at the section where he knew his father and mother were sitting, and though he saw only a black mass dotted with white faces and colored with flags whipping in the breeze, he waved his hand to show them that he had not forgotten them and was feeling cool and cheerful.

There was little delay before the game began. Stone kicked off, and Warden, joining the interference in front of Harris, the captain, who caught the ball, went down at the bottom of the first pile.

His knee that had seemed merely numb and stiff awoke with a throb. As he got to his feet, a burning, stinging pain radiated from it, and he gritted his teeth, realizing that this and worse was what for the next two hours he must endure. He stooped to put the ball in play. Snell crouched with his knuckles on the ground; suddenly he raised his left hand and struck Warden's sore knee. Warden passed the ball and rushed Snell out of the way, maddened by the sudden exquisite pain of that blow. The Montclair full-back plunged through the hole for five yards, and a great roar billowed out from the Montclair bank of seats.

On the next line-up, Snell made not one but several vicious jabs, all reaching unerringly the tender spot, while the Montclair quarter-back hesitated with the signal. Warden, unable to protect himself, for he snapped the ball with his right hand, bore the torment caused by these attacks without wincing, but his teeth were tight shut as he looked at the ground. He understood now that there was design in Snell's tactics, and he remembered that Snell had passed by while the doctor was administering the cocaine. In the next rush, as Warden fell, some one's foot struck hard against his knee, and he decided then that the effects of the cocaine had been dispelled.

When on the third play Snell resumed his attack on Warden's vulnerable spot, jabbing it once with his elbow and once with his hand, Warden straightened up, though the signal had been called. "What a mucker you are!" he said quietly. Snell only grinned, for he was a silent player and did not dissipate his energy in back talk. "Signal!" cried the Montclair quarter-back, slapping Warden's shoulder, and the Freshman stooped again and snapped the ball.

The wind was with Montclair, and after advancing the ball twenty yards by rushing, and then being held for three downs, the quarter-back signaled for a kick. Snell's attentions to Warden's knee became then suddenly incessant. The Freshman felt his nerves giving way under the torture, he wanted to scream, to drop the ball and spring upon his assailant—but he had to stand quiet and unprotesting till the full-back raised his hands. Then, unable to wait for just the moment necessary to ensure aim, he passed the ball, leaped forward, and hurled Snell to the ground. The pass was wild. A Stone man fell on the ball, and Montclair had lost the first chance to score.

So long as his opponent had the ball, Warden had a respite from attack; Snell could not pass and torment him too. But by this time the pain in his knee was so incessant that it seemed as if momentary aggravations of it could hardly make it worse. The play on both sides was getting to be what the coach might have

termed "more scrappy." The Stone left guard crouched with his fingers spread out upon the ground, and the Montclair right guard stamped on them, very neatly. In the next play the Stone left guard slugged the Montclair right guard, who slugged back, but the umpire did not see it. Many things are done quite safely in the centre of the line. Further along, the Montclair tackle, who was outplaying his opponent, mocked him. "You've got to do better than that, my bantam, or you'll never make the Flub-a-dub-dub. Remember, boy, Stone's eyes are on you to-day." The Stone man made an unprintable retort. Glenn, at Warden's left, was playing a clean and silent game; so was his opponent. Warden heard from them nothing but their short, excited breathing. He had made up his mind that that was all anybody should hear from him—but how his knee did hurt! "Jing! I'd like to bawl," he mumbled to himself as he lay at the bottom of a heap with his arms round some one's waist.

Stone seemed about as strong at rushing as Montclair had been. Slowly they forced Montclair back, and at last were within striking distance of their goal. Then Montclair braced and held them and took the ball. Again the quarter-back signaled for a kick; again Snell jabbed Warden's knee. The full-back stood almost under his goal and stretched out his arms. Warden waited this time, determined to take aim, but his nerves were jumping and twitching, the more because he had to stand so motionless. He flung the ball back with a sudden mad effort of his muscles; it went too high, but the full-back jumped and caught it, and then, too late to kick, dodged the man who was rushing down upon him, dodged a second man, got in behind the Montclair end, and by a brilliant run made twenty yards down the field.

Montclair's goal was out of danger and was not threatened again that half; the struggle wavered up and down in the middle of the field, neither side scoring.

Between the halves, the doctor and the head coach



He gave Warden's hand a hard squeeze

took Warden into a private room in the athletic house and examined his knee.

"You'd better put Thurber in," said the doctor. "I will not," replied Bullock. "We're going to win this game. You can stick it out, can't you, Warden?"

"Yes," said the Freshman. "All right then. Your passing was something fierce; you've got to buck up on that." The coach turned briskly to see to his other men.

"Hold on," said the doctor. "Warden, this may be serious."

"Life or death?"

"No, no danger of that. But you're liable to be a good while recuperating."

"I guess I know that," said Warden. "Can't you put in some more cocaine?"

The doctor shook his head. "It wouldn't do any good. Does it hurt much?"

"Quite a little."

"Well," Bullock said, "it probably won't feel any worse the next half, and I guess you can get through. You're putting up a good game. Warden—but for heaven's sake don't give us heart disease again with one of those wild passes."

Then he hurried away to talk with the captain.

"I'll take you out of the game if you say so," said the doctor. His conscience was reproaching him—and yet he was such a loyal Montclair man—and he knew how weak Thurber was!

"If you all think there's a better chance if I stay, I want to stay," Warden answered.

The doctor admitted that he did think this, and finished putting a fresh bandage on the knee; in another moment Warden was ordered out to the field.

Stone had the advantage of the wind in the second half, and started at once to play a kicking game. As soon as they got the ball, their full-back kicked; Montclair would laboriously rush it back for fifteen, twenty, or even thirty yards, and then lose it again. Twice Montclair had to kick from about the centre of the field, and each time Warden, in spite of his unnerving pain and the persistent annoyance from Snell, made a good pass. But his strength was growing less; the pain and the fierceness of the struggle were telling now upon his endurance, and Snell was holding him more successfully. When he fell, the agony was so great that sometimes he thought he would faint, and he had to lie on the ground after the others had risen in order to regain control of himself. And he hated to be down a moment longer than any one else,

for he could imagine his mother's distress at seeing him stretched out so and at not knowing what was the matter.

One of the Montclair half-backs got round the right end and carried the ball to the Stone twenty-five yard line. Then Warden was called on to open up a hole for a plunge through the centre; he failed, and was called on a second time. He failed again, to the utter disappointment of all Montclair; and on the next play the ball went to Stone, who kicked back to the centre of the field. Then the Montclair quarter-back signaled for a kick; Warden, stooping and looking between his knees, felt his head all dizzy and blurred, saw the full-back standing with outstretched arms that seemed to wave up and down. His pass was too low, and the full-back fumbled, and a Stone man fell on the ball. Again Stone kicked—a tremendous kick, and the quarter-back, who caught the ball, was thrown on Montclair's five-yard line. Time was taken out for Warden, who lay writhing on his side, gripping the turf with his fingers. He picked himself up and stumbled to his place. He heard the signal for another kick, he heard the mad incessant yelling from the seats—"Stone, Stone, Stone!"—he stooped and looked between his legs again and felt Snell prodding his knee; he saw the full-back standing behind the goal line and knew in his reeling brain what a poor pass now would mean; he gripped the ball firmly and tried to see with steady eyes, and then he let it fly—and as he flung himself forward he heard the sickening yell for Stone that told him what he had done. Snell had burst past him and fallen on the ball, which had sailed clear over the full-back's head.

Then Warden was taken out of the game. Thurber, the substitute, did well enough—that is, Stone did not score again. But the game was lost, and Warden, lying wrapped in his blanket, knew that every Montclair man blamed him for the loss.

His bad leg felt as if it had grown to three times its normal size. When the game was over he had to be helped into the athletic house. There the doctor attended to his case at once; it was a severe operation and it required an anæsthetic. Then the boy was taken home—he lived in the University town—and put to bed, with a hoop under the bedclothes to protect his leg, for it could not bear even the gentlest touch. That night he was delirious, and for an hour his father and the doctor had all they could do to hold him down.

Two days later he was able to read in the newspapers how he had lost the game. Bullock, the head coach, was quoted as saying that Warden had played pluckily the first half; that his condition had been not quite up to par, and there was no disposition to criticise him severely—especially as he was young and naturally was worried by the responsibility of the game. Warden read, too, that at a meeting of the Stone team, Snell, "whose clever and heady game had been so noticeable," had been elected captain for the next year.

Warden, propped on his pillows, thought that 'varsity football was a queer sport.

Late that afternoon, Harris, the Montclair captain, came to see him; he said: "I've just been hearing Glenn make a speech."

"Is he good at that?" asked Warden.

"What about?"

"We had an informal meeting of the team—to talk things over—everybody's a good deal stirred up about the policy this year. Glenn stood up and said that he'd been through several seasons of football, but never through one that had disgusted him like this, and that at the end of it he was surprised to find it had after all been worth while, in a way—and for just one reason. 'There's nobody else maybe among you,' Glenn said, 'that got the lesson as straight as I did, for maybe nobody else had as good opportunities for observing. All through the season I'd been wondering what was the use in going down and being browbeaten and cursed by that brute Bullock; all through the season he'd been making me ashamed for football and for Montclair, and when at the last he put that boy into the game with a carbuncle on his knee, it made me sick. Well, did you happen to see the way Snell played—hammering Warden's knee all through the game? And did any of you ever have a boil and knock it just lightly against something? I guess you can imagine what it was. I guess you can imagine what it was to get thrown round and kicked and trampled on—with a carbuncle on your knee. And Warden never once went wild and smashed Snell—as I'd have done—and he never once made a murmur, but he played the game, played it clean and on the square, kept his temper and held his tongue, and when his nerves went all to wreck, for flesh and blood couldn't stand what he was put through—well, did anybody hear him make excuses? I tell you, fellows, I played better for being next to him and seeing him; and if it takes a Bullock and a Snell to show up so much that's fine in a man, maybe they serve their purpose—though I am not for them. I am for Warden, the Freshman that Montclair is cursing out to-day; I'm for him for captain next year because he knows football and because he's shown more self-control and sand, and clean and honest sportsmanship than any man in this bunch—with my regards. And I say we elect him now!"

"Oh!" cried Warden; his eyes were shining and his cheeks were flushed.

"That's about what Glenn said; I haven't done justice to his oratory," continued Harris. "I remarked to him that he was more or less slated for the captaincy himself, and he said he wouldn't take it as a gift. So we made your election unanimous. And we're hoping the college will see in it a kind of vindication. Congratulate you, old man."

He gave Warden's hand a hard squeeze.

A little later the Freshman, propped on his pillows and entertaining others of the team—and especially Glenn—who had dropped in to offer congratulations, thought there was nothing so fine in all the world as 'varsity football.

Kaiser Souveroff

Admiral Nakhimoff

Russia

Dmitri Donskoi



RUSSIA'S BALTIC FLEET AT ANCHOR IN THE HARBOR OF KRONSTADT

The Baltic fleet, which has just been moved a few leagues nearer its distant goal—this time to the naval port of Libau on the Baltic—consists of seven battleships, five cruisers, a number of destroyers and torpedo-boats, and twelve transports and supply ships. Its commander-in-chief is Vice-Admiral Rojevsky, who flies his flag from the battleship "Kaiser Souveroff." Under him, Rear-Admirals Voikovskiy and Esquirit command the battleship and the cruiser squadrons respectively. The fleet is, on paper at least, as fine a collection of modern men-of-war as any nation might collect, but ugly rumors concerning the actual effectiveness of the ships have been afloat ever since the project of sending the fleet to the Far East was first heard of. Most of the ironclads are new vessels, some of them coming straight from their trial trips to join the fleet. To make them ready, the resources of the navy yards at Kronstadt—the chief naval base of the empire—have been strained to the utmost for more than a year. The names, dates of completion, and displacements

of the vessels are as follows: Battleships—"Kaiser Souveroff," 1902, 13,516 tons; "Navarin," 1891, 10,206 tons; "Sissoi Veliky," 1894, 10,400 tons; "Borodino," 1901, 13,600 tons; "Alexander III," 1901, 13,516 tons; "Oslebya," 1898, 12,674 tons; "Orsk," 1902, 13,600 tons. Cruisers—"Admiral Nakhimoff," 1885, 8,524 tons; "Dmitri Donskoi," 1883, 5,882 tons; "Oleg," 1903, 6,675 tons; "Aurora," 1900, 6,630 tons; "Almaz," 1903, 3,285 tons. After many reports and counter-reports as to its going or not going, the fleet finally lifted anchor on September 11, after having been reviewed by the Czar and blessed by the chief dignitaries of the Orthodox Church. The departure was said to be final, but on September 20 Admiral Rojevsky put into Reval, where he remained at anchor till a few days ago. Then followed another review by the Czar, another set of religious ceremonies, and the fleet sailed again—for Libau, a couple of hundred miles away. Whether it will ever proceed beyond that port remains yet to be seen.

THE SOUTH AND THE NEGRO QUESTION

By CLARK HOWELL, Editor of the "Atlanta Constitution"

REPRINTED HERE BY PERMISSION

ATLANTA, GEORGIA, October 5

AT THE usual risk of offending some of the tenderfeet of the "independent" press, and with becoming resignation to receive the criticism always to be expected from the Republican press when the truth is told as to why the South is solidly Democratic, I cheerfully give my views on the national political situation from the Southern standpoint.

However great the variety of reasons that go to make the South solidly Democratic—and there are more than one—there can be no doubt that the all-absorbing, dominating, and ever controlling factor in influencing the Southern States to united political action is the attitude of the Republican party on the race question. The people of the South believe that the political influences now dominating the Republican party are bent upon a ruthless disregard of the sentiment of the white people of the South, as illustrated in the manner in which President Roosevelt has ridden roughshod over public opinion in the matter of Federal appointments in communities which believe that the best sentiment of the people is entitled to at least reasonable consideration in the selection of those designated to serve as local officials.

Let me say, in beginning, that I think it most unfortunate for the country at large that there should be sectional division along political lines. It would be infinitely better for the South, for the North, and for the whole country, if the people of all the States could divide along purely economic issues, as the Southern States can not now do, and as they never will and ought never do, so long as the shadow of subjection to negro authority hangs over them.

I lay down these propositions as being fundamentally true:

1. With the race question removed the Southern States would divide on the ordinary political issues of the day just as they did before the Civil War.

2. The best interests of the negro would be thus conserved and the welfare of the whole country would thus be materially promoted.

What, then, is meant by the elimination of the race question, proposed as such an easy solution of sectional differences? I answer:

1. The acceptance by each section of the right of the other to deal with the problem in its own way so long as the laws of the respective States, and of the Federal Government, and the provisions of the Constitution are not violated.

2. Reasonable and at least moderate recognition, by whatever party may be in power, of the sentiment, traditions, and sensibilities of the public opinion of the respective States in the matter of Federal appointments of such officials as must be brought in contact with the public.

I am aware of the fact that at the threshold of the discussion of these two propositions I will be met by the argument of those who have for forty years been using the negro for political purposes, exclusively, that when the South asks to be permitted to deal with the negro question without interference it is seeking an easy way to replace the negro into the position from which he was extricated by the Civil War. It is a familiar argument, and it has done such good service in corraling the negro vote for the Republicans in the doubtful States, that it is not to be expected that it will be readily abandoned now even if its falsity can be proven, and if its misrepresentation of a great section of our common country can be so clearly established as to leave no room for doubt among conservative and fair men who really have a patriotic pride in seeing all sections of our country brought together in one common purpose to best serve the national welfare.

Perish the thought that the South can ever be fair

or just to the negro!" exclaims the Republican politician, who by appeals to prejudice is using the negro for his own purposes in a community where the negro himself is often denied the right to earn a living in competition with white labor—a thing unheard of in the South.

The South can be, and is, both fair and just to the negro, and the only thing that stands in the way of the establishment of entirely peaceful and friendly relations between the two races is the friction that is engendered by the use to which the Republicans are putting the negro for selfish, partisan ends—poisoning him against his real best friends and making it the more difficult for the white people of the South to do for him what they would, in elevating the race to the plane of good citizenship, if left to work out the problem without being constantly beset by the firebrands of sectional misrepresentation and racial antagonism.

At no time since the days of Reconstruction has the tension between the races in the South been so marked as now, and it is the more remarkable in that this con-



CLARK HOWELL

dition immediately follows an era of unprecedented harmony in the relations between the whites and the blacks.

For this deplorable development no one is more responsible than President Roosevelt; and for the long period of amicable and friendly feeling preceding his Administration the country at large will never know what it owes to ex-President Cleveland and to the lamented McKinley. Cleveland proved that a Democratic President could be, and would be, just and fair

to the negro as a citizen, and it remained for McKinley to establish the fact that even where political exigency demanded that the negro be awarded office, it could be done in a way that left no sting. The people of the South were convinced that it was neither McKinley's desire, nor pleasure, to ride roughshod over their inbred sensibilities or their domestic traditions.

Let me cite a case in point as showing the difference in the spirit in which this question was met by McKinley and Roosevelt.

Upon McKinley's inauguration for his first term he was confronted by the presentation of the name of Judson Lyons for postmaster at Augusta, Georgia, and it was generally understood that the Republican campaign managers had awarded the place to Lyons in recognition of his services in the previous nominating campaign. The announcement was received with consternation in Augusta—one of the oldest, and one of the most prosperous and progressive Southern cities. Its citizens, through Georgia's Senators and Representatives, took up the matter at once with President McKinley, who was soon convinced that if there was a reasonable way by which Lyons could otherwise be provided for, it would be the part of wisdom to relieve the people of Augusta of the appointment of a negro postmaster. The matter was presented to Lyons and his friends, and very soon afterward the announcement was made that a white Republican postmaster would be appointed for Augusta, and Lyons was given the position of Register of the Treasury, which he holds to-day. Everybody was satisfied, Lyons was given a better place than that for which he asked, and nobody objected to the appointment.

How different was President Roosevelt's manner of dealing with the Crum case in Charleston?

Admitting that he was under political obligation to Crum, there can be no doubt that had the President been disposed to treat the city of Charleston with ordinary consideration, instead of taking advantage of its political helplessness to turn a convention trick for his own selfish purpose, he could have dealt with the question as McKinley did—in a way that would easily have satisfied Crum, and at the same time given no offense to those who were protesting against Crum's appointment. There was not in this case even the justification that President McKinley would have had in appointing Lyons postmaster of Augusta, for as postmaster the appointee would have been called upon to serve black and white alike, and yet the Collector of the Port of Charleston probably has no official transaction from one year's end to another with anything but the white business element of the town—and, as evidence of the fact that the race feeling in the matter of official contact is not confined to the South, nor to this country, it is worthy of note that the representatives of foreign Governments in their dealings with the office of Collector of the Port at Charleston now conduct their transactions through the white deputies of the office.

Even the Republican Senate balked three times at the confirmation of Crum's nomination, but each time, with reckless display of political fireworks, intended to appeal to race prejudice which would react for partisan purposes, the nomination was returned. The President had raised the Black Flag, and he was determined not to lower it so long as the appointee was to serve a Southern and not a Northern constituency.

What was the effect of McKinley's policy as contrasted with that of Roosevelt? As a candidate for a second term McKinley's inroads on the Democratic solidity of the South proved threatening in several States, and alarming in some Southern communities.

It seemed that the time had at last come when a man could be a Republican in the South and maintain his respectability.

Then came Roosevelt with his solemn promise to carry out the policy of his predecessor and the South took him at his word. It felt kindly disposed toward him because of his Southern ancestry. It admired his boldness, and was ready to receive him with positive enthusiasm, notwithstanding political differences. But, whether justly so or not, the idea that he preferred to maintain an attitude of hostility on the race question soon took deep root, and it was at once apparent that the views of the people, as expressed through their Senators and Representatives, were of no consequence in the matter of Federal appointments, when they could be used to his own political advantage. The South had never asked for the appointment of Democrats, it only hoped that such officeholders as were to be thrown into contact with the people would be selected with due regard to public opinion.

McKinley's friendly, conciliatory policy was abandoned, notice was served that appointments would be made regardless of public opinion, and the first effect of the new policy was to lose to the Republicans thousands of respectable white votes which had been gained for the party by McKinley's course. In every State the new affiliation was abandoned by most of those who had become identified with the Republican party, most of those who had voted for McKinley returning to their Democratic allegiance as their surest protection against a policy which they regarded as being fraught with such danger.

And so it is that the South is to-day more solidly Democratic than it has been since the Civil War!

Is it not about time that the best public sentiment of both sections should unite in an effort to tune this one jarring note in the chord of national harmony?

I write as one who has the interest of the whole country at heart—North and South alike. I am earnestly interested in every effort to make a good citizen of the negro. I have contributed in every possible way all that I could to that end. I have earned the right to claim that my position in urging the elimination of the race question as a political issue, as being best for the negro, is wholly disinterested, and prompted by an honest desire to do what is best for both races. I have always stood with the best public sentiment of the State in protesting against unjust effort at legislation based upon racial hostility.

No State of the South has been fairer to the negro, in the matter of legislation, than Georgia. It has never sought to interfere with the franchise, nor to withhold any reasonable educational opportunity from that large element of its citizenship comprised of blacks. One after another every Georgia State administration has occupied this conservative position. It was so with Governor Alexander H. Stephens in 1882, and it has been so with every Governor since—with the administrations of McDaniel, Nathan, Gordon, Atkinson, Candler and Terrell—and this conservatism has prevailed

despite the fact that the unwise and unjust policy of some of those who have sought to use the negro for political ends by elevating him to office in white communities in the South over the protest of the communities to be served has had the effect of creating a hostility which would not otherwise have existed and which has frequently suggested retaliatory legislation.

The idea is universal in the South that President Roosevelt has dealt unnecessarily harshly with these States in forcing upon them—and the offence given has been more in the manner of its doing than in the number of appointments—public officials whom he would not have thought of giving to Northern constituencies.

If he has appointed any negro postmasters or collectors of the post for Northern communities, the record does not show it.

Why not? Because these communities would have resented it. With the South the situation was different; it was helpless and had to submit! And that is the chief reason the South is solidly Democratic to-day, and why Maryland, and West Virginia, and Kentucky have gotten out of the list of doubtful States.

And this being the truth, why not tell it! Among those who know the real situation in the South there is no fear that the truth will hurt. It is misunderstanding and misrepresentation that is hurting, and what the South wants and needs is that the truth be known. And when it is known that while the South will never tolerate social equality—though not objecting to others indulging in it to their hearts' content if they desire—it will not deny the negro a single legal or constitutional right; when it is conceded that it is entitled to reasonable and just consideration in meeting the greatest of all problems with which it has to deal; and that if unhampered by political interference it will solve that problem to the best interest of all concerned; and that pernicious political interference makes it all the harder for those who are striving honestly to do the right and just thing—then will the South divide along economic lines.

But until then, as now, the Southern States will remain steadfast to their Democratic mooring, if for no other reason than because they have nowhere else to go for their safety, self-protection, peace, and prosperity.

Some day that part of the Anglo-Saxon sentiment of the North which does not now sympathize with, will understand and appreciate, the difficulties of the conditions surrounding the South, and will lend it a helping hand to solve the problem.

Until then the South will wait, and work, and, if necessary, vote alone.

If that is to be the penalty it must pay for the protection of its civilization, it can endure it with fortitude, and submit in silence, assuming its full obligation of patriotic citizenship and responding to the call of the country whenever necessary to protect the flag or to defend the good name of the Republic.

The International Automobile Race

BY RALPH D. PAINE

THE first international automobile contest, held October 8, for the championship cup offered by William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., was a thorough success as a test of extreme daring and mechanical cunning, achieved over highways whose turns and corners made the game a gamble of life and death. Those in America who admire this sport have read, with delighted shivers, of the speed and dangers of the great automobile races of Europe, but this was their first opportunity for seeing the most famous drivers and their machines shoot over country roads at higher speed than any express train runs.

Why They Do It

The trophy was offered for the purpose of encouraging the development of automobile manufacture in the United States, as well as for the sport there is in this kind of rivalry. Mr. Vanderbilt reasoned that wealthy Americans buy powerful touring and racing cars abroad because of the prestige of foreign patterns, largely won in sensational racing competition. If American makers are sufficiently stimulated, they will build faster, stronger, and better cars for the general public as well as the racing clientele. The results of this first contest vindicated the motives of the promoter. The most notable feature, aside from the issue of winning the race, was the surprising endurance of the American cars of the touring class, of much lighter construction than their great imported rivals. Third to reach the finish was a small twenty-four horsepower American road car, which had survived a test that had wrecked or put out of the running a long list of eighty or ninety horsepower cars from abroad.

Fatalities were expected, numerous accidents were certain to occur. Danger to spectators was most feared, because while abroad the racing course is patrolled and hemmed in by thousands of police and soldiers, on Long Island there was no official power to sweep the path clear. The multitude was warned, but it could not be compelled, to be cautious. Until the last circuit of the racers over the thirty-mile triangle, the public took care of itself, and almost miraculously dodged entanglement with the running gear of these costly and fragile fabrics. Just before the finish of the two leaders who had best survived the ordeal, the crowds swept across the road near the judges'

stand, wholly reckless of the fact that behind them half a dozen other machines were roaring headlong to their several finish flags. The officials were resourceful in this impending crisis, and by telephoning to the nearest "controls" headed off the rest of the machines and called the race ended. Therefore only two of the eighteen starters officially crossed the finish line.

The winner was George Heath, an American living in Paris, who drove a ninety-horsepower Panhard machine at an average speed of fifty-two miles an hour a distance of three hundred miles, or ten times around the course. His victory was so splendidly challenged by young Clement, a Frenchman, in a car of the Clement pattern, that the final lap was a neck-and-neck tussle, and the decision was won by the closest margin ever seen in an international race. In actual time, Heath captured the cup by one minute and twenty-eight seconds. The average speed gives small idea of the sensational flights attained on straight stretches of road, or for single rounds of the course. Heath flew round five successive laps, deadly corners and all—142 miles—at the average rate of sixty-two miles an hour. Other contestants ripped a mile-a-minute standards to tatters by humming down straight along bits of turnpike at speeds of eighty and ninety miles an hour. With all the adverse criticism flung at American highways, both the average and the exceptional speeds compared well with the best performances of the motors which raced for the Gordon Bennett Cup in Germany last summer.

Only One Serious Accident

One fatal accident marred the day. The sixty-horsepower Mercedes of George Arents, Jr., a wealthy amateur motorist of New York, was driven by himself, assisted by a machinist named Carl Mensel. The great strain of taking a sharp curve at high speed smashed a tire, and the machine ran on the wooden rim until this collapsed, when the car overturned. Mr. Arents was flung clear of the wreck, and picked up badly hurt. His machinist was extricated from the frightful tangle, and died soon after in the nearest hospital.

Five thousand dollars' worth of oil had been spilled on the turnpike to lay the dust, and the spectators had a fairly clear vision to see what there was to see. The booming racers rushed into view and were gone

PLEASANTVILLE TERRACE

Atlantic City's
New
Suburb

Atlantic
City Beach
Looking toward
Pleasantville
Terrace
12 minutes away
Trolley fare, 5 Cents

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Pleasantville Terrace, a splendid tract of high land, formerly General Doughty's Estate, has just been purchased by the Atlantic City Estate Company, who are placing it on the market for the first time.

The Company have divided this property in lots 25 by 100 feet, which they are offering to investors and home builders at prices that will seem insignificant five years hence. Such an opportunity to secure a home site suburban to the world's Ocean Sanitarium is not likely to occur again.

The price of these lots is \$25; but for a short time only \$10 will be deducted from the price of every other lot. 5 lots, including corner, \$110.

Lots may be had on the following remarkably easy terms: \$1 down on each lot; \$1 weekly for 1 or 2 lots; \$2 weekly for 3 to 5 lots. No charge for deed; no mortgages; no interest; no taxes until 1906.

The Company guarantees a rise of 25 per cent. in value within one year or money back. Titles are absolutely perfect—insured by Integrity Title and Trust Company of Philadelphia. This is a guaranteed investment without speculation or risk—safe as the prosperity of the great resort itself.

Reference is made by permission to Franklin P. Stoy, Mayor of Atlantic City. Free excursions are run every Sunday from Atlantic City, leaving the Reading Station at 3 P. M.

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ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., August 6, 1904.

I regard Pleasantville Terrace as the Natural Suburb of Atlantic City. There can be no extension of the seacoast, therefore the city must extend landward.

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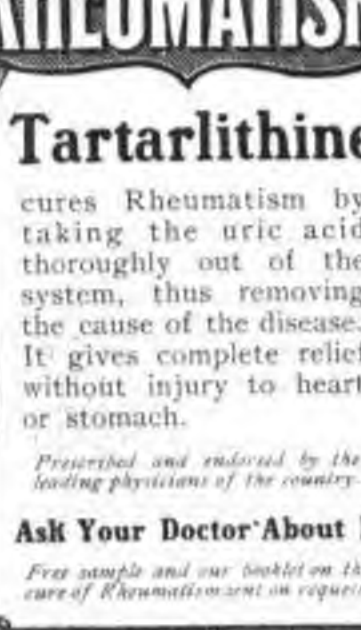
W. L. Douglas guarantees their value by stamping his name and price on the bottom. Look for it—take no substitute. Send for shoe-fasters every where.

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"I have worn W. L. Douglas's \$3.50 shoes for the last twelve years with absolute satisfaction. I find them superior in fit, comfort and wear to others costing from \$5.00 to \$7.00."—B. S. McCUE, Dept. Col. U. S. Inf. Reserve, Richmond, Va.

W. L. Douglas uses Corona Calfskin in his \$3.50 shoes. Corona Calf is conceded to be the finest Patent Leather made. Fast Color Eyslets used exclusively.

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cures Rheumatism by taking the uric acid thoroughly out of the system, thus removing the cause of the disease. It gives complete relief without injury to heart or stomach.

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PEOPLE are learning every day of the complete comfort and healthfulness of linen underwear. And as they learn, one thing becomes more and more evident:

The man who does wear it has a good reason for it, and he doesn't want "near linen" or "almost linen." He wants all linen.

Linen has virtues that are possessed by no other fabric. The addition of cotton or other admixture ruins the very properties for which linen is noted.

Kneipp
Linen-Mesh
Underwear

is the only underwear made wholly of pure Irish linen, with not a single thread of anything else to detract from the linen's perfect hygienic qualities.

If it isn't **KNEIPP** it isn't linen-mesh

Wear Kneipp Linen-Mesh it for sale by leading Underwear and Dry Goods Stores. Write for instruction booklet.

"KNEIPP," Publicity Dept. 5, 44 Leonard St., New York

almost like the wink of a camera shutter. These machines were, in appearance, scarcely first cousins to the automobile of road or touring fashion. Built long and low, with pointed, or rounded bows and sloping decks, they resembled uncouth species of land torpedo craft, from whose cockpits protruded monsters, goggle-eyed, helmeted, padded divers. The spare tires lashed on behind looked like life-preservers, an absurd delusion, for in case of wreck only luck could save the victims from being crushed.

The law of the survival of the fittest was working overtime along this course. Elimination began early. While Heath was covering 284 miles, excluding the distance through the "controlled" villages, in 5 hours 26 minutes 45 seconds actual running time, ten cars were crippled and wiped from the list, others were merely limping along, and the race was reminiscent of the tragic and successive obliteration of the "ten little Indians." One of the favorites was Gabriel, a French contestant in international races. He had an early series of mishaps, but made repairs with incredible pluck and fury and kept after the leaders with unflagging determination. On the seventh round, the machinery of his big Dietrich became hopelessly stalled. He saw that nothing could be done, but worked in desperation while a curious crowd pressed close. At length, exhausted, he burst into tears, and in hysterical fragments of English told his audience all his woes, and sat on a bank and would not be consoled. His countrymen, Teste and Tarde, also renowned as gamblers with chance in racing cars, were compelled to retire long before the finish. One of the interesting figures in the race was young Frank Croker, son of Richard Croker of Antwick Manor, Letcombe, England, who drove his own seventy-five horsepower Simplex with great pluck and skill, gallantly missed breaking his neck a score of times, and had to drop by the wayside late in the race, because of a breakdown. He was one of the few amateurs who drove for the "fun of it."

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

(Continued from page 11)

the Constitution of which President Roosevelt stands accused.

I will not discuss the merits of this charge; its mere statement suffices, for any one not hopelessly prejudiced, to prove it paltry, frivolous, and disingenuous, as well as groundless in law. I would call attention, however, to the significance of Judge Parker's statement that, if elected, he will revoke the order in question. Should he do this, one of two results must follow: either this revocation will be held to revive previous similar orders fixing the age limit higher, in which case consistency and common-sense will oblige him to revoke these orders likewise; or else the revocation will be held to leave no valid rules and regulations in force on the subject. In the latter event, his Secretary of the Interior, with his approval, will have to supply such rules and regulations, or the statute will become *pro tanto* nugatory. The Parker Constitution Club can decide which of these results would ensue. It is certain that in either case the final outcome of the intended action announced by this purist in Constitutional observance would be his refusal, as President, to "take care that the laws be faithfully executed," and his premeditated disobedience to a valid act of Congress.

TALIEN PASS

Continued from page 60

June 26 the attack on that Pass began. That day and the next the battle raged. It ended with the taking of the Pass by the Japanese. The Russians retreated to Simu-cheng, having lost thousands of men and some of the guns shown in the pictures on pages 18-19.

On June 26 the main army of General Kuroki came within sight of Motien Pass, and on June 27 the Pass was occupied by the Japanese, the Russians having abandoned their elaborate fortifications without firing a shot. Then it became apparent to General Kuropatkin what a terrible mistake had been made. With the Pass in their hands, the Japanese commanded the road to Liao-Yang—and even to Mukden. Hence the desperate efforts made on July 4 and again on July 17 to retake this Pass. Both attempts were vain—as our readers have already learned through Mr. Palmer's letters printed in our issues of August 26 and 27.

In describing the Russian attack on the Motien Pass on June 17, Mr. Palmer wrote from Lienshankwan (July 17, printed September 10): "Why the Russians should now strive in two assaults to recover Motien, which they abandoned three weeks ago, is a strategic mystery which may possibly be explained by the fact that by the precepts of this war it was characteristically Russian."

Now we know why the Pass was abandoned, and why they tried so hard to retake it. Mr. Bulla's photographs, taken forty or fifty miles away, have told us all about it.

Burnett's Vanilla

leaves a good taste in the mouth. It is pure and whole-
some. Don't be cheated with cheap goods.—*Adv.*

Housekeepers

Housekeepers
 know the advantage of having always on hand a perfect cream for general household purposes. Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Cream is superior to raw cream and being preserved and sterilized keeps for an indefinite period. Use it for coffee, tea, cream and all household purposes.
 —J.G.F.

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Your money refunded after
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CLAPP'S IDEAL STEEL RANGE!

In fact all per se, better than others. By separate location on Lake Erie, where you, wood, coal, kerosene and distilled water are cheaper and less, enables me to furnish a TOP NOTCH Steel Range at a cash saving of \$10 to \$20. Good for fine cooking of all styles and sizes, while at no other range, for city, town or country use.

CHESTER D. CLAPP, 615 Summit St., TOLEDO, OHIO
(Practical Stone and Mangle Man)

Great Profit

IN

Ginseng Raising



I want to say to the readers of this publication that they can make more money than they ever made before if they will start a small Ginseng garden. The time to start it is now before the ground freezes.

I am **THOMPSON OF SCRANTON**, the Ginseng Man. I sell the true American Ginseng, roots and seeds, and I guarantee them. I not only sell but I buy all the dry Ginseng root I can find, paying from six to ten dollars a pound for it. Write for quotations.

If you are interested in Ginseng Raising, I shall be glad to mail you free my extensive literature on the subject.

I always want agents.

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Antomobile Road-Car for Boys and
Girls of from 8 to 14 years. A complete
set of chrome or finishing gilt. Motor
drives, leading cylinder, seven position and
water's pump. Brings every muscle of
the body into play. Simple yet trouble
proof and handles. Greater gear and
brake, no more belt cutting
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SAFEST FOOD

In Any Time of Trouble Is Grape-Nuts

Food to rebuild the strength and that is pre-digested must be selected when one is convalescent. At this time there is nothing so valuable as Grape-Nuts for the reason that this food is all nourishment and is also all digestible nourishment. A woman who used it says:

"Some time ago I was very ill with typhoid fever, so ill everyone thought I would die, even myself. It left me so weak I could not properly digest food of any kind and I also had much bowel trouble which left me a weak, helpless wretch."

"I needed nourishment as badly as any one could, but none of the tonics helped me until I finally tried Grape-Nuts for morning and evening. This not only supplied food that I thought delicious, it could be but it also made me perfectly well and strong again so I can do all my housework, sleep well, can eat anything without any trace of bowel trouble and for that reason alone Grape-Nuts food is worth its weight in gold." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Typhoid fever like some other diseases attacks the bowels and frequently sets up bleeding and makes them for months incapable of digesting the starches and therefore pre-digested Grape-Nuts is so valuable for the well known reason that in Grape-Nuts all the starches have been transformed into grape sugar. This means that the first stage of digestion has been mechanically accomplished in Grape-Nut food at the factories and therefore anyone no matter how weak the stomach, can handle it and grow strong, for all the nourishment is still there.

There's a sound reason and so days try it, proves.

Get the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville," in each pkg.

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and time proveth
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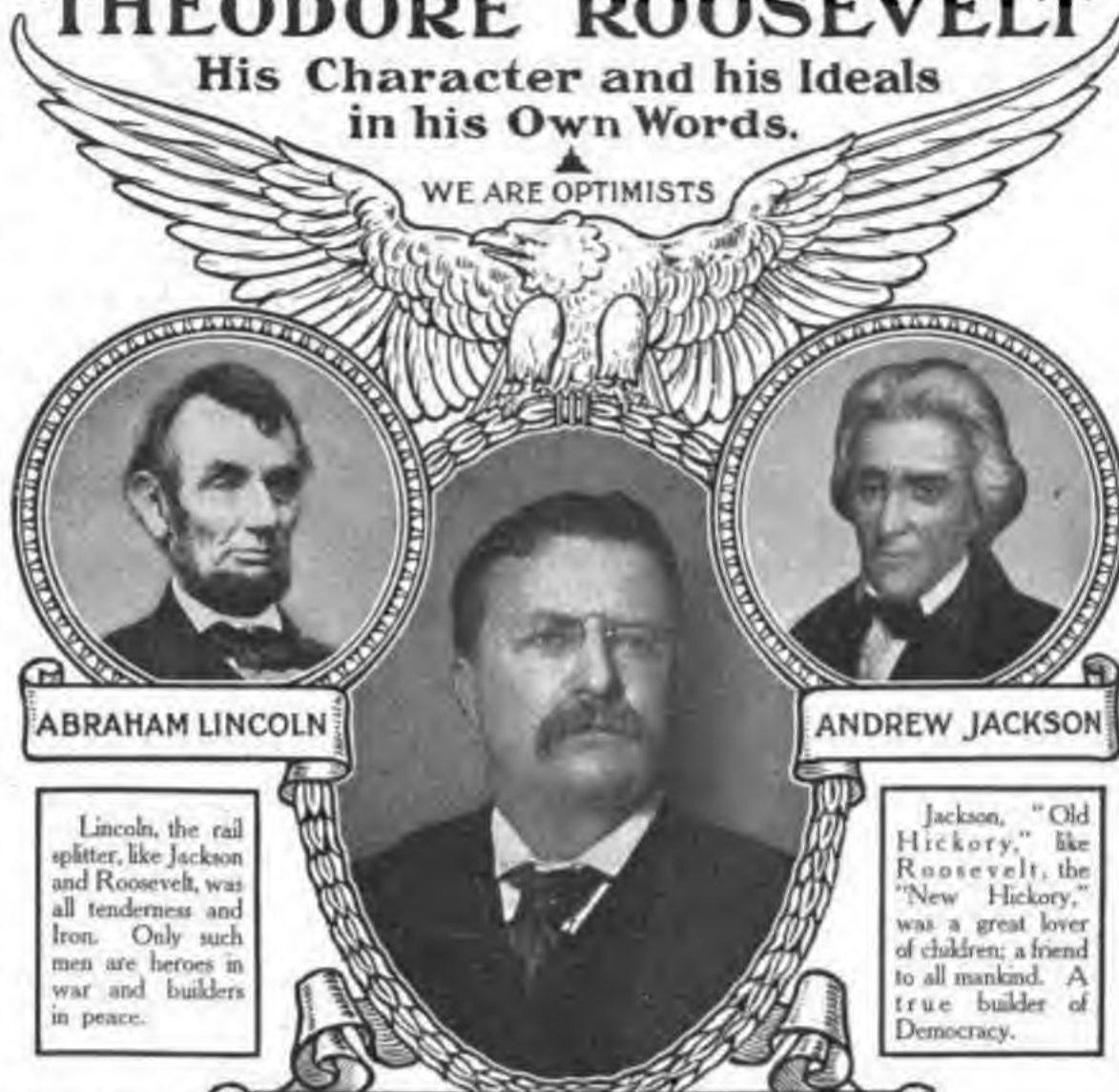
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"A SQUARE DEAL FOR EVERY MAN"

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

His Character and his Ideals
in his Own Words.

WE ARE OPTIMISTS



ABRAHAM LINCOLN

ANDREW JACKSON

Lincoln, the rail splitter, like Jackson and Roosevelt, was all tenderness and iron. Only such men are heroes in war and builders in peace.

Jackson, "Old Hickory," like Roosevelt, the "New Hickory," was a great lover of children; a friend to all mankind. A true builder of Democracy.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT
The Highest Type of American.
The Purest Type of President.

Copyright 1904 by Arthur Hays Sulzberger

No man is happy if he does not work.

I believe emphatically in organized labor.

A party fit to govern must have convictions.

The shots that count in battle are the shots that hit.

A lie is no more to be excused in politics than out of politics.

This is not and never shall be a government either of a plutocracy or of a mob.

If a man will submit to being carried, that is sufficient to show that he is not worth carrying.

We can as little afford to tolerate a dishonest man in the public service as a coward in the army.

We cannot have too much immigration of the right kind, and we should have none at all of the wrong kind.

Any healthy-minded American is bound to think well of his fellow-Americans if he only gets to know them.

Down at bottom we are the same people all through. That is not merely a unity of section, it is a unity of class.

The success of the capitalist, and especially of the banker, is conditioned upon the prosperity of both workingman and farmer.

Every man who has made wealth or used it in developing great legitimate business enterprises has been of benefit and not harm to the country at large.

The murderer takes a single life; the corruptionist in public life, whether he be bribe giver or bribe taker, strikes at the heart of the commonwealth.

Those who dream only of idleness and pleasure, who hate others, and fail to recognize the duty of each man to his brother, these, be they rich or poor, are the enemies of the State.

We need to keep in a condition of preparedness, especially as regards our Navy, not because we want war, but because we desire to stand with those whose plea for peace is listened to with respectful attention.

It behooves all men of lofty soul, fit and proud to belong to a mighty nation, to see to it that we keep our position in the world; for our proper place is with the great expanding peoples, with the peoples that dare to be great, that accept with confidence a place of leadership in the world.

President Roosevelt to the Republican Party

We are more fortunate than our opponents, who now appeal for confidence on the ground, which some express and some seek to have confidentially understood, that if triumphant they may be trusted to prove false to every principle which in the last eight years they have laid down as vital, and to leave undisturbed those very acts of the Administration because of which they ask that the Administration itself be driven from power. Seemingly their present attitude as to their past record is that some of them were mistaken and others insincere. We make our appeal in a wholly different spirit. We are not constrained to keep silent on any vital question; we are divided on no vital question; our policy is continuous, and is the same for all sections.

Glory is a good word but Duty is a better one.

Daylight is a powerful discourager of evil.

There can be no crime more serious than bribery.

Fundamentally the cause of expansion is the cause of peace.

We want friendship; we want peace. We wish well to the nations of mankind.

The true end of every great and free people should be self-respecting peace.

It is unhealthy and undesirable for the cities to grow at the expense of the country.

To be permanently effective, aid must always take the form of helping a man to help himself.

In the long run the most disagreeable truth is a safer companion than the most pleasant falsehood.

Nothing could be more unwise than to disturb the business interests of the country by any general tariff change at this time.

It is a fundamental truth that the prosperity of any people is simply another term for the prosperity of the home-makers among that people.

Tariff duties must never be reduced below the point that will cover the difference between the labor cost here and abroad.

No one thing can do more to offset the tendency toward an unhealthy growth from the country into the city than the making and keeping of good roads.

The chief factor in the success of each man—wage-worker, farmer, and capitalist alike—must ever be the sum total of his own individual qualities and abilities.

The great corporations which we have grown to speak of rather loosely as trusts are the creatures of the State, and the State not only has the right to control them, but it is in duty bound to control them wherever the need of such control is shown.

The Republican Party to the Young Man

You who believe that manhood should fulfil the promises of youth, who aspire for the best of everything, and who long and hope to labor for its accomplishment; whose minds are still unfettered by worldly considerations, yet who have seen enough to revolt at the exaggerated influence and the impertinences of "the gold that gilds the straightened forehead of the fool" and at a whole society in which it seems as if

"Every door is barr'd with gold, and opens but to golden keys."

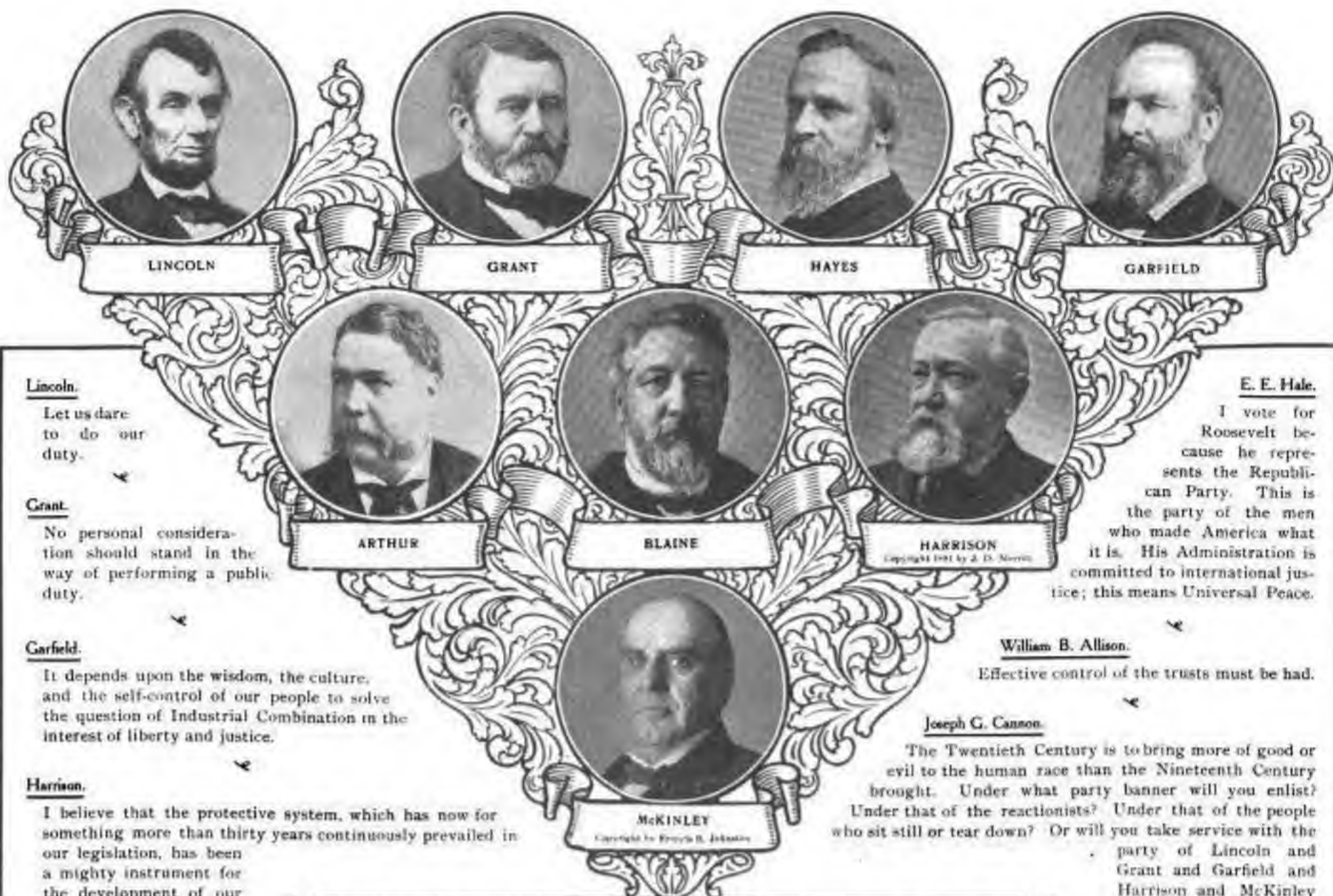
I appeal to you to say whether this man, who has in his own life achieved so much that you look forward to, who has scorned these golden keys and who has gone forward despite the golden bars, shall not be confirmed in his high place, the duties of which he has so conscientiously endeavored to wisely discharge—ay, and has! You can not, while your blood runs warm, tolerate a doubt as to whether you are on the side of this man, who is so straight, so frank and fearless, and who needs neither interpreters nor apologists. You can not, I am persuaded, unless you are recreant to your ideals, permit a question to exist as to the election of Theodore Roosevelt.—Frederick W. Whitridge.



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President Roosevelt to the College Men of America

The man who is content to go through life working his alma mater for an education for which he has made no adequate return, is not true to the ideals of American citizenship. He is in honor bound to make such return. He can make it in but one way; he can repay that which he owes his alma mater only by making his alma mater proud of what he does in service rendered to his fellowmen. That is the type of return we have the right to expect of the university men in this country.



Lincoln.

Let us dare to do our duty.

Grant.

No personal consideration should stand in the way of performing a public duty.

Garfield.

It depends upon the wisdom, the culture, and the self-control of our people to solve the question of Industrial Combination in the interest of liberty and justice.

Harrison.

I believe that the protective system, which has now for something more than thirty years continuously prevailed in our legislation, has been a mighty instrument for the development of our national wealth and a most powerful agency in protecting the homes of our workingmen from the invasion of want.

Hayes.

He serves party best who serves his country best.

Blaine.

No government shall ever have the right to tell this country what to do.

McKinley.

The way to help labor is to provide it with steady work and good wages and then to have those good wages always paid in good money.

Henry Cabot Lodge.

President Roosevelt has carried on the policies of his predecessor; he has been loyal to Republican

GRANT

HAYES

GARFIELD

ARTHUR

BLAINE

HARRISON

McKINLEY

Copyright by Francis B. Johnston

E. E. Hale.

I vote for Roosevelt because he represents the Republican Party. This is the party of the men who made America what it is. His Administration is committed to international justice; this means Universal Peace.

William B. Allison.

Effective control of the trusts must be had.

Joseph G. Cannon.

The Twentieth Century is to bring more of good or evil to the human race than the Nineteenth Century brought. Under what party banner will you enlist? Under that of the reactionists? Under that of the people who sit still or tear down? Or will you take service with the party of Lincoln and Grant and Garfield and Harrison and McKinley and Roosevelt and help us march on to victory?

John D. Long.

The Democratic Party seeks control on its express admission that for eight years it has been wrong. It thereby, as does its candidate in his speech of acceptance, pays

tribute to the Republican Party by professing to try and get as far as it can on the latter's standing ground. But, practice is better than profession; achievement is better than promise.

Elhu Root.

The broad nobility of his (Roosevelt's) citizenship, the splendid energy and virility of his character, the noble heroism in civic and in military strife, that carried him unflinchingly against the storms of unpopularity and of death, are a heritage for our people we cannot afford to surrender.

principles. He has fearlessly enforced the laws in regard to trusts. His prompt and courageous action has given us the Panama Canal.

Senator George F. Hoar.

There is left on the statute book no trace of any Democratic legislation during this whole period of thirty-two years except the repeal of the laws intended to secure honest elections. The two administrations of President Cleveland are remembered by the business men and the laboring men of the country only as terrible nightmares.

SUCH MEN AS THESE Gave the Republican Party its Traditions

LINCOLN THE IDEAL

"If there is one thing more than another in which we Republicans are entitled to a legitimate pride, it is that Lincoln was our first President; that we believed in him, loyally supported him while he lived, and that we have never lost the right to call ourselves his followers. There is not a principle avowed by the Republican Party to-day which is out of harmony with his teachings or inconsistent with his character. We do not object to our opponents quoting him, praising him—even claiming him as their own. If it is not sincere, it is still a laudable tribute to acknowledged excellence. If it is genuine, it is still better, for even a Nebraska Populist who reads his Lincoln is in the way of salvation. But only those who believe in human rights and are willing to make sacrifices to defend them; who believe in the nation and its



Copyright by J. R. Pardy.

Extract from an Address delivered by the Hon. John Hay, Secretary of State, at Jackson, Mich., July 6, 1904

beneficent power; who believe in the American system of protection championed by a long line of our greatest and best, running back from McKinley to Washington, and, as Senator Dooliver so truthfully said, 'to the original sources of American common sense'; only those who believe in equal justice to labor and to capital; in honest money and the right to earn it, have any title to name themselves by the name of Lincoln, or to claim a moral kinship with that august and venerated spirit. And I hope I am violating neither the confidence of a friend nor the proprieties of an occasion like this when I refer to the ardent and able young statesman who is now, and is to be, our President, to let you know that in times of doubt and difficulty the thought oftenest in his heart is, 'What, in such a case, would Lincoln have done?'

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FREE Circular 144, 11th Street, N. H. S. Flash Centerpieces, designed, ready for burning, including designs for pyrography work, sent to you on request. 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A Crooked Hypnotized

Mr. Share, who, during the preceding speeches, had occupied himself with the observation of rafters, unriveted his lean, considerable length from the bench, into the interstices of which his dusty and painted clothes had been gradually molded during the past two hours, and made his deliberate way to the platform. He laid a lean hand on the desk of the chairman and extended his gruff neck forward with languor. It was at this instant that the student experienced a "change of heart." Evading the calm and competent gaze of the auctioneer, emotionalism sneaked out of the back lot, ashamed. Before Joe finally opened his mouth (he took his time) I had no fear except for the Socialist and the Probationist, and was glad that I knew Joe Share.

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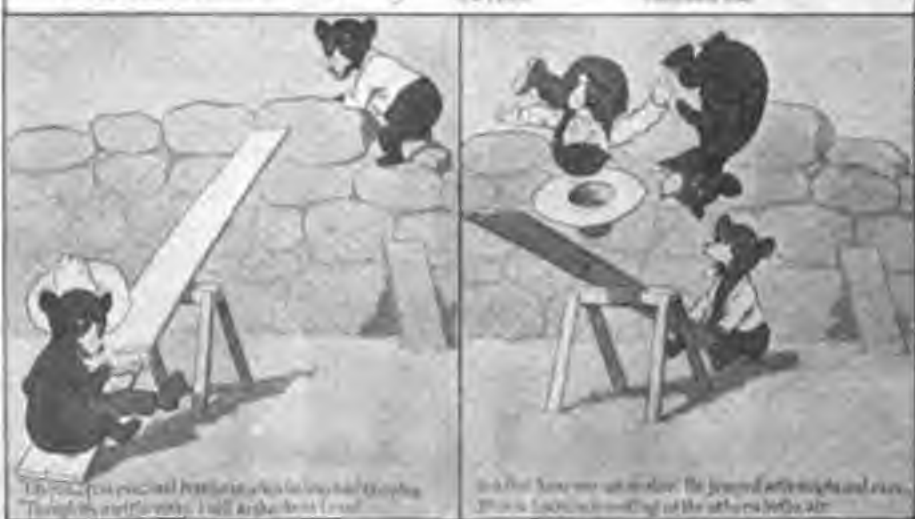
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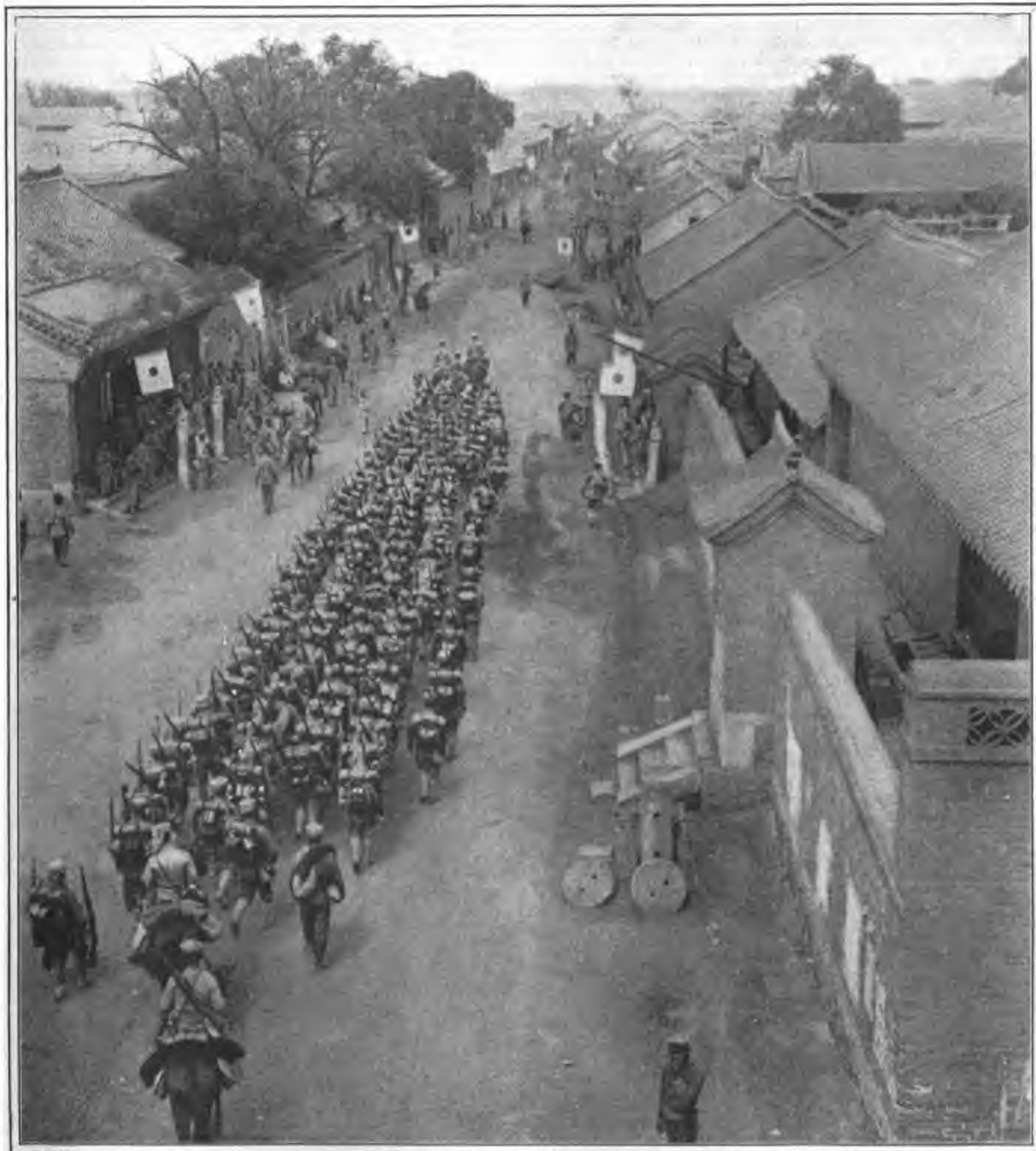
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COLLIER'S

HOUSEHOLD NUMBER FOR NOVEMBER



THE OCCUPATION OF LIAO-YANG BY THE JAPANESE

"The King is Dead! Long Live the King!" Before the Russian rearward was fairly across the river and the Japanese skirmish line was in the town every house had hung out a Japanese flag already made for the occasion. But the houses were securely locked as a precaution against looting. Many Russian soldiers remained behind to loot and some of these perished in drunken panic from bullets as they ran. A regiment of the Fourth Army occupied and policed the city. Not one-third of the soldiers of Oyama's force ever saw the town. Two days after the occupation business was going on as usual. Doubtless the population has Russian flags tucked away ready to fling to the breeze if the Russians should return.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES H. HARE, COLLIER'S SPECIAL WAR PHOTOGRAPHER ACCOMPANYING THE JAPANESE FIRST ARMY. COPYRIGHT 1904 BY COLLIER'S WEEKLY.



PARKER ON
THE TRUSTS

JUDGE PARKER'S STANDING with observant men has hardly been improved during the campaign. He seems to have a rather tricky mind. The gold telegram allowed anti-ROOSEVELT newspapers to express their hysterical approval of something which they deemed dramatic, but it had its inevitable reaction. It is now generally looked upon as a case either of calculation or of what is vulgarly known as "cold feet." His speech of acceptance seemed to studiously conceal any thoughts he may have had. His letter of acceptance, which was more readable, revealed the minor politician in its treatment of the pension problem. Most unfavorable to him of anything he has done, since timidity or factional bias led to his telegram, is the outcome of his fencing on the relation of law to trusts. First he asserted that the common law was sufficient. The President disputed that position. Mr. PARKER then ironically referred to his authority, and his newspaper and non-legal supporters howled with glee over what they were pleased to call a trap. Legal opinion, however, has undoubtedly supported the President and condemned Judge PARKER for a quibble. The following, from a private letter, is the opinion of one who, we believe, is not surpassed in the world as an authority on corporation law, and it would be difficult to find a lawyer of reputation to challenge it:

"I have looked over the case of Western Union Telegraph Company vs. Call Publishing Company, 181 U. S., 92, referred to by Judge PARKER in his letter of acceptance. The case was a civil suit against the telegraph company to recover damages on account of excessive charges which it was claimed had been made by the telegraph company. The Court held, in substance, that when the Circuit Courts of the United States have jurisdiction of a case, they will enforce the principles of the common law applicable to that case, and that the principles of the common law are operative upon all interstate commercial transactions except so far as modified by Congressional enactment. I think this was the settled law before this decision was rendered. The jurisdiction of the United States Courts in civil cases is a very limited one. It exists only in certain classes of cases, such as those in which there exists a diversity of citizenship or in which a Federal question is involved, and the United States Courts have no jurisdiction in criminal cases except under Acts of Congress. The United States Department of Justice certainly has no power to proceed against trusts or other combinations and to suppress them merely because they may be illegal under the common law. Such a proceeding can be sustained only when authorized by some constitutional Act of Congress. I think that President ROOSEVELT intended to express this and no more."

Mr. PARKER seems to have paltered with a rather important subject.

THAT CORPORATIONS MAY BE either good or bad has been said so often that it has passed into a joke. Nevertheless, it remains a truth. Some people can see no good in corporations or their works, and do not discriminate in criticising men connected with corporations. Any official who is against corporations they think is for the people, and a usurpation of power by such a man is excusable if directed against corporations. But corporations are a part of the people, and they are useful instruments in modern life. In the long run their interests may coincide with those of the rest of the people. Individual business men, large and small, are guilty, too, of the same offences which the corporations practice, and, in the case of some offences, to an even greater extent, since the actions of the individual are less likely to be noticed: such offences, for instance, as big profits from small capital and evasion of taxation. There is no good in this tendency to throw on to corporations alone a blame which belongs on business men as a class or on the people themselves for indifference or lack of moral fibre. Granted this, however, it remains true that business is more and more in corporate form, and that vast aggregations of wealth in action are nearly always in that form. When people loosely attack corporations they are really aiming at abuses of the money power, and are merely infelicitous in their use of words. Some of the worst combinations need not be corporations and often are not. They may depend on mere private agreements, almost impossible to prove, as is notably the case among the packers. If all the beef men should undertake to form themselves into one corporation they would be suppressed, but they can attain the same end by a little chat among plenipotentiaries and the law can not reach them.

NEW YORK AND MASSACHUSETTS offer a contrast in their treatment of the Senatorship. Massachusetts has sent as successor to Senator HOAR the best man she could secure. New York politicians are apparently going to treat the Senator-

ship as a perquisite for some typical unit of their number, such as BLACK. Massachusetts is still a good deal more highly educated place than New York. The Empire State, however, can claim at least the credit of bartering its Senatorships for partisan work and not for money, so that it is at least better than Mr. ADDICKS's view of Delaware. Pennsylvania sent QUAY to the Senate, and the Pennsylvania Railroad apparently selected his successor. Governor LA FOLLETTE has been talked about for the Senate, but he says that his present duties are at home. He would make a stir in Washington, not so much because he is an effective speaker as because he is a brilliant politician who thinks it better to remain the free representative of the people than to be retained by some special business or even partisan interest. He might make trouble for the oligarchy. It is rather a pity that Mr. BRYAN's chance of going to the Senate seems so slender. He would lend interest to a body in which discussion is not yet entirely obsolete.

SENATORS

ONLY ABOUT A MONTH remains in which to see the Exposition at St. Louis. It is one that can not be missed without loss. No one can see it, or part of it, without learning much that is worth knowing. To become familiar with an exhibition of this kind has much of the broadening and exhilarating effect of travel. It shows us unfamiliar beauties and fills our minds with novel and stimulating ideas. A ride about the grounds, in a gondola at night, gives to many a mind as much as would a ride in Venice. It is an opportunity that may not occur soon again, for the financial difficulties of this adventure have been such that it is likely to be a long time before there is another. Yet, whether or not it "pays" in the direct money sense, it pays well in a higher sense, as anything pays which, costing a few million dollars, brings light to hundreds of thousands. To those who have traveled much, a few days in St. Louis mean a great deal. To those whose possibilities of travel are restricted it ought to mean even more; although the Spanish proverb says that he who would bring home the wealth of the Indies must carry the wealth of the Indies with him.

ON GOING TO
ST. LOUIS

THIS AUTUMN WILL SEE REVIVED a question of importance in our education. Early in the summer HENRY S. PRITCHETT, President of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, put before his alumni a proposal for association with Harvard University. The project met with almost universal disapproval. It has, nevertheless, the support of leading minds in both institutions. Merely to state it almost proves its value. We frequently boast of America's eminence in science. A paper by Mr. PRITCHETT in the "Popular Science Monthly" for October will show how little there is to minister, as he puts it, to our national vanity. We are inferior to the English in the breadth with which we approach science and to the Germans in exact progress. The Harvard-Technology plan would promote science both in liberality of spirit and in amount of accomplishment. The students of the Institute now look upon Harvard as a den of flabby culture, and Harvard students look upon the apostles of science across the river as dry philistines. One of the stupidities of any college is to regard others as hostile and inferior. The proposed association would incidentally combat this feeble prejudice. Its main purpose would be to create the best home of science in America, where otherwise there would be two rival secondary schools within three miles. Some \$600,000, bestowed recently upon Harvard for teaching science, would be given to Technology, which would do the scientific work for both institutions, while each retained its independence. Instead of division of strength there would be concentration. Instead of vapid prejudice there would be a broad and useful purpose. Instead of two places of learning, weakened at a vital point by divided energy, there would be a beautiful stretch of property from Boylston Street to Harvard Square, some three miles of land and buildings owned by two institutions with functions which were separated, but not wasteful or conflicting. The vanity which opposed Mr. PRITCHETT in the summer may turn out to have yielded to reason by the autumn. On the one hand is a simple and easy step forward in the scientific resources of America. On the other is some grown-up childishness of the kind that students ought to outgrow by the time they are decorated with a sheepskin.

A STUNNING
PROJECT



WE HAVE SUPPORTED DENEEN for Governor of Illinois, and do so still, for he is incomparably superior to his opponent. Things have come to our knowledge lately, however, which are cause for some regret. Mr. DENEEN is a politician, but the most successful reformers are politicians who set their faces in the right direction. We expect Mr. DENEEN to keep on improving in the future, as he has improved in the past, but there is considerable room as yet. As DENEEN is sure to be elected, all kinds of office-seekers are anxious to conciliate him. "All the old skates," as a Chicago politician expresses it, "are crawling in under the DENEEN tent." Well, Mr. DENEEN, in collusion with JOHN P. HOPKINS, has arranged that MARTIN B. MADDEN shall go to Congress. They, DENEEN, the Republican, and HOPKINS, the Democratic boss, have put up against MADDEN a man of vicious reputation in order to secure MADDEN his election. It was a mean deal to make. MADDEN is an old VERKES

DENEEN AS A POLITICIAN

lieutenant. He has represented the VERKES methods and the VERKES "business" ideas on the Chicago Council. It has long been his ideal to go to Congress, as a "vindication." Time and again the watchful Chicago reform element has thwarted him. An independent candidate has been put in the field to save the city the disgrace of a choice between MADDEN and an even more lamentable candidate. This independent candidate earns most of his money in the legitimate service of two corporations. The DENEEN machine have officially asked of independent leaders that this fight on MADDEN be stopped. Both of the corporations in question objected to the independent candidacy. One, having a decent man for president, finally withdrew its opposition. The officers of the other let it be known distinctly that if the candidate ran it would be at the cost of his connection with them. This seems rather dirty business for Mr. DENEEN, and we certainly hope he will be punished by the defeat of MADDEN.

THE ONLY WAY to keep down such men as MADDEN is by persistence. The last time MADDEN graciously permitted the nomination of a respectable Democrat. He was regarded as a weak candidate and was beaten this time by MADDEN. A step in the arrangement was HOPKINS beating HARRISON at the Democratic primaries and thus being able to throw out former Congressman EMERICH, in order to make a nomination sufficiently weak to render MADDEN safe. This candidate has been frank enough to say that it was worth his while pecuniarily to stay on the ticket. It is a lovely example of how two parties can work in harmony to divide a bit of pie. When MADDEN was nominated everybody conceded victory to the

VINDICATION

Democrats, until HOPKINS showed his hand. The independent Democrat, DAVID S. GEER, nominated in protest, is said to have a really excellent chance. His election is worth working hard for. Speaker CANNON has been hissed in a large meeting for indorsing MADDEN. The Federal politicians are on the road to learn to interfere less in Chicago matters. CANNON felt it necessary to apologize. Chicago has done a good deal to remove the good old days of deals and "vindications." The Senate at Washington is full of men like PLATT, who have been vindicated by high office, and the House of Representatives contains a number of them also. It is to be hoped that Chicago will not add MADDEN to the list.

ETERNAL VIGILANCE, ETC. The proverb is somewhat musty, but not for that the less veracious. We must work for what we get. Americans as a whole take public matters quietly, almost indifferently. Foreigners visiting us are puzzled by the fact that we admit abuses and yet do not seem alarmed by them. They are puzzled by the fact that we do not seem troubled about the future at all. Things are viewed with alarm in this country only by political platforms and the kind

A GOOD EXAMPLE

of business which is close to the stock market. The Englishman, on the contrary, tends to become excited over each abuse, and in every policy of which he disapproves he foresees the Empire's ruin. We confess that it is with some pleasure that we see Americans become more excited politically than is their wont. Campaigns like those in Missouri and Wisconsin please us. An attractive thing is happening also in Minneapolis. The people there are diligently pursuing "Doc" AMES, their former delinquent Mayor, and they are now running for Mayor the JONES who conducted the municipality after

AMES saw fit to leave the town. JONES will almost certainly be elected. A man nearly always is when he represents a public conscience that has really got itself awake.

NOTHING COULD EXPRESS more strikingly the trend of independent voters than the decision of President ELIOT of Harvard to vote for ROOSEVELT. His well-known views, especially about imperialism, have led to the assumption that he would vote for PARKER. Doubtless he would have done so had he not believed that the Democrats have entirely failed to accept with sincerity any issue among the many which they have toyed with. Dr. ELIOT's brief statement of his reasons at our request makes a little clearer the mere statement of intention which was reported in the papers. "The Democrats have not seized firmly, or made adequate use of, any important issue. The Democratic party is not committed to any reform." It is in this manner that the independent vote seems likely to decide that there is no reason for disturbing the present state of things at Washington. The approaching victory will be less a vote of confidence in one party than a vote of censure for the other.

THE MOST INTERESTING POINT demonstrated to us lately by our present instructors, the Japanese, is that it is more important to keep four soldiers from dying of disease than one from being shot. They seem to object much less than Westerners do to being killed by a bullet, but they object decidedly to falling before a microbe. They laughed when foreign nations sent men to study their weapons and tactics and none to study their commissariat or their hospital and sanitary arrangements. They seem a most intelligent race, who see no reason for allowing men to die of water, food, or care, when the object for which they are in Manchuria is to die in driving the Russians toward the north. Japan finds science related as closely to diet as to cannon. She calculates that five hundred thousand soldiers who are properly cared for equal two million subjected to canned beef and typhoid germs. She realizes how great a part in war is taken by the bacteria. All this is very interesting. The world's drama is much more readable since to Japan was assigned a leading part. She is the present star, and a gifted and promising artist she seems to be. The late LAFCADIO HEARN observed that old Japan, before the days of PERRY, came nearer to the achievement of the highest moral ideal than our more evolved civilization can hope to do in many a hundred years. "Religion," he said, "is still, as it has been, the very life of the people, the motive and the directing power of their every action—a religion of doing and suffering, a religion without cant and hypocrisy." What a contrast, what an inspiring catholicity, is presented by the Japanese officer leading the world in using his microscope as a weapon and the same Japanese officer dying with cheerfulness and living with the spirit of religious devotion to a national ideal. The example set for us all by Japan so far has been an uplifting one.

METHODS OF THE JAPS

A HIGH OFFICIAL WENT to the marriage of a girl. The newspapers were full of his arrival and his departure, and the doings of his wife and children. They told when he started, when he left, what he did while at the wedding, and in what spirits and health he seemed to be. He was the headlines, the features, the article itself. The bride was almost forgotten. Yet to that day her life had led. From that day it would stretch away. It was her day. It meant more in her little span of living than all the theories which would fain reduce its color. Because her father had been an official in the Government, she was reduced to a secondary place in the occasion which should have been all hers. It was like the fate of a certain well-known friend of greatness. He was once a banker, with a name and business of his own, children even; ears, eyes, temperament, and identity, like the rest of us. Then a President became his friend and rode upon his yacht. The banker, the man, the father, disappeared, and the name signified only a person who was in the confidence and friendship of a certain officeholder. We pass on these two stories to Mr. DOOLEY or any other genial satirist. When the banker dies, his obituaries will tell about his acquaintance with a former President. When the girl's marriage is recalled, people will remember that a President was present, shaking hands.

"THE Greatest Battle Since Gettysburg," is the title of Frederick Palmer's remarkable description of the six-day fight between the armies of Gen. Kuropatkin and Marquis Oyama, at Liao-Yang early in September. This article, to be published in the next number of Collier's, will be illustrated with photographs, such as have never before been obtained—pictures of scouts at the very forefront, of the skirmish line advancing to the fight, of the hanging of looters and thieves, of the burning of the dead, and of the horrors of the aftermath of battle.



GENERAL KUROPATKIN'S METHOD OF TRAVEL THROUGH THE MANCHURIAN MOUNTAINS

When General Kuropatkin went down toward Motien Pass late in June to inspect General Von Keller's troops, who were stationed in the mountains to oppose the Japanese advance under General Kuroki, there was no railroad over which he might travel and so he drove there in a large carriage, followed by his staff, who rode in such conveyances as were obtainable in Liao-Yang.

PHOTOGRAPH BY LUTHER K. BELL, COLLECTED AND FORTHWITH BY THE BUREAU OF PHOTOGRAPHY, OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF WAR.

THE SOCIALIST PARTY: Its Aims in the Present Campaign

By UPTON SINCLAIR

Author of "Manassa"

IN THE "American Journal of Sociology" for March, 1901, appeared the results of an investigation by a graduate of the University of Chicago into conditions of the garment trades of that city. The garment trades of Chicago employ some five hundred thousand people, or about thirty per cent of the entire population of the second largest city of the United States. According to the trained investigator there were women working in this trade ten hours a day six days a week, for a wage of forty cents per week. Very many women earned less than a dollar a week, and none of them could find work every week. The lowest average found was that among the "dressmakers," whose average wage was ninety cents a week, who were employed an average of forty-two weeks in the year, and earned in a year an average of thirty-seven dollars. The "pants finishers" earned an average wage of one dollar and thirty-one cents, but were employed only twenty-seven and a half weeks, thus earning forty-two dollars per year. The highest average was that of the "tailors," who earned six dollars and twenty-two cents per week, worked thirty-two weeks, and earned two hundred and twelve dollars per year. The average for the entire trade—that is, for thirty per cent of the inhabitants of the second largest city in the United States—was two dollars and forty-eight cents per week, for thirty-one and eighteen-hundredths weeks, and seventy-six dollars and seventy-four cents per year.

What Is to be Done About It?

Now, I suppose that there are few intelligent people who, presented with such conditions as these, would maintain that they ought by any possibility to be allowed to continue forever. Nor do I imagine that there are many who, if they could once be convinced that things so shocking and terrible were inseparable from our present industrial system, would not admit that somehow, somewhere, another system would have to be found—though, of course, in the far, far distant future.

It is so hard to face the thought of change; the thing as it is so very impressive. Yet we know that through history society has undergone many and vast changes—that our forefathers, if they could return to earth, would scarcely recognize it as the same. Evolution is not mere fancy; it is a fact and the hardest of facts—a fact just as real as Broadway.

Consider the French Revolution, for instance—how completely that changed the aspect of French society. And what was the cause of the French Revolution? It was that the king and the nobility had possessed themselves of all the opportunities and powers, and had by means of taxes drawn all the wealth of the country into their own hands. The French people had stood everything, but they could not stand being required to pay taxes when they had nothing to pay them with, so they rose. It had developed, first, that political monopoly was inevitable; and second, that political monopoly was unendurable—that it meant the ultimate extinction of all men except the monopolists; and so the French people

established a system whereby political monopoly was made forever impossible—that is, where political equality was guaranteed to every man by the entire community. And the purpose of this paper is to maintain that to-day, in the same way, our present industrial masters are concentrating the wealth of the country into their own hands, by means of the economic form of the taxation, which is profits; and that in the same way they are bringing about a state of wealth concentration, or economic apoplexy, which will cause a revolution by bringing the masses to a point where they have either to rise or starve.

What is the system upon which our economic society rests? The instruments and means of production—the railroads and the telegraphs, the mines, factories, stores—are in the hands of a small group of men who have established a monopoly of the necessities of life, unrestrained save by newspaper clamor. On the other hand, the vast mass of the people have been kept in competition with each other, so that we have the combination of a competitive wage and a monopoly price—which means simply that the wealth of society is pouring into the hands of the owning class. That this is taking place is the commonplace of the time. And the ultimate result of this will be simply that the wage-workers will be eliminated from economic society, and perish—you and I the wage workers, whether we be magazine writers or bootblacks.

Stop and think a moment. Here is a "capitalist"—owning, let us say, a shoe factory. The worker offers himself, gets a "job," and makes five pairs of shoes a day. One pair of shoes he gets as wages; two pairs of shoes the capitalist pays for raw material, one more for equipment and operating expenses, and one pair he pockets as profits. Only—perhaps you noticed the incongruity—he does not "pocket" shoes; he pockets money. He does not pay the worker shoes, either; he pays him the value of them. In other words, he must be able to sell the shoes, and because he is a business man and not a philanthropist, he must be able to get a price that will leave him a share, his "profit" or else he closes the factory. And it is here that the difficulty comes in; for as your combination of competitive wage and monopoly price draws the wealth of the country into a single class, the ability of the rest of the population to pay is decreased—and so the market is decreased, and so the opportunities of employment.

Two or three years ago the income of Mr. John D. Rockefeller was estimated at \$100,000,000 a year. Mr. Rockefeller got his Standard Oil Stock at par, and by his shrewd methods he put his rivals out of business and raised the value of his stock to seven or eight per cent on that seven or eight hundred—which means that Mr. Rockefeller realizes fifty or sixty per cent a year upon his original investment. And what does he do with it? Does he spend it? If he gave a St. Louis Ex-

position every year he could not spend it. He has a staff of thirty-two high-salaried experts at work all the time finding him new investments for it; in other words, he converts it at once into new capital. And he does this over and over again, year after year, and while he is doing it all of his colleagues are doing it; it is likely that the most extravagant of our millionaires do not spend the tenth part of their income—they simply reinvest it. The consequence is that the invested capital of the country is increasing year after year at compound interest of five, ten, twenty, sometimes sixty per cent. And has the reader ever figured compound interest? I saw a calculation once of what would be the present value of a gold necklace, worth \$20, found on an Egyptian mummy, if it were paid for with compound interest of six per cent. The sum took one hundred and twenty-three figures to write!

This is what I mean by economic apoplexy. Is it not obvious that sooner or later the amount of capital seeking investment in the country must be greater than the number of investments—i.e., the profits which the people's spending money can furnish? And when this is the case, then the profits must grow less; and as profits grow less, mills and factories must be closed and millions of men must suddenly find themselves out of a job. It must be understood, of course, that all these "investments" of capital are in means of producing—in new factories, new railroads, new stores—and if society puts itself upon a bare living wage and saves up all its surplus to build new mills and factories and stores, is it not obvious to any man that some day there will be more mills and factories and stores than are needed, i.e., more than enough to produce what the people are able to buy, wages being what they are?

The Origin of the Trusts

You say, "Possibly, but at least that time must be far off." I am glad to agree with you. It is far off. We have passed it seven or eight years ago.

You look startled. But have you never heard of the trusts? And of the "American Invasion"? Perhaps, however, you did not realize what they meant.

The railroad trust meant that the railroad earnings were no longer up to the mark. There were too many railroads for the business of the country, and hence they had to be combined and prices raised, and expenses lowered, so that the dividends might once more be satisfactory. So with coal, so with steel, so with every other product. And the "American Invasion"! We are selling manufactured products in England, India, Russia—why? Simply because we have a surplus left over when our home markets are supplied. We have sold all the shoes our people can afford to buy, and so we must go selling shoes to Chinamen and Hot-tentots. And when we can no longer sell shoes to them, then we have to close up our factories and turn our own shoeless laborers out into the streets!

And so you see that to-day the existence of our industrial régime is absolutely dependent upon foreign



A Japanese officer calls on the seven to surrender



They finally surrender and pass out their rifles



The first Russian comes out



The second Russian crawls out of the hole



The third man is wounded



The fourth is also wounded



The other three join their fellow prisoners



The captives are marched off to the rear

THE SEVEN WHO REMAINED

At the battle of Suzanpo seven Russian soldiers remained in a trench at the crest of the position to the extreme Russian right, and burrowed into a sort of pit, where they held out against the Japanese after the latter had captured the trench and put their enemy to flight. The seven Russians refused to surrender, and remained in the hole for sixteen hours after the battle had ended. To repeated demands to give themselves up the Russians replied by shooting one Japanese officer and wounding another. The Japanese then piled sand-bags around the hole as a protection against further resistance and awaited developments. Hunger and suffering from wounds finally compelled the Russians to give themselves up and to come out of their cavern.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GORDON SMITH, COLLEGE WAR PHOTOGRAPHER WITH THE SECOND ARMY. COPYRIGHT 1904 BY COLLIER'S WEEKLY

markets—the foreign markets consisting of a mass of helpless wretches who are being worked on the very same system as our own people, and are in the very same fix. While we have been rushing our industrial machinery to completion here, they have been doing the same in Germany, and in England, and in France, and in Japan—and the existence of the industrial régime of each of these nations depends upon the very same market as our own! In 1893 our exports were \$847,000,000 and our imports \$866,000,000. In 1901 our imports had sunk to \$823,000,000 and our exports had leaped to \$1,437,000,000. And so it is merely a question of how long the rest of the civilized world will be able to pay us \$664,000,000 in gold every year for the surplus products of our industry!

At this moment the cotton mills of Canada are closed, and those of Fall River have locked out their workers for several months, because the workers would not stand a cut in wages. And why did they have to stand it? Well, partly because the mills of Georgia are worked by children, often six or eight years old, who take a wage of nine cents a day, and enable their masters to undersell the foolish Massachusetts people, who tolerate child-labor laws and their enforcement; also because in India are cotton mills where children work sixteen hours a day, perishing after a year or two of it; and also because the cotton industries of Italy have been doubling themselves every two years, those of Belgium every year, and those of Japan every six months. In the United States the value of manufactured cotton has risen from \$15,000,000 in 1840 to \$210,000,000 in 1880, to \$267,000,000 in 1890, and to \$339,000,000 in 1900. And now there is too much cotton! The cotton workers have done all that their masters wish of them and must either find another job or else move to some planet whose industrial machine has not yet reached completion.

If it were true that this stage had been reached in all industries, what would be the signs of it? Difficulty of paying dividends, of making profits enough. And how would more profits be made? Either by reducing wages or by raising the price of the product. And now look around in the world about you. The anthracite coal miners have been cut five per cent, the steel workers eighteen per cent, and in addition the price of both coal and steel has been raised; Mr. Rockefeller has recently put up the price of oil one cent a gallon, and the beef trust the price of beef one cent a pound. In addition, the fifty thousand wretches who were starving in "Packingtown" are now losing a strike which they declared because they would not stand another cut in wages. The same is true with the mills in Fall River, the same with the New York Subway. The street-car men in Houston, Texas, the furniture workmen and the shoe operatives of Chicago, the painters of Boston, the machinists of the Santa Fé system, are all on strike for the same reason. And meanwhile Dun's review, figuring the cost of living in the United States upon a basis of 100, puts it at 72.455 in 1897 and 102.208 on May 1, 1904—an increase of forty-one per cent. Bradstreet's, figuring in a different way, shows an increase of from 6.5 in 1897 to 9.05 in 1904, or thirty-nine per cent.

Scouring the Seters of Europe

Another way of increasing profits is to shorten hands and make the rest work harder. Last May the railroads of the country laid off 75,000 men, and since then the same thing has been reported in the papers to the extent of over two million men in all industries. At present there has come a halt, because Russia and Japan are spending something over ten millions a month in this country, and because the crops are beginning to move; when the war is over and the harvest money spent, then the thing will start up again. In the meantime thousands and tens of thousands of steamship agents are serving our far-sighted capitalists by scouring the sewers of Europe and shipping the outcasts here to work for cheaper wages and live yet viler lives, and enable the dividends to be paid once more. The rate of immigration to this country was 311,000 in 1899, 448,000 in 1900, 487,000 in 1901, 648,000 in 1902, and 557,000 in 1903—more than one-half the last batch being from Hungary, Russia, and Southern Italy. Over one million women are at present working in factories alone in this country, and one million and three-quarters of children of from ten to fifteen years are earning their living. In the cotton factories of the South, where the number of men employed increased 79 per cent in ten years, the number of women increased 178 per cent, and the number of children under sixteen increased 270 per cent. The number employed in Alabama alone was estimated by the Committee on Child Labor at 10,000, with 34 per cent under twelve years and 10 per cent under ten years. Mrs. Irene Ashby-MacFadden says: "I have talked with a little boy of seven years in Alabama who worked for forty nights, and another child not nine years old who at six years old had been on the night shift eleven months." Says Miss Jane Addams, founder of Hull House, Chicago: "In South Carolina, in a large new mill, I found a child of five working at night. In Columbia, South Carolina, in a mill controlled by Northern capital, I stood at 10:30 at night and saw many children who did not know their own ages working from 6 P. M. to 6 A. M." The highest wage paid to these children is fifty cents a day and the lowest is nine cents.

Suicide in the United States has increased from 12 per 100,000 of population in 1890 to 16 in 1896 and 17 in 1902. There were 91,959 insane persons in the United

States in 1880, 106,485 in 1890, 145,000 in 1896. In 1876 the population consumed 8.61 gallons of liquor per capita, in 1890 15.53, in 1900 19.48. (Says a Socialist friend over my shoulder, "If you had to live in hell, doubtless you'd rather be drunk than sober.") The fundamental characteristic of the régime under which we live is that it values a man only so far as he is capable of producing wealth, and hence one of the signs of the increasing difficulty of making profits will be increasing recklessness with human life. Our railroads killed 6,136 in 1895, 7,125 in 1899, and 8,588 in 1902; they injured 33,748 in 1895, 44,620 in 1899, and 64,662 in 1902 ("Social Progress, A Year Book"). According to the report of the Interstate Commerce Commission "the number killed in the last quarter of 1903 was more than three times the average killed during the nine preceding quarters." The street railways of New York City alone take one life a day, or one in 10,000 of population a year. People walk about the streets carelessly, and tremble when there is a thunderstorm, yet the street cars kill ten persons in a year for every one the lightning kills in the lifetime of a man. We have killed ten or twenty persons in a hotel collapse in New York, and a thousand in a steamboat fire, also six hundred in a theatre in Chicago—and all for profits. Nobody was punished, or will be, because everybody understands that to stop such things would be to overthrow society. In 1893 the number of miners killed in the United States and Canada was 2.53 per 1,000; in 1902 it was 3.51. The miners in Colorado have just had their union smashed because they struck for better safeguards of their lives. Their mortality was 32 per 1,000 in ten years; that among railroad brakemen is now 32 per thousand in two years—so why should the miners complain?

What Is Going to Happen

And now, as I said, it is only a question of time when this fearful mass of misery, increasing, like the capital of the country, at compound interest every year, will become unendurable. We can end it, of course, when we choose—and it instantly and at one stroke. We can end it just as a man on a railroad track pursued by a train can end his agony by stepping to one side and letting the train go by. When he has once done it, he will mop his brow and wonder why in the world he never thought to do it sooner. We will end it in this case by redistributing the wealth of society, by curing our economic apoplexy, and at the same time we will make sure that the dread disease never recurs, by putting the economic power of the country where the political power is—in the hands of the whole people, to be administered by the whole people, for the good of the whole people. Thus, there being no longer production for profit, but only production for use, every man who wants to work will be able to work, and will receive in return the full money value of his product; every man who does not work will, of course, starve. There will no longer be poverty—at the present state of machinery capacity the wage of the co-operative workman will be about \$2,500 a year for a six-hour day. There will no longer be luxury, for there will no longer be slavery; there will no longer be prostitution for the same reason. There will be almost no more crime, for the cause of crime is injustice. There will be almost no more drunkenness, because the causes of drunkenness are unwholesome food, overwork, unsteady employment, and filthy and repulsive homes. Incidentally also there will be no more armies, no more navies, and no more war.

All over the world, wherever Capitalism has developed, has come Socialism, its shadow. A Socialist is just the same wherever he is—he calls his fellow-worker "comrade," and it matters nothing to him whether the comrade be old or young, rich or poor, male or female, white, black, red, or yellow. It is needless only that he shall have seen the vision of the coming day, when all men shall work shoulder to shoulder at the common task of man, neither seeking to enslave their brothers, nor fearing lest their brothers enslave them. A man who has once seen this is a changed man forever—the world no longer seems the same to him. He knows himself as one step toward the victory, and every new convert he can make is another step. There are no backward steps. Wherever he is, he casts his vote for Socialism, and that vote you can count on forever; also you can count on his spare pennies, on his voice, on his example, day and night, wherever he be. And thus the mighty army marches on to victory, fearing nothing, heeding nothing, never compromising, never bargaining, understanding that between right and wrong, between justice and injustice, there can be no meeting ground, no union, only a battle to the death.

The Socialist movement started in Germany; it had there to face persecution and obloquy, imprisonment and exile, as everywhere else. The following figures show its vote: 1867, 30,000; 1871, 102,000; 1874, 352,000; 1877, 487,000; 1881, 600,000; 1885, 763,000; 1890, 1,427,000; 1893, 1,787,000; 1898, 2,125,000; 1903, 3,008,000. The Socialist vote of Austria is 900,000; of France, the same. In Denmark it is 55,000, in Spain 28,000, in Switzerland 100,000, in England 100,000, in Belgium 300,000. In Japan there is a vigorous movement, and in the Argentine Republic the Socialists have elected their first deputy. In Australia and Italy the labor unions are unreservedly Socialist, and they hold the balance of power.

In the United States there is now a fully organized Socialist party, with a ticket in every State. This party

has 25,000 subscribing members and 1,400 locals; it publishes four monthly magazines and thirty-five weekly and daily papers, one with a subscription list of over a quarter of a million, and increasing over two thousand a week. This party first made nominations in 1888, casting a vote of 2,008. In 1890 its vote rose to 13,331, and in 1892 to 21,157. In 1894 it was 33,133, in 1896, 50,304, and in 1898, 97,749. In 1900 it was 151,109, and in 1902, 285,000. In 1904 its vote will be between 400,000 and 600,000, depending upon the number of the unemployed at the time. In 1906 it will be between two and three million, and within six months after the Presidential election of 1908 the American people will have the Socialist programme in full operation. This will be accomplished, not by the Socialists carrying the election; it will come about because, with twenty or thirty million men out of work, the imminence of revolution will force the step upon whatever party may be in power.

In the sixties we had in this country a political democracy, a government by the popular will; since then the history of this country has been of the overthrowing of this democracy by our industrial aristocracy of cunning and greed. Innocent people supposed that a political democracy and an industrial aristocracy could dwell side by side—but they could not. They are as far opposed as the poles, and between them, wherever they meet, there is instant and deadly war. Democracy is not a code of laws, nor a system of government; it is an attitude of soul. It has its basis in the spiritual nature of man, from which it follows that all men are equal, or if they are not, they must become so. The basis of aristocracy is in the body—in the supremacy of cunning and force. "No matter in what shape it comes," said Lincoln, "whether from the mouth of a king who seeks to bestride the people of his own race and live by the fruit of their labor, or from one race of men as an apology for enslaving another race, it is the same tyrannical principle. It is the same spirit which says, 'You toil and earn bread, and I'll eat it.'"

"A revolution has happened," declared Mr. Lincoln Stephens, in his "Enemies of the Republic." It is a revolution by bribery. "A government of the people, by the people, for the people," has been overthrown, and in its place there has been established "a government of the people, by the rascals, for the rich." The Government of this country to-day is administered and owned by capital. Our Senators in Washington are its paid attorneys, and the aldermen of our cities are its office-boys. It buys individuals with bribes, and others with offices; it buys the parties with campaign funds. It dictates all nominations, it chooses every man for whom the people have a chance to vote. All who will not obey it, it puts out of politics. It put Bryan out, it put Hearst out, and it would have put Roosevelt out if he had not shut up talking tariff reform. It would have put him out anyway if Mr. Hanna had not died, and, of course, he only got in by an accident.

Capital Owns Everything!

Capital—the industrial aristocracy—not only controls our Government—it controls public opinion. It owns the press—every single one of the seven chief daily newspapers of New York, for instance, is the property of a millionaire. It subsidizes the churches, and it maintains the colleges. Just at present it sits enthroned and triumphant in every part of our society. Politically it has brought both parties into entire subjection to it. In the words of Mr. Davis, Democratic candidate for Vice-President, millionaire mine-owner and proprietor of the State of West Virginia: "The platforms of the two parties are identical; both are equally satisfactory to the business interests of the country; the election is merely a matter of persons."

They have only one thing to fear, our masters—and that thing is Socialism. They fear that with a deep and terrible fear. They are using the whole power of public opinion to-day in an effort to keep the people from finding out about it. They have brought press, pulpit, and university into service against it. In Massachusetts they spent a million dollars in the campaign of 1902, and sent over thirty of their best speakers, with Mark Hanna superintending, to try to stamp it out. They have overthrown American institutions in Colorado in an effort to stamp it out. And still it grows—they can not stamp it out. The people have fought their new masters with every weapon they can think of, and they have been out-bribed, out-tricked, out-faced at every turn. The present election marks the completion of their enslavement—they have been sold out, bound hand and foot, and are ready for delivery. They may take their choice between the party of Rockefeller and the Pennsylvania Railroad, and the party of James J. Hill, Pierpont Morgan, and August Belmont, agent of the Rothschilds; and whichever choice they make, they are told, will be "satisfactory to the business interests of the country"—to "those to whom God in His infinite wisdom has intrusted" their care.

So it is that Socialism must spread as the sunlight spreads when once it has begun to glimmer in the east. The American people are now for the first time in a mood to perceive the fundamental fact of the whole problem—the fact that so long as the industrial power of the country is in the hands of a class, that class will rule the country; that there can never again be popular government in America until the industrial power has been taken out of the hands of a class and made the property of the whole people forever.

THE FALLACIES OF SOCIALISM

By WILLIAM G. SUMNER

Professor of Political and Social Science at Yale University

"ALWAYS dig out the major premise," said an experienced teacher of logic and rhetoric. The major premise of Mr. Sinclair is that everybody ought to be happy, and that, if anybody is not so, those who stand near him are under obligations to make him so. He nowhere expresses this. The major premise is always most fallacious when it is suppressed. The statement of the woes of the garment workers is made on the assumption that it carries upon its face some significance. He deduces

from the facts two inferences for which he appeals to common consent: (1) That such a state of things ought not to be allowed to continue forever, and (2) That somehow, somewhere, another "system" must be found. The latter inference is one which the Socialists always affirm, and they seem to be satisfied that it

has some value, both in philosophy and in practical effort. They criticize the "system," by which they mean the social world as it is. They do not perceive that the world of human society is what has resulted from thousands of years of life. It is not a system any more than a man sixty years old is a system. It is a product. To talk of making another system is like talking of making a man of sixty into something else than what his life has made him. As for the inference that some other industrial system must be found, it is

as idle as anything which words can express. It leads to nothing and has no significance. The industrial system has changed often and it will change again. Nobody invented former forms. No one can invent others. It will change according to conditions and interests, just as the guilds and manors changed into modern methods. It is frightful to know of the poverty which some people endure. It is also frightful to know of disease, of physical defects, of accidents which cripple the body and wreck life, and of other ills by which human life is encompassed. Such facts appeal to human sympathy, and call for such help and amelioration as human effort can give. It is senseless to enumerate such facts, simply in order to create a state of mind in the hearer, and then to try to make him assent that "the system ought to be changed." All the hospitals, asylums, almshouses, and other eleemosynary institutions prove that the world is not made right. They prove the existence of people who have not "equal chances" with others. The inmates can not be happy. Generally the institutions also prove the very limited extent to which, with the best intentions and greatest efforts, the more fortunate can do anything to help the matter—that is, to "change the system."

The Philosophy of Happiness

The notion that everybody ought to be happy, and equally happy with all the rest, is the fine flower of the philosophy which has been winning popularity for two hundred years. All the petty demands of natural rights, liberty, equality, etc., are only stepping-stones toward this philosophy, which is really what is wanted. All through human history some have had good fortune and some ill fortune. The ills of life have taken all the joy and strength out of existence, while the fortunate have always been there to show how glorious life might be, and to furnish dreams of bliss to tantalize those who have failed and suffered. So men have constructed in philosophy theories of universal felicity. They tell us that every one has a natural right to be happy, to be comfortable, to have health, to succeed, to have knowledge, family, political power, and all the rest of the things which anybody can have. They put it all on the major premise. Then they say that we all ought to be equal. That proposition abolishes luck. In making propositions we can imply that all ought to have equally good luck, but, inasmuch as there is no way in which we can turn bad luck into good, or misfortune into good fortune, what the proposition means is that, if we can not all have good luck no one shall have it. The unlucky will pull down the lucky. That is all that equality ever can mean. The worst becomes the standard. When we talk of "changing the system," we ought to understand that that means abolishing luck and all the ills of life. We might as well talk of abolishing storms, excessive heat and cold, tornadoes, pestilences, diseases, and other ills. Poverty belongs to the struggle for existence. We are all born into that struggle. The human race began in utter destitution. It had no physical or metaphysical endowment whatever. The existing "system" is the outcome of the efforts of men for thousands of years to work together, so as to win in the struggle for existence. Probably Socialists do not perceive what it means for any man now to turn about and pass his high judgment on the achievements of the human race in the way of civilization, and to propose to change it, by resolution, in about "six years." The result of the long effort has been that we all, in a measure, live above the grade of savages, and that some reach comfort and luxury and mental and moral welfare. Efforts to change the system have not been wanting. They have all led back to savagery.

Mr. Sinclair thinks that the French Revolution issued out in liberty. The French Revolution is open to very many different interpretations and constructions. On the whole, it left essential interests just about where it found them. A million men lost their lives to get Louis de Bourbon off the throne and Napoleon Bonaparte on it, and to make rich nobles of his generals by the spoils of Europe. That is the most definite and indisputable result of the Revolution. Mr. Sinclair also repeats the familiar warning or threat that those who are not competent to win adequate success in the struggle for existence will "rise." They are going to "shoot," unless we let him and his associates redistribute property. It seems that it would be worth while for them to consider that, by their own hypothesis, those who have will possess advantages in "shooting." 1. The possessors will have the guns. 2. They will have the talent on their side because they can pay for it. 3. They can hire an army out of the ranks of their adversaries.

In all this declamation we hear a great deal about votes and political power, "ballots or bullets." Of course, this is another outcome of the political and social philosophy of the last two centuries. Mr. Sinclair says that "Democracy is an attitude of soul." It has its basis in the spiritual nature of man, from which it follows that all men are equal, or that, if they are not, they must become so. Then Democracy is a metaphysical religion or mythology. The age is not friendly to metaphysics or mythology, but it falls under the dominion of these old tyrants in its political philosophy. If anybody wants to put his soul in an attitude, he ought to do it. The "system" allows that liberty, and it is far safer than shooting. It is also permitted to believe that, if men are not equal, they will become so. If we wait a while they will all die, and then they will all be equal, although they certainly will not be so before that.

There are plenty of customs and institutions among us which produce evil results. They need reform. Propositions to that end are reasonable and useful. A few years ago we heard of people who wanted to abolish poverty. They had no plan or scheme by which to do it. In the meantime, people were working day by day to overcome poverty as well as they could, each for himself. The talk about abolishing poverty by some resolution or construction has died out. The "industrial system" is just the organized effort which we are all making to overcome poverty. We do not want to change the system unless we can be convinced that we can make a change which will accomplish that purpose better. Then, he observed, the system will be changed without waiting for any philosophers to propose it. It is being changed every day, just as quickly as any detail in it can be changed so as to defeat poverty better. This is a world in which the rule is, "Rise, hog, or die." It is also a world in which "the longest pole knocks down the most persimmons." It is the popular experience which has formulated these sayings. How can we make them untrue? They contain immense tragedies. Those who believe that the problems of human pain and ill are waiting for a speculative solution in philosophy or ethics can dream of changing the system. To everybody else it must seem worse than a waste of time to wrangle about such a thing. It is not a proposition. It does not furnish either a thesis to be tested or a project to be considered.

I am by no means arguing that "everything is for the best in the best of worlds," even in that part of it where the Stars and Stripes still float. I am, on the contrary, one of those who think that there is a great deal to be dissatisfied about. I may be asked what I think would be a remedy for the distress of the garment workers. I answer candidly that I do not know. That is why I

have come forward with no proposition. My business now is to show how empty and false Mr. Sinclair's proposition is, and how harmful it would be to heed it. He only adds to our trouble and burden by putting forward erroneous ideas and helping to encourage bad thinking. The plan to rise and shoot has no promise of welfare in it for anybody.

Neither is there any practical sense or tangible project behind the suggestion to redistribute property. Some years ago I heard a Socialist orator say that he could get along with any audience except "these measly, mean-spirited workmen, who have saved a few hundred dollars, and built a cottage, with a savings bank mortgage, of which they rent the second story and live in the first. They," said he, "will get up and go out, a benchful at a time, when I begin to talk about rent." If he had been open to instruction from facts, he might have learned much from the conduct of those measly workmen. They will fight far more ferociously for their cottages than the millionaires for their palaces. A redistribution of property means universal war. The final collapse of the French Revolution was due to the proposition to redistribute property. Property is the opposite of poverty. It is our bulwark against want and distress, but also against disease and all other ills, which it holds at a distance, if it can not prevent them. If we weaken the security of property or deprive people of it, we plunge into distress those who now are above it.

Property is the condition of civilization. It is just as essential to the State, to religion, and education, as it is to food and clothing. In the form of capital it is essential to industry, but if capital was not property it would not do its work in industry. If we negative or destroy property we arrest the whole life of civilized society and put men back on the level of beasts. The family depends on property. The two institutions have been correlative throughout the history of civilization. Property is the first interest of man in time and in importance. We can conceive of no time when property was not, and we can conceive of no social growth in which property was not the prime condition. The property interest is also the one which moves all men, including the Socialists, more quickly and deeply than any other. Property is that feature of the existing "industrial system" which would most stubbornly resist change, if it was threatened in its essential character and meaning. There is a disposition now to apologize for property, even while resisting attacks on it. This is wrong. Property ought to be defended on account of its reality and importance, and on account of its rank among the interests of men.

Socialists and Crime

What the Socialists complain of is that we have not yet got the work of civilization all done, and that what has been done does not produce ideal results. The task is a big one. It may even be believed that it is infinite, because what we accomplish often only opens new vistas of trouble. At present we are working on with all the wisdom we have been able to win, and we hope to gain more. If the Socialists could help by reasonable and practical suggestions, their aid would be welcome. When they propose to redistribute property, or to change the industrial system, they only disturb the work and introduce confusion and destruction. When they talk about rising and shooting, as if such acts would not be unreasonable or beyond possibility, they put themselves at the limit of the law, and may, before they know it, become favorers of crime.

Next week Mr. Sinclair, whose article, "The Socialist Party: Its Aims in the Present Campaign," is printed on page 10, will contribute a brief article in reply to these criticisms of Professor Sumner.

THE PRICELESS BALLOT

By BOOTH TARKINGTON, Author of "The Gentleman from Indiana"

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWARD PENFIELD

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A well-known criminal acquaintance of mine

IT IS probable that Mr. Sam Arbaugh, a well-known criminal acquaintance of mine, has never in his life described himself as a politician; he has never been a candidate for any office "within the gift of the people," but for many years his political services to friends have been so continuously important that the gratitude of the elected has provided him with ample if mysterious means of subsistence, the mystery most often taking the form of "contracts" which are mysteries indeed. Mr. Arbaugh's field of labor is submerged; it might be likened to the Great Dismal Swamp; the light of day has not penetrated it, nor has the lamp of investigation ever worried him at his toll. His work is competently done, and it goes on from year to year without danger of interruption, because the sort of people who would interrupt it are not interested enough even to know about it. They are those who say that "it won't do for a gentleman to meddle with politics," or who declare that "politics doesn't pay." It pays Mr. Arbaugh.

He is a large, puffed, red, lambrequin-mustached man.

of a lazy, greasy aspect and slow motions; he uses tobacco, but does not smoke. Habitually silent, he is rarely drunk, and talks little in his cups, though not for discretion's sake, since he has ordinarily no need to be discreet, because all those with whom he associates are either his co-laborers, his patrons, or the materials of his toil. From day to day he rarely holds conversation with a man who, in the eyes of abstract and unaccommodating law, should not, "strictly speaking," be in the penitentiary.

He is, for all his look of idleness and silence, a man of action and power. He is a disburser, a distributor of money and jobs to negroes. In the two wards which form the main negro quarter of a prosperous city, he owns three saloons—dingy, hideous, profitable places, where negroes in favor with Mr. Arbaugh may obtain credit. The philanthropic proprietor, in his capacity of contractor, also hands out jobs to his debtors, by means of which they pay their bills at his saloons. As election day approaches he is always in charge of various amounts of "Campaign Funds," to be distributed at the best market rates. These funds return naturally to his own hands (in the course of the celebration of election-day prosperity) over the saloon counters and through the somewhat barefaced agency of the "crap" games he runs in the rooms over his saloons—innumerable pastimes (much affected by Mr. Arbaugh's clients), untimely interference with which he is in a position to foresee or prevent.

Politics does indeed pay Mr. Arbaugh! He is no blind partisan, no fanatic party worker. No red-fire and speechmaking for this plain man of the people; he marches not in the procession, in fact, he parades himself not at all. In one respect he is like the reformer: he is neither a Republican nor a Democrat. As each campaign gets under way he studies the situation before he makes up his mind which side he is on. Workers of both parties approach him; there is dickering and

persuasion; certain funds and promises are offered; he selects—sometimes after consultation with his lieutenants—those most favorable, and, being a man who takes thought to the future, "stays bought."

If his political convictions have been secured to the Republicans, he ensures that the negroes under his control shall go to the polls and vote. If his leaning is toward the Democrats, he agrees that his negroes shall not go to the polls at all. That is the way it is worked since the introduction of the Australian ballot system. Under that annoying system it is impossible to know what ticket an individual voter has voted unless he tells. If he lies about it—"why, there you are!" In the good old plain highway-robbery days, it was simple enough to ascertain whether or not promised votes had been delivered, but under the Australian system the negro who sells his vote will take all the Democratic money he can get, but if he goes to the polls he votes the Republican ticket, and his purchaser has no means of reprisal, because, naturally, the colored gentleman sticks to it that he has voted the ticket paid for. It follows that the Democrats nowadays pay, in various ways, the great majority of negro vote-sellers to remain away from the polls altogether. It follows that the Republicans must pay them a little more to get them there. In communities such as Mr. Arbaugh infests, nearly all the negroes are "politicians" in some degree; out of thousands all but a few hundreds are naturally drawn toward "free beer," "free cigars," and "free money." Their point of view is not wicked, not immoral, according to their lights, nor does it differ from that of thousands of white men, except to be more excusable. Where have they learned to sell the franchise?

Take the attitude of a colored preacher whom many of his race follow in doctrine and politics, a man perfectly honest as far as his lights go. He was found, by a candidate desiring his influence, engaged in the composition of a sermon, which, out of a modest fear that

his own words might lack eloquence, he was compiling from the works of Henry Ward Beecher.

"Yessuh," he responded, when the candidate had made his request. "I reckon all dat mighty easy goin' to be arrange". Lemme see, if you git 'lected you goin' draw eight-thousand dolluh a year. Well, suh, that ain't goin' cost you much f'm me an' my folks. That man 't wants to be Treashyuh, they tell me, he's goin' make fawty-thousand out' that office. Well, suh, co'se he's needin' us; an' we'll have to cha'ge him his jus' propo'tion. It goin' take him twenty-thous' votes to git 'lected, an' we only goin' cha'ge ouah jus' propo'tion on his fuf' yeah sala'y. We on'y askin' him one-twenty-thousandth of his fawty-thousand fo' each vote, two dolluh a man. It's about sevumty that I look afteh, so he'll have to han' me ovah ouah hundud-an'-fawty dolluh. I got 'er all calculated out, on'y askin' thirty dolluh f'm you, suh."

It is very simple. You are going to make \$40,000 a year. To do this you need twenty thousand votes. I have seventy of these votes, each one deserving its one-twenty-thousandth of your \$40,000, since it does its one-twenty-thousandth of the work of making your \$40,000. Little enough, considering the fact that in your subsequent three years of office you will make \$120,000! You want the money, we want the money. You have to have us to get yours, pay us ours!

Colored Suffrages Easy to Buy

Another colored preacher, a competent and faithful servant, a coachman on weekdays, called upon a candidate during the last campaign with a pathetic complaint. He was about sixty years old, and alluded to himself as a "private boy," meaning that he was engaged in private service.

"I come aroun' to see you, Mist' Rob'son, 'cause I got a kine of a com-plaint to lay befo' you, yessuh, kine of a com-plaint. They's a gre't injustice bein' done in this campaign, an' the privut boys kine of wanted me to come to you an' lay the facts befo' you, 'cause we feel 'em, suh—we feel 'em keenly! You know Mist' H. H. Hill, suh, an' you know I'm his coachman, an' my case is same as all the othuh privut boys'. Mist' Hill's a Republican; mos' the privut boys is all wuckin' fo' Republicans. An' you know Mist' Hill's goin' have me drive him to the polls, an' I got to vote same time he does. Co'se all the privut boys is Republican, an' we all goin' vote Republican. But they ain' no *in'f'us* took in us—that what we all feelin', an' make us see what a gre't injustice bein' done us. Now, you know all them cullud people ovah on othuh side town goin' be paid to go to the polls, ev'y las' one of 'em goin' make somek'n out of it, if tain't on'y but jes' half-a-dolluh. Why, they's men in my chu'ch goin' make as high as th'ee dolluh, an' they own pastuh not gittin' a cent! Privut boys got to vote *anyhow*! Look at it you'se't, suh! Ain't they no injustice in it? I tell you, suh, us privut boys feelin' it mighty keenly. We want to vote an' we goin' to vote, but they ought to be a kine of a dist'ibution 'mong's us—if it on'y no mo'n dolluh 'piece, jes' to show that they ain't no injustice an' that they's a kine of a *in'f'us* took in us!"

A few years ago a very warm municipal campaign was warmest of all in Mr. Arbaugh's two wards. There were business reasons for the heat; certain profitable breweries, wishing to become more profitable, desired to place certain officials in control of the city, and other profitable breweries desired to place other officials in control for the same reason. One syndicate had managed to get its friends on the Republican ticket, the opposing syndicate had placed its friends on the Democratic ticket. The average inactive partisan—if he thought about it at all—supposed that he should vote as usual, to keep his party in power on the old issues. The workers, of course, knew better and knew where the money came from. It happened that the great mass of Republicans who voted the Republican ticket simply because they were Republicans were about equal in number to the great mass of Democrats who voted the Democratic ticket simply because they were Democrats. There remained the negro vote—the balance of power.

It was a noble campaign for Sam Arbaugh; he wavered and flinched a long time, but finally perceived the superior qualifications of the Democratic candidates. Then it was that those two wards became hot indeed; for war was waged upon the boss, undermining was begun fiercely, and the happy colored people swam in beer and could hardly get themselves arrested when they wanted to be. Toward the climax of the fight that was being made to win their suffrages, they had a great meeting in a municipal building to denounce the Southern Disfranchisement of the Colored Voter.

Disfranchising the Negro with Cash

The papers had been black with a Mississippi case of Negro Intimidation, and the colored people of the North were holding indignation meetings everywhere. That in the present instance seemed so picturesque in character and contrast that the writer went to it.

There were six or seven hundred colored people in the big hall, a negro bishop and the orators of the evening, and their friends, occupying the platform. Denunciatory resolutions were voted and a memorial appealing to the President was read and adopted. The speeches followed. They were almost all eloquent, with that passion of forcefulness in delivery which the negro orator has, but one of them was not altogether in the "spirit of the meeting."

This was the last speech of the evening. The orator was a young and well-dressed mulatto whom I had known, years before, in the ward schools. He had worked his way through Harvard, and had begun the establishment of a law practice. His manner was straightforwardly earnest, and his voice so loud and clear that his audience—how easily swayed, that audience!—followed him eagerly from the beginning.

"I am not here," he said, "to belittle your sympathy for our brothers in the South. You denounce the white man of the South for his disfranchisement of our race—

You condemn that white man on this paper, here, on the table. You revile him in your speeches to-night, you curse him in your hearts, you damn him, and you say hell is too good for him. In this the Northern white man sympathizes with you. The Northern white politician makes orations to you and at you in sympathy. The Northern white ladies denounce the South in their literary societies for both the legal and illegal disfranchisement of the negro. The newspapers are with you; the Republican party is with you; the reformers and mugwumps are with you. So far as I can make out, all that is most powerful in the nation believes and weeps with you over the wrongs of our people in the South. We *are* wronged in the South, bitterly, bitterly. But, oh! for the sense to pull out the beam that is in our own eye before we turn to the mote in our neighbor's! Why do you, White Man of the North, seek so far from home for wrongs done to the



"I come aroun' to see you, Mist' Rob'son, 'cause I got a complaint"

negro? Why do you, brothers, Black Men, turn your pitiful gaze Southward to behold disfranchisement? Look at yourselves!

"I'm going to tell you what I mean by that. But I wish I could talk to your white sympathizers as well as to you. I wish I could talk to those Northern white people who have time to worry about the disfranchisement of the colored men in the South. I'd like to ask them some questions! I'd like to ask them what they know of the disfranchisement of the colored men in their own precincts, for instance! Nothing! Who *does* know? The white man who 'controls' the negro vote! He knows, and he doesn't talk to reformers and ladies' clubs, and they don't talk to him. They don't know anything about him. Why, only last week, at a literary society in this town, a lady read a paper on the very subject you've been so indignant about to-night, and she was just as indignant as you are and used just as fine language in her essay as you have in this denunciation, and yet her husband's money has disfranchised more colored voters than the intimidation we've been denouncing.

Priceless Ballots Reduced to Two Dollars

"Brethren, nobody 'intimidates' you here; you have the right of franchise; it was given to you. What have you done with it? I'll tell you what you've done with it: you've let the white man steal it from you. You know this is the truth. You've been robbed and you don't know it. You think you sell your votes, and for a good value, but you don't! I'm not talking to quite all of you. Nobody on earth can buy the old soldiers, or those who were redeemed from slavery, or the thoughtful men among you, thousands and thousands; but you know, and the true friends of the negro know, that, all over the North, wherever the colored vote has counted and been worth while, it has been bought. Now, when you sell your vote, you *lose* it! You are



"But w'cu Mist' Arbaugh come roon' flusterin' a fi' dolluh bill!"

disfranchised! God help us, this is the truth: the Northern negro is more hopelessly disfranchised to-day than his Southern brother. The Southern white man treats him as a child and does not allow him to meddle with politics. I believe in my heart that the Southerner with his intimidation is a better friend to him than the Northerner who corrupts him!

"I said the Northerner stole your franchise. The

white man is cunning, he understands us, he plays upon us. He knows our cupidity, our improvidence, our lack of foresight, our love of the present. He knows that we would rather have a silver dollar and a glass of beer to-day than a good situation next week. And so he buys a priceless thing from us, the franchise. Priceless! And he buys it for two dollars. That is stealing, isn't it?

"Right here in this town, look at what is happening. You don't know it—nine-tenths of you—but you hold the balance of power! Can't I make you see what that means? Whichever way you vote the election goes. You have the say of who runs the city, do you understand? What are you going to do with your say? Let them steal it again—buy it for a song? Don't do it! I hear a lot of talk about 'lifting the race.' How do you expect ever to be regarded as the white man's equal when he can buy you for two dollars? As long as he fools you and plays with you, how can you claim to be his equal? Don't you realize that your vote is priceless?

The Efforts of a Reform Orator

"Oh, brothers, the Emancipation Proclamation threw us upon the world helpless babies, ignorant, blind, to fight our way upward on an equal footing before the law, in competition with the white man. Into our hands was put a weapon of defence, only one, against his superior might and cunning—the ballot. That was all, and we being ignorant of what it was, he stole it from us. Brothers, brothers, take it back into your own hands! Don't you see what it is? Say there are three thousand of you in this town who sell your votes. It costs perhaps eight thousand dollars altogether to get them. Who pays it? Do you think that the men who are elected and their friends pay it? No! It comes from everybody! It comes from you! From the work of your hands! Don't you suppose the price of flour would be lower if your groceryman didn't have to pay so much taxes? Why does he have to? Because the men you put in have had to pay you that two dollars, and take it back, and because the man who stole your franchise will steal other things!

"Oh, if you could only see! Keep the ballot in your own hands, keep it pure! It is priceless, priceless! Don't let the white man steal it. Don't let him fool you! You denounce the Southern white man—denounce the Northern who has betrayed you! You pity our frightened and trembling brothers of the South—pity yourselves! Learn to be equal men. Unsold, untricked, as good and as powerful, with that ballot in your hand, as the finest white gentleman in the land, all Kings under the Republic, the white and the black!"

The orator, whose soaring voice had broken, once or twice, toward the last, with the honesty and keenness of his emotion, concluded and retired to his seat, while his audience cheered the roof off. There was no doubt about it: he had made those people think, and he had roused them to a meaning. Readily moved, they responded magnificently, and when I left the hall, ten minutes later, I was almost the first to go. Twenty impromptu orations were being delivered to as many big groups, and everybody was talking and gesticulating with enthusiasm. As I went out I happened to notice among the most seriously excited an acquaintance, one James Poindexter, a ne'er-do-weel ex-white-washer, now a peripatetic guest at the workhouse. He was not one of the orators; he was, however, the centre of a body of attentive men, and he was talking to them in what might have been called "low, intense tones."

Although many people who had not been present felt the inconsistency, I was not surprised to discover, from the morning papers, that at the conclusion of the meeting called to denounce Southern intimidation the "Colored Men's Northern Purity and Protective League" had been formed; but it was a little astonishing to learn that Mr. James Poindexter had been elected president of the League.

There was much printed about the League and its objects in the local columns during the rest of the campaign, and even Mr. Sam Arbaugh sometimes looked disturbed and irritable. On election day there was an unexpectedly light vote. The Democrats—or, rather, one of the brewing syndicates—had the better of it, and their men went in. The Italians and the buyable vote generally had favored them, while comparatively few negroes had voted. The League was a sore joke to some politicians and a merry one to others. For explanations I sought out Mr. Poindexter, who, it was known, had spent election day, with some sixty friends and brothers of the League, in a sylvan spot far from the political strife and annoyances of the city, out of reach of those too active Republican partisans who might have tempted or forced him and his companions to the polls.

Votes Raised to Five Dollars

"Yessuh," he answered, "dat yalluh man done made a good speech. It sho'ly did set us to doin' a heap o' thinkin'. He say de ballot is p'iceluss, an' we ain't got no right to trade it off fo' no two dolluh. Dass so, boss, dass so! Dat man knowed what he's talkin' about! So, dey ain't nar' one o' my crowd what didn't rise up an' say two dolluh wasn't goin' be wuf no p'iceluss ballot. Dey's a good many o' de League what says dey ain't goin' stay 'way f'm de polls fo' no money, but w'en Mist' Arbaugh come roon', day 'fo' 'lection, flusterin' fi' dolluh bill 'fo' dey eyes an' 'vite 'em to gin-plein in de kentry, one picnic hyuh, nuth' picnic dyah, dey see he talkin' sense! I tell you, boss, dey ain' none on 'em kin go up 'gains' dat Sam Arbaugh!"

Then I went to see the orator. He just managed to keep the tears out of his eyes as he said: "We must keep on trying—those of our race who realize—that's all. A good many even thought I'd been hired to make that speech by the Republican managers! Arbaugh and others of his kind told them so, and you know how readily they believe anything. We must keep on working; it's all there is to do; but the years are long and the work is very slow."

The RETURN of SHERLOCK HOLMES

By A. CONAN DOYLE

Illustrated by Frederic Dorr Steele

THE ADVENTURE OF THE GOLDEN PINCE-NEZ

This is the tenth story of the new Sherlock Holmes series (twelve in all), which began in September, 1903. The preceding Adventures were those of *The Empty House*, *The Norwood Builder*, *The Dancing Men*, *The Solitary Cyclist*, *The Priory School*, *Black Peter*, *Charles Augustus Milverton*, *The Six Napoleons*, and *The Three Students*. "The Adventure of the Missing Three-Quarter" will be published in the Household Number for December, dated November 26.

WHEN I look at the three massive manuscript volumes which contain our work for the year 1894 I confess that it is very difficult for me, out of such a wealth of material, to select the cases which are most interesting in themselves and at the same time conducive to a display of those peculiar powers for which my friend was famous. As I turn over the pages I see my notes upon the repulsive story of the red leech and the terrible death of Crosby the banker. Here also I find an account of the Addleton tragedy and the singular contents of the ancient British barrow. The famous Smith-

Mortimer succession case comes also within this period, and so does the tracking and arrest of Huret, the Boulevard assassin—an exploit which won for Holmes an autograph letter of thanks from the French President and the Order of the Legion of Honor. Each of these would furnish a narrative, but on the whole I am of the opinion that none of them unites so many singular points of interest as the episode of Yoxley Old Place, which includes not only the lamentable death of young Willoughby Smith, but also those subsequent developments which threw so curious a light upon the causes of the crime.

It was a wild, tempestuous night toward the close of November. Holmes and I sat together in silence all the evening, he engaged with a powerful lens deciphering the remains of the original inscription upon a palimpsest, I deep in a recent treatise upon surgery. Outside the wind howled down Baker Street, while the rain beat fiercely against the windows. It was strange there in the very depths of the town, with ten miles of man's handiwork on every side of us, to feel the iron grip of Nature, and to be conscious that to the huge elemental forces all London was no more than the mole hills that dot the fields. I walked to the window and looked out on the deserted street. The occasional lamps gleamed on the expanse of muddy road and shining pavement. A single cab was splashing its way from the Oxford Street end.

"Well, Watson, it's as well we have not to turn out to-night," said Holmes, laying aside his lens and rolling up the palimpsest. "I've done enough for one sitting. It is trying work for the eyes. So far as I can make out it is nothing more exciting than an abbey's accounts dating from the second half of the fifteenth century. Hullo, hullo, hullo, what's this?"

Amid the droning of the wind there had come the stamping of a horse's hoofs, and the long grind of a wheel as it rasped against the curb. The cab which I had seen had pulled up at our door.

"What can he want?" I ejaculated, as a man stepped out of it.

"Want? He wants us. And we, my poor Watson, want overcoats and cravats and goloshes, and every aid that man ever invented to fight the weather. Wait a bit, though! There's the cab off again! There's hope yet. He'd have kept it if he had wanted us to come. Run down, my dear fellow, and open the door, for all virtuous folk have been long in bed."

When the light of the hall lamp fell upon our midnight visitor I had no difficulty in recognizing him. It was young Stanley Hopkins, a promising detective, in whose career Holmes had several times shown a very practical interest.

"Is he in?" he asked rather eagerly.

"Come up, my dear sir," said Holmes's voice from above. "I hope you have no designs upon us on such a night as this."

The detective mounted the stairs, a lamp gleamed upon his shining waterproof. He helped him out of it, while Holmes knocked a blaze out of the logs in the grate.

"Now, my dear Hopkins, draw up and warm your toes," said he. "Here's a cigar, and the doctor has a prescription containing hot water and a lemon, which is good medicine on a night like this. It must be something important which has brought you out in such a gale."

"It is indeed, Mr. Holmes. I've had a bustling afternoon, I promise you. Did you see anything of the Yoxley case in the latest editions?"

"I've seen nothing later than the fifteenth century to-day."

"Well, it was only a paragraph, and all wrong at that, so you have not missed anything. I haven't let the grass grow under my feet. It's down in Kent, seven miles from Chatham and three from the railway line. I was wired for at three-fifteen, reached Yoxley Old Place at five, conducted my investigation, was back at Charing Cross by the last train, and straight to you by cab."

"Which means, I suppose, that you are not quite clear about your case?"

"It means that I can make neither head nor tail of it. So far as I can see it is just as tangled a business as ever I handled, and yet at first it seemed so simple that one couldn't go wrong. There's no motive, Mr. Holmes. That's what bothers me—I can't put my hand on a motive. Here's a man dead—there's no denying that—but so far as I can see no reason on earth why any one should wish him harm."

Holmes lit his cigar and leaned back in his chair.

"Let us hear about it," said he.

"I've got my facts pretty clear," said Stanley Hopkins. "All I want now is to know what they all mean. The story so far as I can make it out is like this: Some years ago this country house, Yoxley Old Place, was taken by an elderly man who gave the name of Professor Coram. He was an invalid, keeping his bed half the time, and the other half hobbling round the house with a stick or being pushed about the grounds by the gardener in a Bath chair. He was well liked by the few neighbors who called upon him, and he has the reputation down there of being a very learned man. His household used to consist of an elderly housekeeper, Mrs. Marker, and of a maid, Susan Tarlton. These have both been with him since his arrival, and they

death this morning in the Professor's study under circumstances which can point only to murder."

The wind howled and screamed at the windows. Holmes and I drew closer to the fire, while the young inspector slowly, and point by point, developed his singular narrative.

"If you were to search all England," said he, "I don't suppose you could find a household more self-contained or free from outside influences. Whole weeks would pass and not one of them go past the garden gate. The Professor was buried in his work and existed for nothing else. Young Smith knew nobody in the neighborhood, and lived very much as his employer did. The two women had nothing to take them from the house. Mortimer, the gardener, who wheels the Bath chair, is an army pensioner, an old Crimean man of excellent character. He does not live in the house, but in a three-roomed cottage at the other end of the garden. Those are the only people that you would find within the grounds of Yoxley Old Place. At the same time the gate of the garden is a hundred yards from the main London-to-Chatham road. It opens with a latch and there is nothing to prevent any one from walking in."

"Now I will give you the evidence of Susan Tarlton, who is the only person who can say anything positive about the matter. It was in the forenoon, between eleven and twelve. She was engaged at the moment in hanging some curtains in the upstairs front bedroom. Professor Coram was still in bed, for when the weather is bad he seldom rises before midday. The housekeeper was busy with some work in the back of the house. Willoughby Smith had been in his bedroom, which he uses as a sitting-room; but the maid heard him at that moment pass along the passage and descend to the study immediately below her. She did not see him, but she says that she could not be mistaken in his quick, firm tread. She did not hear the study door close, but a minute or so later there was a dreadful cry in the room below. It was a wild, hoarse scream, so strange and unnatural that it might have come either from a man or a woman. At the same instant there was a heavy thud which shook the old house, and then all was silence. The maid stood petrified for a moment, and then, recovering her courage, she ran downstairs. The study door was shut and she opened it. Inside, young Mr. Willoughby Smith was stretched upon the floor. At first she could see no injury, but as she tried to raise him she saw that blood was pouring from the under side of his neck. It was pierced by a very small but very deep wound, which had divided the carotid artery. The instrument with which the injury had been inflicted lay upon the carpet beside him. It was one of those small sealing-wax knives to be found on old-fashioned writing tables, with an ivory handle and a stiff blade. It was part of the fittings of the Professor's own desk."

"At first the maid thought that young Smith was already dead, but on pouring some water from the carafe over his forehead he opened his eyes for an instant. 'The Professor—' he murmured. 'It was she.' The maid is prepared to swear that those were the exact words. He tried desperately to say something else, and he held his right hand up in the air. Then he fell back dead."

"In the meantime the housekeeper had also arrived upon the scene, but she was just too late to catch the young man's dying words. Leaving Susan by the body, she hurried to the Professor's room. He was sitting up in bed horribly agitated, for he had heard enough to convince him that something terrible had occurred. Mrs. Marker is prepared to swear that the Professor was still in his night clothes, and indeed it was impossible for him to dress without the help of Mortimer, whose orders were to come at twelve o'clock. The Professor declares that he heard the distant cry, but that he knows nothing more. He can give no explanation of the young man's last words: 'The Professor—it was she'; but imagines that they were the outcome of delirium. He believes that Willoughby Smith had not an enemy in the world, and can give no reason for the crime. His first action was to send Mortimer, the gardener, for the local police. A little later the chief constable sent for me. Nothing



"Now, my dear Hopkins, draw up and warm your toes."

seem to be women of excellent character. The Professor is writing a learned book, and he found it necessary about a year ago to engage a secretary. The first two that he tried were not successes; but the third, Mr. Willoughby Smith, a very young man straight from the university, seems to have been just what his employer wanted. His work consisted in writing all the morning to the Professor's dictation, and he usually spent the evening in hunting up references and passages which bore upon the next day's work. This Willoughby Smith has nothing against him either as a boy at Uppingham or as a young man at Cambridge. I have seen his testimonials, and from the first he was a decent, quiet, hardworking fellow with no weak spot in him at all. And yet this is the lad who has met his

room. He was sitting up in bed horribly agitated, for he had heard enough to convince him that something terrible had occurred. Mrs. Marker is prepared to swear that the Professor was still in his night clothes, and indeed it was impossible for him to dress without the help of Mortimer, whose orders were to come at twelve o'clock. The Professor declares that he heard the distant cry, but that he knows nothing more. He can give no explanation of the young man's last words: 'The Professor—it was she'; but imagines that they were the outcome of delirium. He believes that Willoughby Smith had not an enemy in the world, and can give no reason for the crime. His first action was to send Mortimer, the gardener, for the local police. A little later the chief constable sent for me. Nothing



LITTLE SERMONS IN PEN AND INK.—III

The first of these "little sermons," "The Arms of Work," was published in the Household Number for August; the second, "From the Bartender's Point of View," appeared in the Household Number for September.

THEIR DA



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HTER IN THE CITY

BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

was moved before I got there, and strict orders were given that no one should walk upon the paths leading to the house. It was a splendid chance for putting your theories into practice, Mr. Sherlock Holmes. There was really nothing wanting."

"Except Mr. Sherlock Holmes," said my companion with a somewhat bitter smile. "Well, let us hear about it. What sort of job did you make of it?"

"I must ask you, first, Mr. Holmes, to glance at this rough plan, which will give you a general idea of the position of the Professor's study and the various points of the case. It will help you in following my investigation."

He unfolded the rough chart which I here reproduce, and he laid it across Holmes's knee. I rose, and, standing behind Holmes, studied it over his shoulder.

"It is very rough, of course, and it only deals with the points which seem to me to be essential. All the rest you will see later for yourself. Now, first of all, presuming that the assassin entered the house, how did he or she come in? Undoubtedly by the garden path and the back door, from which there is direct access to the study. Any other way would have been exceedingly complicated. The escape must have also been made along that line, for of the other two exits from the room one was blocked by Susan as she ran downstairs, and the other leads straight to the Professor's bedroom. I therefore directed my attention at once to the garden path, which was saturated with recent rain, and would certainly show any footmarks."

"My examination showed me that I was dealing with a cautious and expert criminal. No footmarks were to be found on the path. There could be no question, however, that some one had passed along the grass border which lines the path, and that he had done so in order to avoid leaving a track. I could not find anything in the nature of a distinct impression, but the grass was trodden down and some one had undoubtedly passed. It could only have been the murderer, since neither the gardener nor any one else had been there that morning, and the rain had only begun during the night."

"One moment," said Holmes. "Where does this path lead to?"

"To the road."

"How long is it?"

"A hundred yards or so."

"At the point where the path passes through the gate you could surely pick up the tracks?"

"Unfortunately the path was tiled at that point."

"Well, on the road itself?"

"No; it was all trodden into mire."

"Tut! tut! Well, then, these tracks upon the grass, were they coming or going?"

"It was impossible to say. There was never any outline."

"A large foot or a small?"

"You could not distinguish."

Holmes gave an ejaculation of impatience.

"It has been pouring rain and blowing a hurricane ever since," said he. "It will be harder to read now than that palimpsest. Well, well, it can't be helped. What did you do, Hopkins, after you had made certain that you had made certain of nothing?"

"I think I made certain of a good deal, Mr. Holmes. I knew that some one had entered the house cautiously from without. I next examined the corridor. It is lined with cocoanut matting and had taken no impression of any kind. This brought me into the study itself. It is a scantily furnished room. The main article is a large writing table with a fixed bureau. This bureau consists of a double column of drawers with a central small cupboard between them. The drawers were open, the cupboard locked. The drawers, it seems, were always open, and nothing of value kept in them. There were some papers of importance in the cupboard, but there were no signs that this had been tampered with, and the Professor assures me that nothing was missing. It is certain that no robbery has been committed."

"I come now to the body of the young man. It was found near the bureau, and just to the left of it, as marked upon that chart. The stab was on the right side of the neck and from behind forward, so that it is almost impossible that it could have been self-inflicted."

"Unless he fell upon the knife," said Holmes.

"Exactly. The idea crossed my mind. But we found the knife some feet away from the body, so that seems impossible. Then, of course, there are the man's own dying words. And finally there was this very important piece of evidence which was found clasped in the dead man's right hand."

From his pocket Stanley Hopkins drew a small paper packet. He unfolded it, and disclosed a golden pincenez, with two broken ends of black silk cord dangling from the end. "Willoughby Smith had excellent sight," he added. "There can be no question that this was snatched from the face or the person of the assassin."

Sherlock Holmes took the glasses into his hand and examined them with the utmost attention and interest. He held them on his nose, endeavored to read through them, went to the window and stared up the street with them, looked at them most minutely in the full light of the lamp, and finally with a chuckle seated himself at the table and wrote a few lines upon a sheet of paper which he tossed across to Stanley Hopkins.

"That's the best I can do for you," said he. "It may prove to be of some use."

The astonished detective read the note aloud. It ran as follows:

"Wanted a woman of good address, attired like a lady. She has a remarkably thick nose, with eyes

which are set close upon either side of it. She has a puckered forehead, a peering expression, and probably rounded shoulders. There are indications that she has had recourse to an optician at least twice during the last few months. As her glasses are of remarkable strength and as opticians are not very numerous, there should be no difficulty in tracing her."

Holmes smiled at the astonishment of Hopkins, which must have been reflected upon my features.

"Surely my deductions are simplicity itself," said he. "It would be difficult to name any articles which afford a finer field for inference than a pair of glasses—espe-



cially so remarkable a pair as these. That they belong to a woman I infer from their delicacy, and also, of course, from the last words of the dying man. As to her being a person of refinement and well dressed, they are, as you perceive, handsomely mounted in solid gold, and it is inconceivable that any one who wore such glasses, could be slatternly in other respects. You will find that the clips are too large for your nose, showing that the lady's nose was very broad at the base. This sort of nose is usually a short and coarse one, but there are a sufficient number of exceptions to prevent me from being dogmatic or from insisting upon this point in my description. My own face is a narrow one, and yet I find that I can not get my eyes into the centre, or near the centre, of these glasses. Therefore, the lady's eyes are set very near to the sides of the nose. You will perceive, Watson, that the glasses are convex and of unusual strength. A lady whose vision has been so extremely contracted all her life is sure to have the physical characteristics of such vision, which are seen in the forehead, the eyelids, and the shoulders."

"Yes," I said, "I can follow each of your arguments. I confess, however, that I am unable to understand how you arrive at the double visit to the optician."

Holmes took the glasses into his hand.

"You will perceive," he said, "that the clips are lined with tiny bands of cork to soften the pressure upon the nose. One of these is discolored and worn to some slight extent; but the other is new. Evidently one has fallen off and been replaced. I should judge that the older of them has not been there more than a few months. They exactly correspond, so I gather that the lady went back to the same establishment for the second."

"By George, it's marvelous!" cried Hopkins in an ecstasy of admiration. "To think that I had all that

"Ah, there I am not in a position to help you. But I suppose you want us to come out to-morrow."

"If it is not asking too much, Mr. Holmes. There's a train from Charing Cross to Chatham at six in the morning, and we should be at Yoxley Old Place between eight and nine."

"Then we shall take it. Your case has certainly some features of great interest, and I shall be delighted to look into it. Well, it's nearly one and we had best get a few hours' sleep. I daresay you can manage all right on the sofa in front of the fire. I'll light my spirit lamp and give you a cup of coffee before we start."

The gale had blown itself out next day, but it was a bitter morning when we started on our journey. We saw the cold winter sun rise over the dreary marshes of the Thames, and the long sullen reaches of the river, which I shall ever associate with our pursuit of the Andaman Islander in the earlier days of our career. After a long and weary journey we alighted at a small station some miles from Chatham. While a horse was being put into a trap at the local inn we snatched a hurried breakfast and so we were all ready for business when we at last arrived at Yoxley Old Place. A constable met us at the garden gate.

"Well, Wilson, any news?"

"No, sir, nothing."

"No reports of any stranger seen?"

"No, sir. Down at the station they are certain that no stranger either came or went yesterday."

"Have you had inquiries made at inns and lodgings?"

"Yes, sir; there is no one that we can not account for."

"Well, it's only a reasonable walk to Chatham. Any one might stay there, or take a train without being observed. That is the garden path of which I spoke, Mr. Holmes. I'll pledge my word there was no mark on it yesterday."

"On which side were the marks on the grass?"

"This side, sir. This narrow margin of grass between the path and the flower bed. I can't see the traces now, but they were clear to me then."

"Yes, yes, some one has passed along," said Holmes, stooping over the grass border. "Our lady must have picked her steps carefully, must she not, since on the one side she would leave a track on the path, and on the other an even clearer one on the soft bed?"

"Yes, sir; she must have been a cool hand."

I saw an intent look pass over Holmes's face.

"You say that she must have come back this way?"

"Yes, sir; there is no other."

"On this strip of grass?"

"Certainly, Mr. Holmes."

"Hum! It was a very remarkable performance—very remarkable. Well, I think we have exhausted the path. Let us go further. This garden door is usually kept open, I suppose. Then this visitor had nothing to do but to walk in. The idea of murder was not in her mind, or she would have provided herself with some sort of weapon, instead of having to pick this knife off the writing table. She advanced along this corridor, leaving no traces upon the cocoanut matting. Then she found herself in this study. How long was she there? We have no means of judging."

"Not more than a few minutes, sir. I forgot to tell you that Mrs. Marker, the housekeeper, had been in there tidying not very long before—about a quarter of an hour, she says."

"Well, that gives us a limit. Our lady enters this room and what does she do? She goes over to the writing table. What for? Not for anything in the drawers. If there had been anything worth her taking it would surely have been locked up. No, it was for something in that wooden bureau. Hullo! What is that scratch upon the face of it? Just hold a match, Watson. Why did you not tell me of this, Hopkins?"

The mark which he was examining began upon the brass work on the right-hand side of the keyhole, and extended for about four inches, where it had scratched the varnish from the surface.

"I noticed it, Mr. Holmes. But you'll always find scratches round a keyhole."

"This is recent, quite recent. See how the brass shines where it is cut. An old scratch would be the same color as the surface. Look at it through my lens. There's the varnish, too, like earth on each side of a furrow. Is Mrs. Marker there?"

A sad-faced, elderly woman came into the room.

"Did you dust this bureau yesterday morning?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you notice this scratch?"

"No, sir; I did not."

"I am sure you did not, for a duster would have swept away these shreds of varnish. Who has the key of this bureau?"

"The Professor keeps it on his watch-chain."

"Is it a simple key?"

"No, sir; it is a Chubb's key."

"Very good, Mrs. Marker, you can go. Now we are making a little progress."

Our lady enters the room, advances to the bureau, and either opens it or tries to do so. While she is thus engaged young Willoughby Smith enters the room. In her hurry to withdraw the key she makes this scratch upon the door. He seizes her, and she, snatching up the nearest object, which happens to be this knife, strikes at him in order to make him let go his hold. The blow is a fatal one. He falls, and she escapes, either with or without the object for which she has come. Is Susan, the maid, there? Could any one have got away through that door after the time that you heard the cry, Susan?"

"No, sir; it is impossible. Before I got down the



"Yes, sir, it is a crushing blow," said the old man

evidence in my hand and never knew it! I had intended, however, to go the round of the London opticians."

"Of course you would. Meanwhile have you anything more to tell us about the case?"

"Nothing, Mr. Holmes. I think that you know as much as I do now—probably more. We have had inquiries made as to any stranger seen on the country roads or at the railway station. We have heard of none. What beats me is the utter want of all object in the crime. Not a ghost of a motive can any one suggest."

stair I'd have seen any one in the passage. Besides, the door never opened, for I would have heard it."

"That settles this exit. Then no doubt the lady went out the way she came. I understand that this other passage leads only to the Professor's room. There is no exit that way?"

"No, sir."

"We shall go down it and make the acquaintance of the Professor. Hullo, Hopkins! this is very important, very important indeed. The Professor's corridor is also lined with coconut matting."

"Well, sir, what of that?"

"Don't you see any bearing upon the case? Well, well, I don't insist upon it. No doubt I am wrong. And yet it seems to me to be suggestive. Come with me and introduce me."

We passed down the passage, which was of the same length as that which led to the garden. At the end was a short flight of steps ending in a door. Our guide knocked, and then ushered us into the bedroom.

It was a very large chamber, lined with innumerable volumes which had overflowed from the shelves and lay in piles in the corners, or were stacked all round at the base of the cases. The bed was in the centre of the room, and in it, propped up with pillows, was the owner of the house. I have seldom seen a more remarkable-looking person. It was a gaunt, aquiline face which was turned toward us, with piercing dark eyes, which lurked in deep hollows under overhanging and tufted brows. His hair and beard were white, save that the latter was curiously stained with yellow around his mouth. A cigarette glowed amid the tangle of white hair, and the air of the room was fetid with stale tobacco smoke. As he held out his hand to Holmes I perceived that it was also stained yellow with nicotine.

"A smoker, Mr. Holmes?" said he, speaking well-chosen English with a curious little miming accent. "Pray take a cigarette. And you, sir! I can recommend them, for I have them especially prepared by Ionides of Alexandria. He sends me a thousand at a

time, and I grieve to say that I have to arrange for a fresh supply every fortnight. Bad, sir, very bad, but an old man has few pleasures. Tobacco and my work—that is all that is left to me."

Holmes had lighted a cigarette, and was shooting little darting glances all over the room.

"Tobacco and my work, but now only tobacco," the old man exclaimed. "Alas! what a fatal interruption! Who could have foreseen such a terrible catastrophe? So estimable a young man! I assure you that after a few months' training he was an admirable assistant. What do you think of the matter, Mr. Holmes?"

"I have not yet made up my mind."

"I shall indeed be indebted to you if you can throw a light where all is so dark to us. To a poor bookworm and invalid like myself such a blow is paralyzing. I seem to have lost the faculty of thought. But you are a man of action—you are a man of affairs. It is part of the every-day routine of your life. You can pre-

(Continued on page 27.)



FIVE LITTLE MEN

By W. A. FRASER

This is the last of the series of six tales dealing with the adventures of Aleck, Teddy, Cyril, Jimmy, and Stewart, five youngsters who devote their entire time and attention to looking for trouble. In this quest they are peculiarly successful. The present tale deals with the pursuit of a wildcat, which ends somewhat unpleasantly for an innocent artist. The previous stories appeared in the June, July, August, September, and October Household Numbers.

VI.—A GAUDY COMBAT

THE day after Si Dorkins had acted as pace-maker to Rastus the Bear in his record run through the streets of Tona, he took stock of his menagerie, that is, of the fragment that remained on Widow McGuire's premises.

The raccoon was gone, utterly; Rastus was, so to speak, in hospital, and Buttons the goat was an invalid—a wreck. Even a wire-haired goat can't mix it up with a bear for several rounds, and present the jaunty, debonaire air that is so attractive, even necessary, in one of his species; a mournful, disconsolate goat would be too depressing, as an exhibit, to draw. The eagle, thanks to his high roost, had entirely escaped harm; the double-headed goose had been clawed by something—the state of his feathers indicating that he had passed through a threshing machine; but it was probably a playful swipe from the bear's long-clawed fist that had uprooted the down.

Abe and Darby, the donkeys, shy, sensitive beasts at best, had had their nerves completely upset by the *shibar* of Rastus. Being chased around a corral for an hour by a mischievous bear would put on edge even a donkey. This was why Darby planted both feet in the stomach of Dorkins when the latter came suddenly behind the little chap without speaking.

Of course, the menagerie would require re-stocking; so its proprietor told the five boys, who were the prime cause of his misfortunes, that if they heard of the capture of any interesting forest animal, and brought him the information, he would give them a quarter; if they brought him a good animal itself, he would increase the reward to a dollar.

It was only three days later that Aleck Graham hurried to Dorkins with the information that John Mills, who lived four miles away, had caught a young wildcat.

Dorkins, realizing that a wildcat would be a distinct acquisition, got aboard of Darby, and rode out to secure the forest feline, promising Aleck a quarter when he had acquired the prize.

Si bought the cat for two dollars, put him in a grain bag, tied it behind his saddle, and started for home, feeling that he had made a very lucky purchase indeed.

The exuberance of the happy deal crept into Si's bones, and with much labor he urged Darby to a trot.

The donkey's staccato pace loosened the bag, and the cat, finding himself rolling about like a boat in an angry sea, buried his sharp claws in Darby's back by way of anchorage.

Si, unaware of the assistance the wildcat was rendering, was agreeably surprised when Darby, with a switch of his mop-ended tail, broke into a hand-gallop.

The new movement of the gallop broke the wildcat's grip, and for a space he was jiggled back and forth from one ribbed slope to the other, his claws slicing in and out the tough skin as he strove for a foothold.

During this time of trial Darby graduated from the mild hand-canter to a strong gallop, and when the cat finally became possessed of the donkey's prominent vertebrae, to which he clung with tooth and nail, the latter fairly ran away, pursuing his course through the main street of Tona, buck-jumping, kicking, and squealing like a loosed cayuse.

Si's eruptive entry to the village brought the citizens to the sidewalk.

"Whatever's come over that Si Dorkins?" the baker queried. "May I be gin-swizzled if I ever see such a critter. The law orter stop such goin's on."

McKinnon, the blacksmith, allowed, in his Scotch way, "that the law couldna deal wi' a daft body."

Some of them pited the donkey, and accused Si of being under the influence of drink; in reality, under the circumstances, neither man nor donkey cared a button for the opinion of their fellow-citizens, but continued their reckless promenade, Darby heading for his home at the Widow McGuire's.

As the racer and his jockey turned the corner by the hotel, Jim Bertram rushed from his butcher shop to the middle of the street to stop the mad brute that was so evidently running away with his owner. This placed Darby somewhat in a quandary. In front was the burly butcher brandishing his big arms like a Dutch windmill, and yelling, "Whoa, there! Whoa, Darby!" while behind were the many spurs of the wildcat's claws solicitously urging him onward.

Darby decided quickly. Nimble of foot as a goat, he scrambled to the sidewalk over a water-trough, and, colliding with some packing boxes, which unseated Dorkins, dodged the butcher, and, relieved of his master's weight, carried the sole rider, the wildcat, down the road at a furious pace.

"What the blazes you got in that bag, Si?" Bertram asked, as he watched the package bouncing up and down on the donkey's back. "What you got, Si," he repeated, "punkins, or what?"

"Punkins nuthin'! It's a dashed fool wildcat," Dorkins growled, rubbing a partially paralyzed elbow.

"Well, I'm dashed! Ha, ha, ha, haw! I say, fellows," Bertram called across the street, "blamed if Si ain't come in with a load of wildcats and got spilled!" and he doubled up in a senseless guffaw, till Dorkins, angered by the unseemly mirth and lack of sympathy, strode away after the fleeing Darby.

The donkey must have kept straight out into the country, for he was not at the gate of his own corral. Half a mile further down the road Si met the lost one quietly trudging back toward his stable. The bag was empty, and the donkey's eyes peered at Si with a plaintive, reproachful look, as though they asked why Dorkins had deserted in the hour of trouble.

Si had armed himself with a sleigh stake, fully in-

tending to explain the deep measure of his resentment to Darby; but the latter's cross-hatched backbone showed that it was not a matter of temper at all, or waywardness, on the part of the donkey, but simply a desire to escape a malignant inquisition.

So Si rubbed some of his own wondrous salve into the cuts, inwardly lamenting the loss of his two-dollar cat. He was still ministering to his steed when Aleck, accompanied by his four companions, turned up, looking for his quarter.

"Did you get him, Si?" Aleck asked, leading up to the question of the matter of payment.

"I sorter did, an' I didn't," Dorkins answered, wiping his ointment-smeared fingers on his red hair.

"Darby here sorter got him mor'n I did, I reckon."

"Did he bite Darby, Si? Poor old Darby!"

"Let's see him, will you, Si—I ain't never seen no wildcat!" Cyril asked.

"Didn't I tell you the darned brute cleared out?" Si answered impatiently. "Guess he's in Thompson's bush down the road thar."

"Can you give me the quarter to-night, Mister Si?" Aleck asked.

"What'd I give you a quarter fer—I ain't got no val' fer the money, hey? Youse'd just best try to git that wildcat fer me an' I'll give you a dollar—darned ef I don't."

Aleck wanted his quarter, saying he had earned it, but Dorkins was obdurate. If they would catch the escaped pussy, or even corner him so that he might be captured, Si would give them a dollar.

The little men went away angry over what they considered the man's injustice. When they told their confidant, Jack Woolley, of the matter, the latter declared that he could catch the cat in two days. Woolley's plan was simplicity itself; a few pieces of raw beef as bait, half a dozen rabbit snares as collateral to the bait, and the cat was as good as caught. The unimportant matter of the animal's choking to death in the snare did not occur to either Woolley or the boys.

The snares—half a dozen cord nooses attached to springy saplings—were set in the river flat, and along the beech and maple woods.

The first morning of the trap harvest the little men gathered in Widow McGuire's blue skye terrier, that they found swinging in snare No. 3. Acting under Jack Woolley's advice they buried him quietly in the soft mud of the river flat, and for three weeks the "Tona Herald" printed his obituary in the shape of an advertisement headed "Stolen," and ending with a reward of two dollars.

Snare No. 6—it was set near a field of wheat stubble—held one of Thompson's turkeys. He, also, was quite dead. The little men gathered in the nooses after this harvest.

Discouraged by the lack of discrimination shown by fool animals that poked their inquisitive noses into snares set for the wildcat, the boys had practically given up the idea of earning Si's dollar when Jack Woolley started them again. He had seen Felix in Thompson's maple bush that very morning as he drove a commercial traveler over to Oaktown, he declared.

So the five boys, taking Stubs Rivers's air gun in the way of defence, started on the hunt. They split into two parties, Aleck and Stubs searching the maple wood, while Tootie and Brownie and Jimmie were assigned the brook flat with its fringe of pine bush.

For an hour Aleck and Stubs threshed through the wood. As they neared the field that the unwise turkey had wandered from, Aleck Graham grasped Stubs by the arm, and, pointing to the edge of the stubbled plain, whispered with subdued excitement: "Sh-h-h! there he is, Ted—that's Si's wildcat—he's diggin' a nest."

"Where, Aleck? Golly, I see him—sure's anythin'!" "Sh-h-h! crouch down," commanded Aleck in a whisper.

Just beyond the fringe of tree-land, perhaps two yards within the field, the boys could see a rim of new gleaming earth, half hiding the frowzy back of an animal that was busily occupied. Ten yards further away a flock of turkeys strutted, and gobbled, and fed.

"Bet you anythin' it's a groun'hog," Stubs suggested.

"No, 'tain't, neither, Ted; groun'hogs sits up every minute to watch, an' that feller's just workin' away like a hen scratchin' fer worms."

"Well, we got to tell Si quick, afore he gets away—ain't we, Aleck? If it wasn't Si's wildcat I'd just shoot him with the gun—bet yer life."

"P'raps he'll hide while we're gone fer Si."

"You stay an' watch him, Aleck, an' I'll run 'n tell Dorkins."

"You watch him, Stubs, will you? I want 'er get a drink of water anyway—I'm awful thirsty."

"Gee whiz! bet yer 'fraid, Aleck—'fraid of that little cat!"

"No, I ain't 'fraid! I'll watch him; you go bring Si."

So Teddy Rivers, leaving the gun with young Graham, pelted down the dusty road as fast as his little legs could carry him.

Aleck watched his chum depart, and then turned his eyes with considerable apprehension upon the delver. Judging from the width of his back, and the shaggy coat of hair, it was a pretty big creature that had thrown out that great mound of flesh-colored earth. The boy had never seen a wildcat, but there was something terrifying in the very name; he had read tales of their tearing dogs all to pieces. Some of the Tona men had come by thrilling experiences at the hands, or rather feet, of these vicious animals while out coon hunting. What if the wildcat should see him, and, angered by his presence, perhaps even starving, attack him?

Then Aleck thought of his thirst, and concluded that he would go back along the road to a little spring, have a drink, and watch for the coming of Si. He could get back to his present position without Stubs or Dorkins seeing him.

Just after Aleck had gone the animal rose up from behind the wall of loose earth, stretched himself, and said: "By Jove! devilish cramped place to paint in! But it's glorious—glorious! That bronze green of the turkeys against the Italian blue of that sky is a dream. By Jove! it's the Granada scheme of color over again. Deuce take those gobblers, they want more corn! Never saw such beasts to eat in my life!"

He stooped down, lifted a soft-crown hat that was half full of golden kernels of corn, scrambled from the hole, and calling "Chook, chook, chook, chook!" sowed the enticing delicacy in the stubble, and then, perched on the side of his trench, lighted a pipe for a few brief puffs. He ran the fingers of both hands through his great mop of hair and looked with critical admiration upon the turkey-dotted canvas that rested on a slender little easel in his trench.

"By Jove! that sky background is great!" he commented. "It was an idea, digging this hole, to get the turks above the horizon. How the Gerome gang would laugh if they saw Rex Stanford sitting in a grave painting turkeys. Jove! must get to work; those hungry brutes have got that corn half eaten now."

Palette in hand, seated on a campstool, his head with its heavy thatch of tawny hair just topping the earth, did look wondrous like an animal.

In a few minutes Aleck reappeared, and behind him came Dorkins and Stubs, and the other three boys.

As they approached Aleck held up his forefinger tragically, and hissed "Sh-h-h!" as though he were warning them not to wake the baby.

"Where's the critter?" Si whispered.

Aleck pointed stealthily at the hairy vision in the edge of the stubble-field. Si nodded, "Reckon, that's him, or else a woodchuck. Like es not he's layin' low fer 'em 'ere turkeys."

They could even see the animal's tail flick the air decisively from time to time. It was really Rex's brush poised in the way of measurement, but at a distance it was obviously the wildcat's tail. The spasmodic appearance of the caudal appendage provoked discussion.

"Don't b'lieve it's never a wildcat 't all," whispered Brownie. "Cause lynxes's got bobtails, same's Jim Bertram's collie."

"Didn't your wildcat have no tail, Si?" queried Aleck.

"He had a sort o' middlin' tail, like; kinder not too long," Si answered, diplomatically covering his limited nature knowledge. "Now youse kids jus' keep still fer a minit, I'm thinkin'." Si pulled his thin red mustache meditatively, his brown eyes narrowed in deep cogitation over a strategic plan of campaign for the capture of the industrious animal.

"Youse fellers lay low," he whispered, "an' jus' watch me nobble him. Don't crack no twigs nor nuthin'—nor hawk in yer throats, see?"

Then Si peeled his coat, and, taking off his boots, whispered: "I'll show youse kids how I uster fight Injuns out in the West."

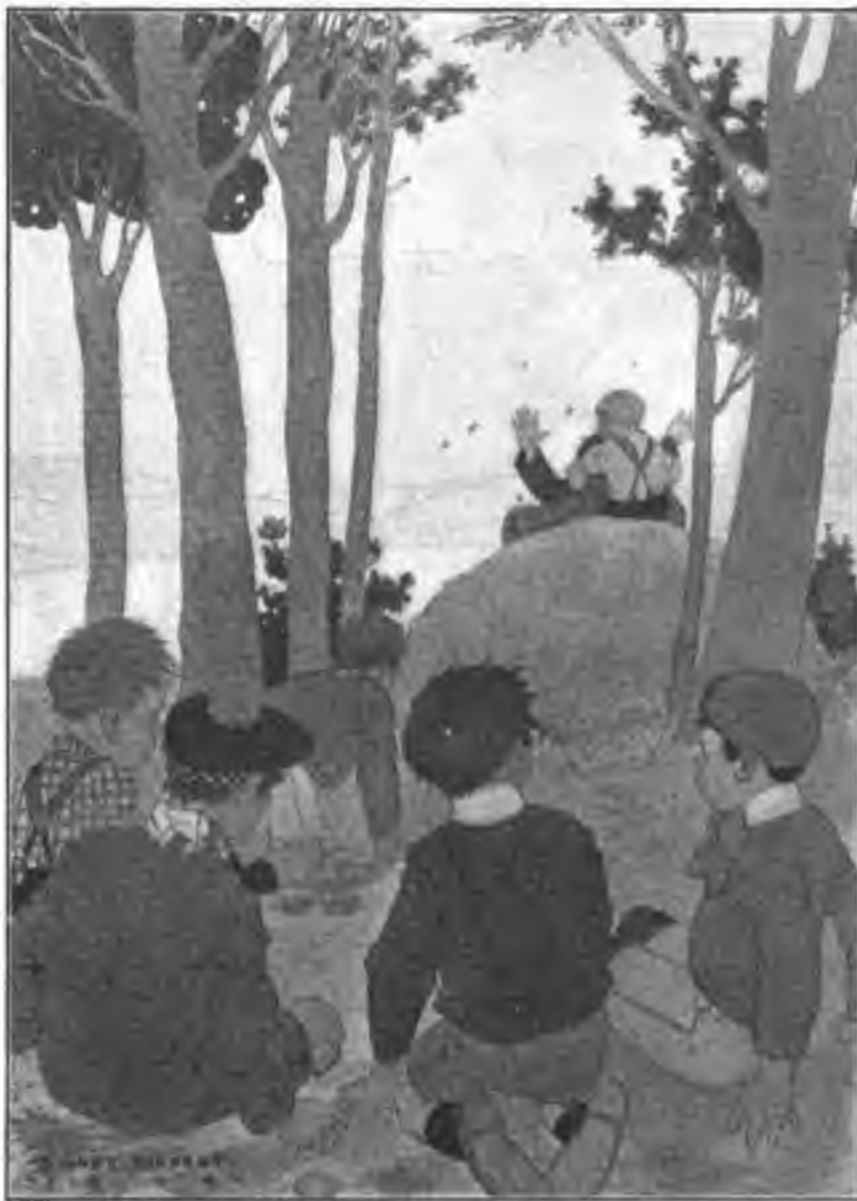
"Did you kill many, Si?" Tootie asked.

"Oh! a good many, sometimes," Dorkins answered as he dropped to all fours, carrying his coat loose on the back of his neck.

"I'll snake up on Mister Cat, an' he'll never know what happened till I bag him." Then away he went.

There was a depression in the leaf-littered earth running parallel to Dorkins's course. Si wriggled into this hollow, and set sail for the impressionist.

"Gee whiz, fellers, ain't Si a reg'lar Injun fighter," Brownie whispered admiringly, as the strategist crawled along on his stomach. "Bet you the cat'll think night's come all to once when Si flips his coat over him."



Dorkins and some huge creature shot up into the air

"Bet you five cents, Brownie, Si won't ketch him. See that, an' that, an' that—" and Aleck pointed to some dry maple leaves, pale gold in the sunlight, that frisked gayly toward the furred excavator.

"What's leaves got to do with it, Aleck?" Stubs asked.

"Tain't the leaves—they jus' shows how the wind's blowin'; an' it's blowin' straight 'gainst the wildcat, an' he'll smell Si, an' get 'fraid an' run away."

"Say, Aleck, that's so. An' Si smells strong anyway; guess he smells like that 'cause he feeds Buttons—goats is awful to make your clothes smell."

The little men sat and watched with feverish interest the forest drama. They trembled with excitement. Si was a paleface trapper crawling like a serpent upon an Indian brave. In his own vocabulary Aleck conjectured the scene.

Now Dorkins was at the earth bank. From his position, flat to earth, he could not see the industrious little animal on the other side, but there was his guiding mark, a clod of sod, and exactly beyond this he had last seen the animal's back.

"See, fellers," Aleck whispered, grasping Stubs by the arm, "Si's listenin'; see how he's got his ear cocked. That's the way Injun fighters do when they can't see."

"The wildcat's so busy he ain't heard Si yet," Tootie advised.

"Bet you it's only a woodchuck, an' we won't get no dollar," Stubs growled. "Si'll skin him an' won't give us nothin'."

The lads saw Dorkins raise the coat cautiously from his neck, draw himself to his knees with his head still down, then, with the apparel spread like a butterfly net, make a spring and lasso the little animal that had been digging so blithely.

To the boys' astonishment both Dorkins and the animal suddenly disappeared most utterly from view. In truth, Si had fallen into the hole on top of the astonished artist.

As the boys started on the run, Dorkins and some huge creature shot up into the air with eruptive force. The turkeys, startled by the sudden turmoil, gobbled warningly to each other and took to flight.

"It's a bear—Si's caught a bear!" Aleck yelled. "Let's go an' help ketch him."

But the next instant Dorkins and his catch had disappeared from view again—they had fallen back into the trench in their struggle.

Rex thought he was being kidnapped by tramps—for his head was enveloped in the coat—and Si, close-hugged in a strong embrace, was convinced he had inadvertently netted a bear.

Rex had always been prolific of paint on his palette—adding fresh dabs of Prussian blue, and yellow ochre, and vermilion to their individual mounds, and now the pigment-laden thing, resting on the artist's thumb, joined cheerfully in the *melee*, casting a cobalt sky athwart Si's forehead one minute, and the next leaving a gory vermilion rivulet down the cheek and shirt-front of Rex. Si's red hair was spotted like a leopard's skin with rosettes of bitumen and ivory black, his left eye was plugged with yellow ochre, the flake white gleamed like pearl buttons at irregular intervals on Rex's velvet coat; in fact, the palette was entirely robbed of the oils which he had intended for the turkey-spotted canvas.

Si's right hand had assimilated the light red—all but the little finger, which had struck a bright glaring note in the lemon chrome; so when Dorkins clutched the face of the desperado or animal, or whatever it was that gripped him, he left there all the caste marks of the Hindoo pantheon.

The architectural construction of the art-trench had been designed for one; so when two men fell into it they wedged somewhat, and what with the clinging coat, and the not-to-be-disengaged palette, matters were more or less congested. In fact, when the boys appeared on the scene and peched around the rim of the excavation like mourners at a graveside, both Si and the artist were effectually trapped—they were hampered to immobility.

"Si's caught a tramp!—'tain't a bear at all," Tootie exclaimed.

"Gee whiz! he's all blood. Si's killin' him!" said Stubs.

"The tramp's killin' Si," Aleck added, led to this conclusion by the voice of Dorkins that was calling for help.

"Pelt him with stones, fellers," Tootie suggested, and let drive a clump of sod, adding: "Here, you tramp! jus' let go of Si, or we'll make you!" And like terriers the little chaps swarmed loyally down into the hole to succor Dorkins, and, incidentally, become constituent parts of the color scheme originated by the irresponsible palette.

Probably somebody would have been smothered in the trench had not the artist's head become disengaged from the coat, when, in spite of its mural decoration, his face was recognized by the boys.

"Tain't a tramp, fellers," Aleck panted. "It's the painter what boards at Wilson's an' made a picture of your cow, Stubs."

"Golly! that's so," declared Brownie, and then: "Say, mister, let go of Si—we thought you was a wildcat, an' Si he tried to ketch you with his coat."

The little man's explanation, lucid in the extreme, caused the combatants to disentangle themselves from each other, and clamber from the narrow holding of the pit. And when the two stood dejectedly in the stubble, with the autumn sunlight enhancing the color scheme of their piebald appearance, the boys laughed and rolled on the earth. A stork would have grinned at least, had he seen the party-colored couple.

"I suppose this is what you are pleased to call a village trick—a touch of rustic humor, by Jove!" Rex said sarcastically, as he dug the rose madder from beneath his rolling collar. "Perhaps you'll think it less funny when you have to pay for a picture you've ruined, and which is worth—well, two hundred dollars, at least."

"I ain't touched no dang pictur'," Dorkins growled, drawing his sleeve across his mustache, leaving a viridian green trail along his cheek.

"What's this?" and Rex held up a shattered canvas through which Si's cowhide boot had torn an envious rent. "And what's that there?" he continued, tapping Si's chest, whereon two smudged turkeys had been transplanted from the canvas to the white cotton shirt.

"Is that a pictur?" Si queried, not knowing what else to say. "Say, I didn't know there was any feller here makin' pictur's. These 'ere kids they tells me as 'ow a wildcat I lost was diggin' here, an' I sorter sneaked up behind that clay bank meanin' to ketch him with the coat. I guess the coat's purty nigh spoiled with that paint, mister—we're about quits, ain't we?"

Rex looked in hopeless despair upon the gaudily decorated utilitarian who claimed a saw-off in damages on the basis of equal value between his old, sun-faded tweed coat, and an inspired masterpiece, painted on the spot.

But it was impossible to look hurt or dignified or angry or anything else, spangled with Prussian blue and blood-red, like an Indian war pany, as Rex was, so with a sigh he gathered up the remnant of his art outfit and strode off to the village.

"Gee! wasn't he funny?" Tootie snickered.

"He ain't half 's funny 's Si," Stubs declared.

Si was in a bad temper, throwing the blame of the whole misfortune upon the boys; indeed, his appearance as he became angry was so fierce that the lads followed in the way of Rex and made for home.



READINGS AND REFLECTIONS

By NORMAN HAPGOOD

Lee, Grant, and Lincoln

EVERY side should have a hearing. My opinion of belittling Lincoln as a mode of conciliating South and North has been expressed. One of the editors of the book in question writes as follows:

"VIRGINIA FEMALE INSTITUTE, SEABOARD, VA., OCT. 5, 1904.
"NORMAN HAPGOOD, ESQ., New York.
"Dear Sir: I have seen your notice of Dr. Minor's book, 'The Real Lincoln,' in COLLIER'S WEEKLY of September 24, entitled 'A Book to Roast.' You say, 'Try to fancy a thinner pretext than harmonizing the sections by belittling Lincoln.' 'As I (one of the editors) am responsible for that paragraph of the introduction which called forth this remark, permit me a word of reply."

"Speaking as one who took a very earnest part in the struggle between the sections in the sixties, I know nothing that could make me so kindly disposed toward the conquering section as the fact (if fact it be, as Dr. Minor tries to show, and I think does show) that the North and West (I mean, of course, a majority of them) did not sympathize with Lincoln's two great policies, viz., coercion and emancipation, but were forced into them. The just resentment I most feel toward the perpetrators of the wrong must then be directed toward Lincoln and his supporters who ruled the United States by military force."

"A general recognition throughout the country of the facts proved in Dr. Minor's book might well bring about a real reunion of the sections, instead of the present status, which can not be that of a really reunited Union, so long as people go on believing the story that has spread so widely—that one side carried fire and sword into the homes of the other as a punishment they believed the sufferer well deserved." Sincerely yours,
"BERKELEY MINOR."

It is absurd to pretend that Lincoln coerced the North. He carefully followed it, holding off on the first military steps, on emancipation, on the enlistment of Southern troops, until circumstances and public opinion led up to them, he being the first, always, to understand Southern needs and feelings, and to wish for peace without punishment. Had he lived, the evils of reconstruction would have been comparatively slight.

A life of the greatest figure on the Southern side has just been published—"The Letters and Recollections of General Robert E. Lee." It is a noble figure that we see, one to inspire the devotion which all of Dixie felt. The contrast between the Northern and the Southern commander was acute. One was merely the soldier—taciturn, uncultivated, generous, without grace. In the other high-bred, delicate, and noble feelings spoke in delicate and noble wise. There is no more salient impression of Grant than the one left by J. R. Green:

"General Grant, who shook hands and said, 'My Green,' in a dry voice, and said no more! You know the story of Moltke and the young subaltern who found himself put by error into the same compartment with the Field Marshal. 'Pardon, sir,' said the subaltern when he entered, and 'Pardon, sir!' when the train stopped and he could at last retire. 'What an insufferable prater!' said Moltke. I think Grant seems to almost rival the man who can be silent in eleven languages. By the bye, Stanley talked of his 'laying down the sceptre,' which I thought hardly a Republican phrase, but Lord O'Hagan, to whom I repeated it, said, 'He must have laid down something; he had no crown to lay down, and he certainly wouldn't lay down his pipe!'"

"Grant is a short, square, bourgeois-looking man, rather like a shy

but honest draper. Still he could take a look of dignity when one was 'presented,' and I didn't forget that he had been a ruler of men."

General Lee was the complete opposite of Grant. He is loved, by informed Northerners, as well as by Southerners, with a warmth that General Grant's rugged nature seldom gained. Captain Lee's book strikes one as being not less honest than appreciative. In many little ways, and some large ones, Lee is reminiscent of Washington. Whatever any may think of his wisdom, when he threw in his lot with a cause which he believed mistaken, nobody can doubt the intense humanity which steered his course.

"Now we are in a state of war which will yield to nothing. The whole South is in a state of revolution, into which Virginia, after a long struggle, has been drawn; and though I

recognize no necessity for this state of things, and would have forborne and pleaded to the end for redress of grievances, real or supposed, yet in my own person I had to meet the question whether I should take part against my native State."

"With all my devotion to the Union, and the feeling of loyalty and duty of an American citizen, I have not been able to make up my mind to raise my hand against my relatives, my children, my home."

The Negro's Plea

GENERAL LEE, after the war, foresaw the sufferings which lay before the South. He counseled silence, patience, forbearance, avoidance of rancor and controversy. Even when he criticized, it was with justice and moderation. "President Johnson's policy," he says, "seems to me to be that which, if

pursued, would be most likely to contribute to the consolidation of the country; but I am both surprised and pained to find how little power the Executive has against so strong a faction as the Radicals, who, while they claim to represent the North, do, in fact, but misrepresent the country." These words would be as true about the Southern question to-day as they were in Sixty-six. From the most intelligent editorial page in New England, that of the "Springfield Republican," a paper inferior editorially to none in America, I clip the statement that this will not be an enlightened country "so long as jim-crow cars and this new Vardamanism exist, or there remains a vestige of race or color prejudice and injustice in all the land." Such exaggeration is more ineradicable in New England than in any other region. Vardamanism is one thing. Liberal and intelligent Southerners do not defend it. To treat every vestige of race prejudice as barbaric is even less wise than to say that a country will never be enlightened as long as there is a trace of injustice in all the land.

The most pathetic appeals which we receive from the unrealistic, sentimental side—the side which is the opposite in spirit from Booker T. Washington—come from negroes. Among them is one from Gustave B. Aldrich, a negro attorney in Tacoma, Washington:

"I am not quite able [he says] to understand your viewpoint, though I appreciate your effort to be just and fair. Our protest is not directed to your honesty of purpose, but rather to a species of mental astigmatism, if I may so designate your apparent state of mind, with regard to your criticisms upon the President's course toward the South and the negro. Being a negro myself, it is possible that I view the matter from a prejudiced standpoint, but it does appear to me that your strictures upon the President are not justified. If I understand your position, you consider that while race prejudice in its manifestations in this country between whites and blacks is to be deplored, still you hold that such prejudice being established should be dealt with as a fact, and that appointing powers should take cognizance thereof, so as not to arouse antagonism."

The statement of our position is moderate and fair.

"You fail to consider [Mr. Aldrich goes on] the permanent nature of the injury to both whites and blacks by the very existence of this prejudice, and to suggest to the Southern whites the possibility that a negro has feelings, as they have, and natural rights. In one issue, adverting to the super-sensitiveness of our Southern people, you speak of praising Booker T."

THE LITTLE AND THE LARGE

By MAURICE SMILEY

WHO shall affront the mountains? Who deride
The columbine? Come hither, pygmy man,
And learn thy nothingness. Thy vaunted span
Takes not one hand-breadth from these peaks:
These calm retreating flowers outlive thee age.
On age, thy puny wars, thy tiny rifles,
Are but one random idle lead that fell
In last night's canyon storm. Thou thinkest earth
Doth hate its breath to watch thee battle; that
The little ripple thou dost make doth fret
The farther shore. But in these vast retreats
Thy loudest din is but the breathing of the pines;
Thy clash and clangor but one rephyr faint
That stirs the smallest blossom on the rim
Of these cool mountain dreams. Peace! Peace, oh man!
For when the curtain falls upon thy little scene,
And when the rusted thing thy hand hath made
Shall be the liner of a child's play-hour,
These peaks shall rear their verdured heads in God's
Fair sky as far the ages gone; these flowers
Shall blossom on and on, to shame thy hate
With their sweet oneness with the Mighty Plan.
Oh would I dwell within the shadow e'er
Of these great fingers of Thy law, oh God!
They point to things not taught in cities' lore;
They turn the leaves not read in marts and towns.
So shall Thy Greatness teach me Littleness—
The Little teach the Large.



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"The anti-Addicks people have made their old mistake," said Chairman Saulsbury of the Democratic State Committee. "They're trying to fight Addicks without fighting Addicksism." Other Democrats declared that before election time Mr. Lea, the compromise candidate, would be so completely enmeshed in the toils of the Unionists that he would be practically an Addicks man. The stalwart Regulars were inclined to this view also. To the unprejudiced observer there seems to be insufficient basis for such a theory. Mr. Lea is a man of character and integrity. His one act, thus far, has been an announcement of his independence. It will be quite time enough to describe him as an Addicks tool when he has shown himself amenable to Addicks methods. However, enough Regulars regard the compromise as a surrender to make the election of Mr. Lea's opponent, Caleb S. Penniwell of Dover, a good deal more than a possibility. Mr. Penniwell is not a politician. Like the Republican nominee, he is a banker. There is nothing in his character or his record repellent to the anti-Addicks Republicans, and while many of those who are now denouncing the compromise ticket will be drawn back within the party lines, enough of them may turn to the Democratic candidate to elect him. Should Dr. Chandler persevere in his determination to run on a third ticket, the likelihood of Democratic success will be greatly increased. A Republican victory would be set down to the credit of Addicks. Yet, from the present outlook, he can not control enough legislators in the coming Legislature to elect him to the Senate. One of his chief adherents said to me last week: "Mr. Addicks is further from the Senate than he was two years ago."

Suppose the Republican State ticket loses—can President Roosevelt pull through? Had he kept his hands off, the answer would be that the chances were distinctly in his favor. But Delaware, as the President's closest friends sorrowfully admit, has been one of his blunders. At first he was enthusiastic for the anti-Addicks people, and openly promised his support. Then, when the Union Republicans polled a larger vote than the Regulars in 1902, Mr. Roosevelt told the defeated faction, with what they regard as cynical frankness, that the patronage would have to go to the side having the majority. The next day he appointed as United States District Attorney William M. Byrne, a man particularly obnoxious to the anti-Addicks people, because he had deserted them to join the Addicks forces at the height of the battle. Shortly after this appointment the President was quoted, on apparently reliable authority, as saying that he had been deceived in the Addicks people, that the Regulars represented decency and honor in Delaware, and that he would do what he could for them. Yet in a little while again he purposed to deal the Regulars a severe blow by giving an appointment which should have gone to them to a Democrat, and he was dissuaded only by intervention from a very unexpected quarter. On the whole, the President seems to have leaned to the Addicks rather than to the anti-Addicks faction.

The Regulars are, therefore, openly resentful toward Mr. Roosevelt. They believe that he is aiding to turn their State over to Addicks. They denounce him for not setting what they consider a question of morals above expediency. Their position is, "Better a Democratic than an Addicks victory." Not a few of the leaders frankly say that they will not vote for Roosevelt. Some will vote for Parker, but more, perhaps, will refrain from voting the national ticket at all.

And now, at the last, a word for Delaware. For years the little State has been an object of scorn and contempt; a byword for corruption in the public press. There is something to be said on the other side. Delaware is a poor State. Bribes such as Addicks showers broadcast mean a great deal to the average inhabitant. It costs but 42,000 votes; \$150,000 to \$200,000 in an election, expended with a view to getting a majority of that small number of men, makes a potent argument to the weak conscience. That the briber should have failed, though so narrowly, of his goal, is surely to the credit of the Delawareans. It may be true that one finds a greater proportion of suffrages for sale in Delaware than in any other State. But in the last ditch the forces of decency have still been able to make a stand; at the last extremity they have fought the good fight. And what other commonwealth has been so canvassed with the lure of easy rewards for dishonor? If a like financial temptation were dangled before the eyes of every suspected voter within her borders, dare New York, for instance, boast that she would have come from the test with more honor? Would Vermont? Would Illinois? Would Alabama? Would Colorado? Would Oregon? We may fairly doubt it.

□ □

VII.—MARYLAND and KENTUCKY: WHERE TRADITION RULES

IN most essentials the situation in Maryland and Kentucky is alike. Both States, despite an occasional lapse into the Republican column, are pretty well committed to the Democracy. Neither is electing a State ticket this year. Both have a negro problem and are seeking to solve it by practical disfranchisement of the negro. Maryland the more openly of the two. Your border Southerner is likely to be a creature of tradition. Unless under some special impulse in the opposite direction, he votes as his father and grandfather voted before him, and on principles very much the same. The forebears of the ruling element in Maryland and Kentucky

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him make a better one, and he's ordered a good dish of cutlets for his lunch. I'm surprised myself, for since I came into that room yesterday and saw young Mr. Smith lying there on the floor I couldn't bear to look at food. Well, it takes all sorts to make a world, and the Professor hasn't let it take his appetite away.

We jostled the morning away in the garden. Stanley Hopkins had gone down to the village to look into some rumors of a strange woman who had been seen by some children on the Chatham road the previous morning. As to my friend, all his usual energy seemed to have deserted him. I had never known him handle a case in such a half-hearted fashion. Even the news brought back by Hopkins, that he had found the children, and that they had undoubtedly seen a woman exactly corresponding with Holmes's description, and wearing either spectacles or eyeglasses, failed to rouse any sign of keen interest. He was more attentive when Scanlon, who waited upon us at lunch, volunteered the information that she believed Mr. Smith had been out for a walk yesterday morning, and that he had returned only half an hour before the tragedy occurred. I could not myself see the bearing of this incident, but I clearly perceived that Holmes was weaving it into the general scheme which he had formed in his brain. Suddenly he sprang from his chair and glanced at his watch. "Two o'clock, gentlemen," said he. "We must go up and have a look with our friend the Professor."

The old man had just finished his lunch, and certainly his empty dish bore evidence to the good appetite with which his house-keeper had credited him. He was indeed a weird figure, as he turned his white mane and his glowing eyes toward us. The eternal cigarette smoldered in his mouth. He had dressed himself and was seated in an armchair by the fire.

"Well, Mr. Holmes, have you solved this mystery yet?" He showed the large tin of cigarettes, which stood on a table beside him, toward my companion. Holmes stretched out his hand at the same moment, and between them they tipped the box over the edge. For a minute or two we were all on



The Professor was seized by the fire

our knees retrieving stray cigarettes from impossible places. When we rose again I observed that Holmes's eyes were shining, and his cheeks tinged with color. Only at a crisis have I seen those battle signals flying.

"Yes," said he, "I have solved it." Stanley Hopkins and I stared in amazement. Something like a spear quivered over the gaunt features of the old Professor.

"Indeed! In the garden?"
 "No, here."
 "Here? When?"
 "This instant."

"You are surely joking, Mr. Sherlock Holmes. You compel me to tell you that this is too serious a matter to be treated in such a fashion."

"I have forged and tested every link of my chain, Professor Coram, and I am sure that it is sound. What your motives are, or what exact part you play in this strange business, I am not yet able to say. In a few minutes I shall probably hear it from your own lips. Meanwhile I will reconstruct what is past for your benefit, so that you may know the information which I still require."

"A lady yesterday entered your study. She came with the intention of possessing herself of certain documents which were in your bureau. She had a key of her own. I have had an opportunity of examining yours and I do not find that slight discoloration which the scratch made upon the varnish would have produced. You were not an accessory, therefore, and she came, so far as I can read the evidence, without your knowledge, to rob you."

The Professor blew a cloud from his lips. "This is most interesting and instructive," said he. "Have you no more to add? Surely, having traced this lady so far, you can also say what has become of her?"

"I will endeavor to do so. In the first place, she was seized by your secretary and stabbed him in order to escape. This catastrophe I am inclined to regard as an unhappy incident, for I am convinced that the lady had no intention of inducing an grievous injury. An assassin does not come unarmed. Horrified by what she had done, she rushed wildly away from the scene of the tragedy. Unfortunately for her, she had lost her glasses in the scuffle, and as she was extremely short-sighted she was really helpless without them. She ran down a corridor which she imagined to be that by which she had come—both were lined with coarset matting, and it was only when it was too late that she understood that she had taken the wrong passage, and that her retreat was cut

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Frederick Palmer's Description and Forty Photographs of the Battle of Liao-Yang, in this Number

Collier's

NOVEMBER 5, 1904





A
NEW ERA
OF
PROGRESS

SEE OPPOSITE PAGE

Whither?

SEE OPPOSITE PAGE

Collier's Advertiser for November 5 1904

How are we going to vote this year?

That is the question!

Twelve years ago, a good many of us who had been voting the Republican ticket, thought we would try a change.

Business was good in 1892, just as it is now, and there was no especial reason why we should have altered our vote. But we felt that we had been voting one way for a long while, and we thought we would try a change.

And then the Democrats told us if we would put them in power they would make us even more prosperous than we were. They had ideas about the tariff. They told us, if we would let them reduce the tariff upon imports the result would be that we would not have to pay so much money for the goods we bought.

The proposition sounded promising; so, when Election Day came around, we said, "We'll just give the old Democratic Party a chance, and see how its ideas will work out."

It was not like the time when some of us voted against Blaine. There was a principle in that. This time we voted just for a change, and we gave the Democrats a clear field. We gave them the Presidency, and we gave them the Senate, and we gave them the House of Representatives, so that they could do just as they pleased.

Well, it was their chance. They had four years of it—and the record of those four years is something more than a campaign statement.

Every living man who voted at that election remembers what happened after it was over and the Democratic Party was placed in power. He remembers how the whole country went to ruin. How business houses failed; how manufactories shut down; how banks burst like bubbles; how working men earned no wages, and how those who held investments drew no dividends. He remembers how a good many honest men fed their families from the charity of the soup-kitchens instead of from the family market-basket, and all the other dreadful things that happened to us.

The Democrats told us it wasn't their fault. But the fact remains that we paid a mighty high price for our fancy voting. And now the question is, Shall we try it again?

So how are we going to vote this year?

Shall We Risk Disaster?

This year money is easy and business is brisk; there is plenty of work to do and good wages to earn. But here is the Democratic Party asking us to put it into power again.

Well, are we going to risk another four years of disaster like those of 1892-'96?

It is the same Democratic Party now that it was twelve years ago; it has the same policy it had then, and pretty much the same set of men are at the head of it.

Shall we risk trying them again as we did in 1892?

Judging from what their leaders say, they still itch to tinker with the tariff, but on other subjects they don't seem to know their own mind. Their candidate says he believes in gold money, and their leaders say that they too have a change of heart upon that question. But we observe that the party managers have asked Mr. Bryan to solicit votes for them from the stump. Has he also had a change of heart? Or why is he, a silver man, canvassing for a gold party? Or is it a silver party after all—only just with a gold plated head? We all know what the Republican Party stands for, but what is the Democratic Party for, anyhow?

The fact is, it's just the same old Democratic Party it always was, and there you have it in a nutshell.

Well, are we going to put it into power again?

Then the question is, how are we going to vote this year?

Upon the Threshold of a Splendid Destiny

Now every true American believes in his heart that this nation is destined to fulfill some high and magnificent future in the world of mankind. That is the root of our National pride. That was why our people fought to save the Union.

To-day we stand upon the threshold of a splendid destiny.

We have grown to be the greatest and the strongest and the most enlightened nation upon the earth. Not only are we rich beyond all former dreams of wealth, and powerful beyond all former dreams of power, but we are shaping the destiny of the world, and are teaching all the world the virtue of freedom and of peace and of self-government.

But the Democratic Party tells us that this is all wrong. It says that we would better mind our own business and stay quietly at home. It says that we have no concern with the affairs of the outside world. It tells us that if the common people of other lands are poor and miserable and oppressed, it is not our concern to extend the empire of liberty and prosperity and peace so as to reach them. It tells us that if harm is done to poor and helpless laboring folk in the world that

lies beyond the limits of the United States, it is not for us to interfere, even if we are strong and rich and great and powerful and well able to do so. It says that we are getting to be too Imperialistic.

Well, are we Americans really agreed to that? Are we willing just to be quiet and to stay at home and to eat and grow fat inside of our own fences like pigs in an orchard?

And then the Democratic Party tells us that we—the richest nation upon the earth—are spending too much money upon our improvements. It complains of extravagance because we undertake to irrigate the Western deserts so as to make them fruitful; because we build battle-ships to patrol the seas so that our national peace may be preserved; because we deliver mail to the farmers; because we bought the right to build the Panama Canal, and so forth and so forth. They even complain because we pension our veteran soldiers who gave four of the best years of their lives to the preservation of the nation, and who are now growing old among us. All these and other useful things, they say, cost too much money, and we had better let them be.

In short, the Democratic Party tells us that we are all wrong; and it says if we will vote it into power its leaders will change everything for us.

Well, we voted the Democrats into power in 1892, and they changed everything for us with a vengeance—shall we try them again?

So now the question is, how are we going to vote this year?

A Record of Opposition

Now, let us look at the history of the Democratic Party and see how fit it is to rule the nation.

Here is a part of its record for the last fifty years or so—and it is not merely a campaign statement, but a cold, solid fact.

1. It opposed the liberation of the negro slaves.
2. It opposed in every possible way the prosecution of the war for the preservation of the Union—even to the point of open treason.
3. It opposed reconstruction after the war was over.
4. It opposed the withdrawal of "greenback" currency and the resumption of specie payment.
5. It opposed the establishment of a gold standard that places our money at a premium throughout the entire world.
6. It opposed and still opposes the tariff that taxes foreign imports for the support of the government, instead of levying upon home industries to pay our running expenses.

It has opposed everything that we have done and it opposes all that we are doing.

That is its record!

A Record of Accomplishment

And what is the record of the Republican Party?

Who was it liberated the negro slave and established free labor upon the free soil of free men?

Who was it fought to a successful issue the greatest war in history, and re-established the Union upon so firm a foundation that it can never be shaken? And who sanctified that re-establishment with the life-blood of its best?

Who was it paid the national debt and founded our currency upon a bed-rock of gold?

Who was it liberated Cuba from the bloody yoke of Spain, and established her beside us as a free and independent nation?

Who is it that is building the Panama Canal for the commerce of the world?

Who is it that is building up the Philippines in the East into a free and self-governing people, as it built up the nation of Cuba to the South?

It is the Republican Party who has done all this and more and who is still doing it.

Neither is this merely a campaign statement. It too is a cold, hard fact.

YOU Render the Verdict!

Now the fate of the nation lies with us voters to determine.

It does not lie with the Republican Candidate nor with the Democratic Candidate. They are our servants and only do our bidding when we elect them to office.

The voter must decide which of these two parties to put in power, and he alone.

He is the sovereign, and upon him lies the entire responsibility of that decision. So we had better take care what we are about when we cast our ballot. Don't let us be too quick about it; let us take time to think! We don't want to make another mistake like that of 1892.

So how are we going to vote this year? **That** is the question!

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<i>The Philippines</i>	<i>Hogenbeck's</i>	<i>The Beer War</i>
<i>Shooting the Chutes</i>	<i>Creation</i>	<i>Palm Garden</i>
<i>Imperial Japanese Garden</i>	<i>Manufacturers' Palace</i>	
<i>Bohemia</i>	<i>Bratwurst</i>	<i>Glocklein</i>

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The Greatest War Photographs Ever Taken

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JAMES H. HARE.

Collier's staff photographer with the Japanese First Army under General Kuroki.

The photographs illustrating the article entitled

"The Greatest Battle Since Gettysburg"

in this number were taken by James H. Hare, Collier's War Photographer, under the most adverse conditions of rain and fog, and in many instances under artillery fire. Mr. Hare was for four days detached from his supplies and separated from the military division to which he had been attached. He found himself with a group of officers in the gap between the Second and First Japanese armies caused by General Kuroki's rapid advance against the Russian left. These Japanese officers allowed Mr. Hare and his

KODAK

to remain with them, contrary to regulations, because they feared he would be taken for a Russian by the Japanese soldiers and shot. As these officers and their commands participated in the battle, Mr. Hare had an unequalled opportunity to make photographs of actual fighting, and was for a considerable period under fire from the Russian batteries. He fell in with the engineers of the Fourth army when they entered Liao-Yang and was thus the first foreigner to enter the town with the Japanese. He developed his films that same night with a

Kodak Developing Machine

that he had carried with him throughout the battle. In spite of the heavy mists and the rain and smoke in which many of the photographs were taken, Mr. Hare achieved the splendid results shown by the reproductions in this issue of Collier's.

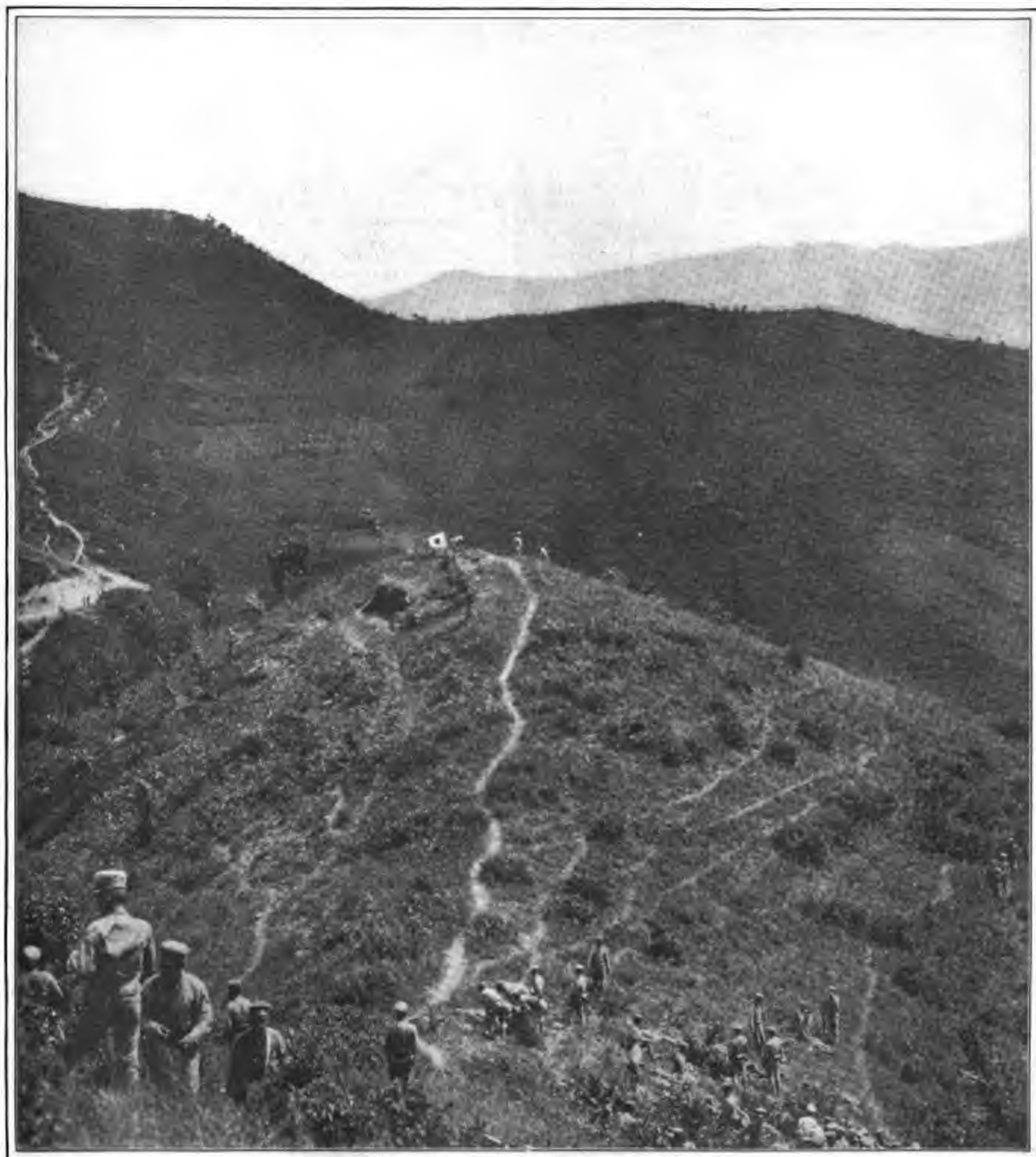
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COLLIER'S

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1904



TAKING THE LAST OF THE HILLS

Until the Japanese armies reached the great Liao plain, most of their fighting with the Russians was uphill work against men firing at them from trenches on hilltops. The Japanese method of attack was to rush separate, small detachments of men up the mountainside, while the main attacking force volleyed at the Russians from such cover as they could get, or from some other hill already captured. The charging squads each carried a little flag which was constantly wedged in the sight of the men of the Japanese main firing line so that the latter would not pour volleys into their own comrades who were scrambling on in advance to grapple at close quarters with the enemy. In the picture one of these attacking squads has paused to rest on the near hilltop; the photograph was made from the position occupied by the main force. The hospital men are already at work gathering those who fell in the attack.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES H. HARRIS, COLLIER'S SPECIAL WAR PHOTOGRAPHER ACCOMPANYING THE JAPANESE FIRST ARMY. COPYRIGHT 1904 BY COLLIER'S WEEKLY



WE SHOULD GO TO THE POLLS, in every State, decided to ballot on facts and principles, not to be divided by mere party names, as cattle by their brands. In Missouri it is as much a Republican as a Democratic duty to vote for FOLK. In Delaware it is as much a Republican as a Democratic duty to vote against the depraved and depraving ADDICKS. In other States the divergencies are not so wide, although here and there, as in Illinois and Wisconsin, there is abundant reason for even partisans to loosen party ties. In New York the balancing of evils has left us on the side of HERRICK. But whatever the decision, for State officers, for President, or for Congressmen, the point of main importance is to vote for a belief and not for a prejudice, to vote for a moral superiority and not for a habitual label. It matters comparatively little whether the name of our President be ROOSEVELT or PARKER. It matters much that the citizens of a great democracy should use the ballot to express their most careful and earnest faith. We reiterate, therefore, that Mr. FOLK's election, he standing brilliantly for honesty in a desperate struggle with partisanship in league with vice, is of more import than the national election or any other decision to be made next week. If every American citizen would deposit his ballot on Tuesday with no other motive than to register his impartial judgment on the men and the issues presented to him, democracy would receive its highest vindication.

ONE WAY
TO VOTE

AN INTEREST IN 1908 is charged against the President. We hope the charge is without foundation. He has played politics more since he became President and looked forward to a second term than he would once have thought worthy of him. Personally we have no objections to a third term that do not hold equally against a second. The objection is not to continuance in office, if the people spontaneously desire it, but to using the resources of the great office in any way for selfish ends. The third term superstition represents, of course, precisely the opposite of WASHINGTON'S belief. He deemed it a good man's duty to remain President as long as his country wanted him, and excused himself on the ground of age and weariness. But he would never have descended to tricks and petty deals and juggling with principles in order to remain in office. Mr. ROOSEVELT'S trouble is an excess of ambition, an absence of that lofty disdain for eager self-advancement. If he could but make it part of his character to forget himself entirely for the next four years, we believe that his second

AMBITION AND
THE PRESIDENT

term would be one of the most admired in American annals. His own forceful and instinctively shrewd personality, surrounded by wise men left him by his predecessor, has given us a powerful and judicious administration. Its defects have been the fruit of egotism and concern about his personal fortunes. When we go to the polls to vote for him on Tuesday, we do it with an expectation of being troubled for four years by certain acts which proceed not from THEODORE ROOSEVELT acting disinterestedly as Magistrate of the people, but from THEODORE ROOSEVELT deciding how things will affect his personal fortunes. We hope the facts may turn out otherwise. We hope that, being elected now, he will forget his own little interests entirely and, like a large man steadied by a heavy task, think only of his duties. There are in him gifts of energy and efficiency, and a certain feeling for ideals, which might make almost a great man of him. The enemy of these gifts is an excess of care for one citizen of the nation, T. ROOSEVELT to wit. So, with the most amiable sympathy in the world, our wish to him, as he enters upon his second term, is that this same T. ROOSEVELT may be to him as one man only of the millions covering the length and breadth of all this land.

REPORTS HAVE REACHED US that Mr. ROOSEVELT is interfering in Missouri to defeat the election of Mr. FOLK. Now such a rumor is capable of two interpretations. Politicians, in this country, even those of the better sort, put vast stress on "maintaining their regularity." Our opinion of the nobility of such a habit, of the light which it throws on the person who will use it to defeat what he knows to be the better cause, is sufficiently understood and need not be elucidated here. What we do wish to emphasize is that if the President has gone further, and used his influence actively for Mr. FOLK'S defeat, he has committed a sin, caused, like his other sins, by ambition, for which

MR. ROOSEVELT
AND MR. FOLK

he will suffer in the final verdict passed upon him. We hope that "regularity" is as far as he has gone. We hope that, on the night of November 8, he will rejoice in Mr. FOLK'S election, as a man should rejoice who is more than a piece of material in the party machine—who is first a man, a citizen, a free soul, generous, humane, and large enough to give at least his wishes justly in a fight where a bold and useful Democrat is arrayed against the mere partisans and the hoodlars who happen to wear the colors of Republicanism or Democracy. A new order is dawning in our politics—the only strongly moral impetus since the war. It is an impulse toward the substitution of living issues for dead ones. It is a movement toward making democracy more real by giving every man an equal opportunity. The first step toward this true democracy is to extirpate a system by which money buys legislation. On that step an enthusiastic public in Missouri is now bent. A defeat for Mr. FOLK will be a setback to that auspicious impulse. A victory for him will give it strength. What is a man who can be forbidden by a party label to say, at least in his heart, Godspeed to a leader in such a fight?

MR. ROOT IS A GIANT in controversy. When he was Secretary of War the country began to know his power in statement as well as his power in organization. When Mr. ROOSEVELT was nominated, Mr. ROOT outlined the Republican arguments with a sagacity that has been felt throughout the contest. When Mr. DAVIS was chosen by the Democrats, Mr. ROOT first put force into the objection to his age. Now, at the close of the campaign, the brilliant New York lawyer has come out with a central argument presented with all the force of his clear and cogent mind. He praises CLEVELAND with enthusiasm. He gives the fullest appreciation of the former President's probity, size, and wisdom. Then, with the ground so well prepared by magnanimity, he shows what the Democratic party did to CLEVELAND, and asks if Mr. PARKER has proved himself so much bigger a man that he can control his party where CLEVELAND failed. Mr. ROOT never speaks without a sledge-hammer force of mind. Were there an equal moral fervor behind his brain he would tower far above our other statesmen. What holds him back is a cynical coldness, which cares less for truths themselves than for the way they are supported. On a very high plane, to be sure, but still as jugglery, he makes game of realities. His faith is not as strong as his intelligence. His principles are less distinguished than his comprehension. He would be incapable of an utterance of such attractive candor that, like Congressman McCALL'S article in the October "Atlantic," it should convince his very enemies of his single-minded wish for facts. Lord PALMERSTON was one of the cleverest of political leaders, but the world will never forget what CORDEN said of him: "He possessed so impartial a mind that he had no bias—not even toward truth."

THE BRILLIANCY
OF MR. ROOT

WHEN WE CRITICISE THE PRESIDENT on the race issue, virtuous Republican subscribers wish indignantly to know how much we have been paid by the Solid South; just as when we vote for ROOSEVELT, Democrats sarcastically inquire the price. All this passion comes with the day's work, and has the value of diversion. Naturally it has no bearing on our views. The intense difficulty of such questions, dividing sincere men according to the accident of their residence, we do not underrate. The race problem has been raised of late in a form that is peculiarly impossible of satisfying solution. Private JOHN M. SMITH married a negress, and there has been a strong demand for his dismissal from the service. As SMITH was stationed in New Jersey, no State law forbade his marriage. The question was, Should the United States army dismiss him on general principles, or, as the usual expression has it, "for the good of the service"? The President and the Secretary of War have our sympathy, for their decision either way will bring anathemas on their head. In our opinion they can hardly dismiss Private SMITH. It is one thing to object to any official step which opposes race discrimination and inflames race difficulties. It is quite a different thing to ask the Government to take a militant part by suppressing an individual for such a legal act as SMITH'S. The usual arguments seem to us entirely silly. They maintain that a legal marriage is better than the relations which produce mulattoes in the South. This contention childishly ignores the fact that social

THE CASE OF
PRIVATE SMITH



sanction for intermarriage would reduce what restraint there is. The conclusive argument in the present case concerns not the consequences of SMITH's act, but the wisdom of the Government's going into such a fight in so aggressive a manner. The Government should refrain from punishing SMITH. Just as certainly as it should refrain from appointments which inflame race hostility. Having erred in one direction would be a sorry reason for erring in another.

THE IMPORTANCE OF THIS WAR is in no danger of being overstated. Asia is the biggest bone for which the great powers are competing to-day. Every leading trading country watches the struggle with a vital interest. Meantime, the sentiment for peace increases. Every day some prominent leader of the world speaks in the same direction, and every day the general public and the press grow more weary of the long-drawn struggle. Yet we are all intensely interested. Count Tolstoi has written to ELISABETH, Queen of Roumania, that he must postpone a contemplated visit to her, adding that anxiety for his sons left him without a moment's peace. Two of his sons are on the battlefield as soldiers and one is at the front as newspaper correspondent. Thus the world's greatest worker for peace finds his own family active in the war, and he himself travels miles to get the news. According to his wife, he thinks of nothing else. So with all of us. The world's mind is on the war. What can it do to stop it? In the Peace Conference at Boston it was pointed out that peace could only be stable if it satisfied the world's sense of justice. The argument is urged by friends of arbitration that in our States forty-five nations live at peace, because those nations appeal to the Supreme Court for the decision of disputed questions. The illustration is interesting, but it avoids the hardest aspects. The Supreme Court could not avoid

PEACE as questions of law and detail between nations are concerned. What we have made no progress toward removing is war as the last appeal where vital interests are in conflict. Preliminary to the question of method in bringing peace propositions to bear on the Russians and Japanese, is the necessity of really thinking out the situation so that each of the contestants and all the nations of Europe can be satisfied. Otherwise the settlement would be temporary. Mr. HAY did well, in speaking to the peace delegates, to recognize and frankly state the occasional necessity of war, for such recognition makes us go more intelligently to work to reduce its frequency and diminish its atrocities. If the present war were stopped by a lot of ethical enthusiasts in diplomatic posts, nothing would be gained. The wish for peace should rest upon the wish for a preceding sound solution of the subjects about which the war is fought. If the situation should happen to develop in such a way that the leading powers wished peace before the contestants, strong pressure could be exerted through the money market. The financiers and the government are in close relation everywhere. If the ROTHSCHILDS and the Bank of England in Great Britain, the Standard Oil people and Mr. MORGAN in this country, and half a dozen similar potentates in France and Germany were to agree to stop the war, they could send either Russian or Japanese bonds, or both, to a figure which would render fighting impossible.

WHEN ADMIRAL TOGO WAS YOUNG, he and his fellow students at the naval academy in Japan are said to have practiced an entertainment that would hardly be approved in our world. They sat at a circular table, in the middle of which was a cannon, which revolved slowly, on a level with their heads. At some moment or other the cannon was discharged, from a spring outside the hall. The ball might pass between two heads, or it might remove any guest of the cheerful banquet. True or not, the story sketches graphically the fighting spirit of Japan. It is in line with hara-kiri.

A TALE OF TOGO It may not be our view of morals or civility, but it surely encourages the soldier spirit. All Japanese life has a trend in this direction that we should hardly imitate even if we knew it would multiply our fighting powers. Woman in Japan leads a suppressed, cruelly dominated, and inferior existence, treated by her master as Americans treat a dog or cat; loved, perhaps, or rejected, from the veriest caprice. The Japanese believe that to allow women as large a share of influence as we allow them would mean a lessening of virility in the men, a greater tenderness, a growing fear of suffering and death. Soon or late, we fancy, Japan will in this respect be

altered by intercourse with the world. Women will count in her fibre and opinion, hara-kiri will disappear, and future Togos will lack the training given by feasting in the face of wilful death.

THE MOST DEGRADED PAPER of any prominence in the United States is not one of the specialists in prize-fighting, nor is it one of the mendacious organs of Mr. HEARST. It is a weekly of which the function is to distribute news and scandal about society. The mind which guides such a publication tests credulity and forces one to take SWIFT's Yahoo as unexaggerated truth. There have been several of these creatures in our day. One of them used always to ride in a closed carriage which carried a strong man to protect him from the anticipated horsewhip. The editor now in question leads a somewhat secluded life also, and well he may. With a little caution such a man can escape the criminal law, and, of course, he is worth nothing in a civil suit. A recent issue of his sewer-like sheet contains as its leading feature an attack on a young girl who happens to be the daughter of the President. It uses her first name only. That is a little way it has. It charges her with all the errors that hurt a woman most, and it makes these charges in the most coarse and leering way. That any legal steps could or should be taken to suppress such unclean sheets we do not believe. Paternalism, official regulation, once started goes too far. We can trust only to the people, to business standards and social sanctions. To suppress this weekly would contradict democracy, as would the suppression of Mr. HEARST's newspapers, even on the ground that nearly every interview which appears in them, especially if it be signed, is a forgery. The remedy of arbitrary control is worse than the disease of evil license. We can only say that whoever refuses to read the journal we refer to, or to advertise in its columns, performs a public service. As to personal recognition, we can hardly imagine that many decent men would consent to meet the editor. His standing among the people is somewhat worse than that of an ordinary forger, horse-thief, or second-story man.

TOWN
TOPICS

THE CENSUS SHOWS that Americans are becoming addicted to less meat and more vegetables, cereals, and products of the dairy. It is figured out that in 1850 a hundred Americans ate 94 sheep, 118 hogs, and 25 beeves, whereas, in 1900, they consumed but 50 sheep, 43 hogs, and 20 beeves. Cheese has declined, but if eggs and poultry are included with butter and milk as belonging to the dairy class, the consumption of that kind of food is three times what it was forty years ago. The total use of meat, reckoned by the price, is reduced by 36 per cent. In 1850 one hundred persons ate 430 bushels of wheat and 90 bushels of oats. In 1890 they ate 623 bushels of wheat and 386 bushels of oats, and in 1890 the breakfast food movement was small to what it is to-day. Corn and potatoes have increased about like wheat. The general gain in vegetable expense is 80 per cent. Meat still leads, however, although it apparently will not do so long. We spent in 1900 \$1,625,000,000 for meat and \$1,075,000,000 for vegetable diet. Among meats beef leads, by a long distance, with sheep second and eggs third. Americans have grown healthier in the half-century which has seen this change, probably, however, on account of more air and exercise and better cooking and sanitation. The general question of the best relation of meat to vegetable diet is still one on which the medical world is far from concord.

DIET

BEINGS WHO MANUFACTURE FURNITURE at one time used to make their objects simple because decoration was expensive. Now we have progressed to the idea that simplicity is refinement and furniture advertisements are full of eloquent descriptions of that virtue. A hotel in New York advertises that it has "no marble halls or Moorish rooms." CHARLES WAGNER's books on the simple life sell like popular fiction, which, in inspiration, finish, and originality, they much resemble. A whimsical artist complained that this popular movement had taken away the only thing which was left to men of taste. "They drove us away from the sumptuous," said he, "now they are making even simplicity commonplace." There is, of course, a distance that is immeasurable between art's simplicity and the imitation of it in machine-made furniture. Nevertheless, in educating our great mass of people, nothing lately has been of more value than the new idea that simplicity is the soul of beauty.



A RUSSIAN TRENCH CAPTURED BY THE JAPANESE IN A NIGHT ATTACK

The first great battle to be fought with modern arms showed that the fate of great campaigns will depend on brute courage and brute butchery. Most of the critical points in the defense of Liao-Yang were taken by night attacks. In some instances the Russians having lost a position made a successful counter and the Japanese surging back again regained it. The bodies of white and yellow men were mingled under the feet of the living who thrust at each other with the bayonet. The dead were buried by shoveling the parapet of the trench into the ditch.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES H. HARRIS. COURTESY OF THE JAPANESE ARMY. COPYRIGHT 1904 BY HOLLISTER & HENRY.

THE GREATEST BATTLE SINCE GETTYSBURG



by
FREDERICK PALMER

ONE OF KUROKI'S BATTERIES CROSSING THE TANG RIVER IN THE JAPANESE ADVANCE ON LIAO-YANG

ILLUSTRATION BY JAMES H. HARRIS, COLLEGE SPECIAL, WAR DEPARTMENT, PHOTOGRAPHING THE JAPANESE FIRST ARMY. COPYRIGHT 1904 BY J. HARRIS & SONS

Mr. Palmer has been with the Japanese First Army, under General Kuroki, ever since it landed in Korea last spring. He was present at the battle of the Yalu and at all the subsequent engagements fought by this command, and was an eye-witness to the battle of Liao-Yang, which he characterizes as "The greatest battle since Gettysburg"

REPRINTED FROM COLLIER'S WEEKLY



A veteran Sendai man

right. On the night of the 25th, when a week's rations in my saddlebag, I spread my blanket under a tree, the Thirtieth Regiment was resting on a road nearby. I knew the Thirtieth of old. Its commander, Colonel Baba, stepped out of a twelfth century Japanese screen into a modern uniform. Two of his companies repulsed the first Russian approach on Motien Pass, and then pursued twice their numbers. Again, on July 30, one of his lieutenants, scouting a hilltop, came back yelling in boyish glee: "Slip your packs and hurry up! The whole Russian army is in the valley on the other side."

The Sendai men wanted nothing better than that. They did hurry—like mad. Gasping from their climb, they snuggled down to work with their rifles. Vainly the Russians deployed and three times vainly charged. When the Sendai men came to count dead and prisoners there were more than a thousand, not to mention the shelter tents and other spoils of a whole regiment. The commander of the battalion of the Thirtieth, which was engaged, doubtless apologized, Japanese fashion, for not getting more.

On the threshold of the first desperate charge—beginning an orgy of danger and of physical and mental strain without precedent—these veterans sat chatting softly and smoking cigarettes. Each had a white band around his arm, a badge to prevent fatal mistakes in a dash on a pass in the dark. And I was lulled to sleep by the murmur of their talk, and awoke with the sound of guns, to learn that their night attack had succeeded.

As ever in the First Army's career, we were in the valley and the Russians were on the hills which we must take. Northeast by southwest ran one long and intact ridge of the height of a thousand feet or more. One end of this we had won in the dark; that was the key. My favorite mountain battery, also a famous night worker, had here burrowed emplacements for its guns on the flank of the Russian trenches. Its ponies and ammunition train were well sheltered in a gully. Part way up the hillside in dips, where the enemy could not see them, was our infantry getting into position for the attack. Our movement was to sweep to the west and thus wheel upon the whole length of the crest which the Russian infantry held.

The Japanese Advance

On one of the ribs of the ridge which descended to the valley, I could see the smoke of the valleys of a detached Russian trench. The long summit above, with its boulders clear against the skyline, had three cones. Now the men who were advancing toward these by single file in three columns were not firing. Each had the cover of some rib that rose above the line of the general slope, and was more or less at an angle with the line of the crest. The man at the head of each

column carried a little Japanese flag, and all had their rifles swung at ease. The manner of their advance seemed to say:

"We're quite used to this now. You'll catch a few of us, we know, but we'll take the hill—and that's what we were sent to do."

They were the men with the ball. Their "interference" was the incessant rifle-fire poured over their heads by detachments posted at high points. Meanwhile, the little red-centred flags were steadily waved, so that the "interference" should never mistake friend for foe. These flags seemed animate, as if they were sweating and stumbling and righting themselves again as they picked their way over the rough, steep ground.

The most western column was advancing underneath, and in a line parallel to that of the Russian trench on the rib. The top of this trench was scraped by a sheet of flying lead, which some of my friends of the Thirtieth Regiment were weaving from a rib about a thousand yards away; and that is why the Russians could not take advantage of a mark fairly under the muzzles of their rifles. Some did not even realize their danger in time. When the head of the column swept over the parapet, a dozen figures sprang up as abruptly as so many jacks-in-the-box. The surprise was as sudden as the meeting of two men with umbrellas lowered at a street corner. Only the Russians were not at all embarrassed as to the proper thing to do. Their hands went up at the same time as their heads.

The Storming of a Trench

Having cut the car out at the siding, the train went on. Only half a dozen Japanese had entered the trench. They left one of their number to guard the prisoners. Then they rejoined the line, which, without seeming curious or interested, passed underneath the trench—according to programme. The incident was significant of the mind and the method of the Japanese army.

Five hundred yards from the summit the three columns took their final breathing spell and came together in three groups for the assault, while the little flags fluttered in the bushes that gave them cover. The mountain battery which had been quiet now realized the psychological moment for which it had been prepared by hours of night work. Any shot in line found

the target—that is, the main Russian trench. The storming parties had a breathing space and girded themselves for their final effort. Now they climbed upward as if death were at their heels instead of ahead of them. They did not fire; the "interference" could not without too much risk. The only thing was to reach the top, and before they could some must die, as every man of them knew. The flag of the centre column was waved triumphantly on its appointed cone a minute before the other two. Then we saw the figures on the skyline rushing to any point of vantage where, by sending bullets in pursuit of the flying enemy, they could score losses which should balance their own side of the ledger. The reserves might now go forward safely over the zone which had been fire-swept ten minutes before.

Fighting by Day, Working by Night

Thus the day's fighting was finished, but not the day's work, nor the day's drudgery, nor the day's misery. The wounded were yet to be brought in, and the dead and the fuel to burn them collected by weary limbs. The plunging fire of the Russians against the foe, struggling through the rough fields and over rougher, untilled slopes, had cost the division six hundred casualties, including the death of a colonel.

Late in the afternoon a deluge of rain washed the blood off the grass. The flood of water turned dry beds into dashing rivulets. The flood of slaughter, also settling toward the valley, passed on by the single hospital tent—already congested at daybreak from the night attack—into the village, whose population was crowded into a few houses in order that the wounded might be crowded into others. Through every doorway you caught a glimpse of prostrate figures and of white bandages with round red spots which made them like wrapped flags of Japan.

Dripping hospital corps men brought in dripping burdens covered with blankets or with the matting in which the rice and horse fodder of the army are transported. When darkness came, the lanterns of the searchers twinkled in and out on the hillside. Dawn found them still at work collecting stray Russian wounded, who had lain suffering all night in the rain, for a dollar and fifty cents a year and the glory which the Czar's

service brings them. In the bushes, in the declivities between the rocks of many square acres—could every fallen man be gathered? How many cries coming faintly from feverishly dry lips and finally dying into a swoon were unanswered? At some future time, when a Chinese peasant stumbles over a set of bones, the world will not be the wiser.

In a room sixteen feet by ten, in which were twenty Chinese: I had slept on a chest about four feet long, and awakened in the night to find my wet feet insisting that my head should take a turn at hanging over the side. In the morning, a mist which thickened at times into rain shrouded hill and valley alike. Mingled with it was the

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JAPANESE SEARCHING FOR THEIR DEAD IN THE RUSSIAN PITFALLS

The Russians had dug these pitfalls, at the bottom of which they planted sharp sticks, and had constructed wire entanglements, which they thought would stop any advance. Nevertheless, the Japanese infantry pushed across the place shown here and took the position the pits defended



PUTTING A FIELD BATTERY INTO POSITION ON A SLOPE BEFORE LIAO-YANG

smoke of crematory piles, where layers of bodies were consumed between layers of wet wood. Riding back up the ridge, I passed sixty dead Japanese placed in a row under the dripping trees of a Chinese garden. Burial was to be their lot. There was not time to burn them.

Our division's losses were greater than at the Yalu. By this standard and by the physical effort expended as well, we should have rested. But we were only beginning. Our halt was due solely to the mist, which would not permit us to fulfil our programme to advance at the break of day. The infantry remained on the slippery hillsides, where they had raised their slight shelter-tents and placed wet cornstalks on the damp, spongy earth for beds. On the crest of the ridge, while the bodies of the Russians who had fallen in the trenches there yesterday were being buried, the staff stood helplessly looking out on the gray awning that hid the next valley and prolonged for a few hours the life of more than one fated big soldier of Russia and little soldier of Japan. Quick as General Nishi was to attack by night some critical point with definite features, he hesitated to make a general advance in the fog, which eventually rose as quickly as a drop-curtain.

The Enemy Retreats

Instantly we knew not only the scene, but also the plot of the play. The deep cutting revealed at our feet opened into a valley which led westward to the Tang-ho, with its fertile bottoms. The town of Anping was hidden by the projecting base of a bluff. We knew its location by a pontoon bridge thick with Russian wagons going in the same telltale direction. The wagons crossed stolidly. There was no precipitation in the lowering of the tents of the camp on the other side.

That first clear view of our position quickened every pulse at thought of catching a rearguard straddle of a stream. The mist had favored the Russians. It had made our advance cautious and given them cover for retreat. Over the ridge, our infantry, breaking their way through the kowliang, made new paths over slopes where probably no army had ever passed before. After them went the mountain battery, sliding and plunging horses jerking the leaders off their feet.

With the bridge as a centre, our division was pressing in on the retreat from one flank and the Twelfth from the other. We trusted that the Twelfth was nearer than ourselves. The Russian cavalry was moving back and forth on our side of the river; the Russian infantry stretched across the mouth of the valley, while far over the hills the infantry and gun-fire of the Twelfth pressed closer toward the pontoon. An hour before dark remained. As detachments drew off, the line of Russian infantry became thinner. Some cavalry forded the stream, and then some infantry, too, did

not wait on the bridge. "We are going to make them scramble for it," everybody thought, "and there will be sharp work down there in a few minutes."

"No, we're not," we knew a moment later, when one flash and seven more in succession spoke from the other side of the river to the left of the bridge. No shrapnel came in reply. The entry of the battery into the game settled it. The rest had no more dramatic interest than the last half of the ninth inning to the victorious "outs."

On the 28th, the God of Battle rewarded us with a parterre box, where we could see the spectacle as a whole and in detail as well. At this point the Tang-ho bends sharply. By Anping it runs for a time due north; a mile from Anping it runs almost due east. From a high peak we looked down upon the bluffs in the stream-enclosed angle which concealed the waiting enemy, with irregular slopes mounting to a high ridge at his back.

Far to the west, on some rocky summit, I could see the glitter of a heliograph sending messages to and from all parts of the Russian line, which must fall back systematically lest some fraction or other find itself surrounded. We did not know then that the heliograph was on the hill of Chusan, which was the centre of the actual frontal defence of Liao-Yang itself. We named it "Kurapatkin's eye," and we were glad to be so near to the gentleman himself; so near to a decisive battle.

In the kowliang of the river bottom, on the opposite side from the Russian position, snuggled the Japanese infantry. Welcome was the hot August sun to dry clothes that had been wet for two days—welcome until ten in the morning. By noon it was hell, and the uniforms were wet again, not from rain or mist, but from perspiration. Overnight, while the infantry marched to its place, the guns had buried themselves in positions on the high ground nearest the river. My favorite mountain battery was set to look after a trench on the opposite bluff. In five minutes it had emptied that trench of a company of infantry.

These big Russians had a good mile to go in the range of shrapnel-fire. They were being kicked upstairs instead of downstairs, which is harder, especially on a

hot day. When for a moment the mountain battery left them alone, they would bunch together at one side or the other, where the ascent was easier. Thus they made a good target again, and bang went a shrapnel over their heads, and wearily they spread out again under the commands of their gesticulating officers. Just when they thought that they had passed out of range, a burst of blue smoke, with scattering fragments, hurried them on like the crack of a slave-driver's whip. It was a man chase, nothing more or less, with the gunners standing as easily to their guns as spectators to their glasses.

Other Russian detachments were driven out from their nesting places, or, from another viewpoint, they fell back, having held the Japanese on this line as long as the mind behind the heliograph desired. To force a division to deploy over this mountainous country means alone that its advance can not be more than four or five miles a day. By noon the way seemed fairly safe for the crossing. Forty or fifty men broke from the kowliang in a seeming foot-race, and dashed into the stream just below the village which lay directly opposite to us.

The Japanese Cross the River

You could see the splashes of few bullets in the water. The forders no more stopped to fire than a picnic party getting in out of a thunderstorm stop to shake their fists at the heavens. Wading up to their armpits, the racers hastened on till they threw themselves down in a dip of the opposite bank. Then they looked up to see if there was anything worth firing at. Another section of a company made a dash in their wake, and another, and so on. At the same time, crossings had been made in the same way at four other points of the river, the furthest point being below Anping. At 1:15 we had no Japanese on the other side; at 1:30 there was a lodgment of five columns, which, in single file, swept transversely over the slopes, while the guns pursued any fleeing targets that appeared, whether mounted or on foot. The paths were steep, the sun was hot, and the lines seemed only to creep.

When we went back to a hill in the rear where division headquarters were, we found General Nishi as usual smoking cigarette after cigarette, with his back to the field. When it was so dark that you could not see the scene of action—as if that mattered to him, which it did not, for his wire told him from hour to hour where his units were—the general lighted still one more cigarette and languidly mounted his horse. We, who had come a long way to report, retraced our steps over miry paths across the river to the village, to which we bade good-by without breakfast before it was light. We went to a ridge, of course, where, of course, we could look across a great dip in the mountains (which sank to the valley of a stream, of course) toward another ridge. We could see our troops advancing with their accustomed tactics, but we could hear neither rifles nor guns.

An officer told me that he would wave a handkerchief when there was any action, and I went down to a little brook, where I washed my face and boiled some rice, and roasted an eggplant and an ear of corn. About noon, when the signal came, I departed and followed a winding valley road, which brought me to a village on still another bend of the Tang-ho. We were told that



Japanese skirmishers advancing in single file under fire



JAPANESE ENGINEERS OF THE FOURTH ARMY WAITING FOR THE ORDER TO ENTER LIAO-YANG

we should be here for a few days. This was in keeping with all camp talk, which provided, first, for an approach to the main positions at Liao-Yang, and then, for the final assault, as two separate actions.

By this time I had become intensely human and personal. My pack ponies came up and I had a good breakfast; while I was told that the division headquarters had departed overnight, giving us the slip—as if we minded freedom of movement!—and from over the ridges to the west I heard the pounding of guns in such volume as I had never heard before. It was like the noise of the surf, rising to a roar now and then as a long breaker rolls in.

At last, when I climbed a ridge, I was to see the plain and Liao-Yang. The havoc of five hundred guns was outlined as clearly as the battle panorama of a Gettysburg or a Sedan when you climb the stairs after paying your quarter at the door. The great conflict had begun. Faintly, and but faintly, one other experience expresses the feelings of a correspondent of the First Army, and that is: when you are coming into a port after a long voyage, a telegram of vital decision and the change of a new land awaits you.

II

THE expiring range flings westward a few detached ridges and hills, which are to the vast plain what rocky island outcroppings of a precipitous coast are to the adjacent sea. Between them gleams the steel track that caused the war; that marks the course of the main armies and is the first premise in all their strategy.

Flowing eastward at right angles to the railway is the Taitse River, which makes a break in the range. The old Peking Road runs beside it. On the southern bank is a typical Chinese provincial capital. There the Russians had many storehouses and sidings. The last of the heights forms a barrier of defence to the east and southeast. These things made Liao-Yang a battleground—these things and a fortress at the terminus of the railway which must still cling to a hope of relief.

As from a promontory you might see a naval battle beneath, so we saw the artillery duel of August 30 and 31. The town itself waited and held its breath. The only sign of action there was the military balloon, a yellow ball that rose higher than the old pagoda tower. To the southward you saw the movement of hospital and ammunition trains, and under the shade of groves and farmhouses the waiting units whose aspect said that the army was engaged.

The Plan of Attack

All these were set like pattern-work within a fence of fire presently as safe from wounds and death as a library nook from a driving storm. Further on along the railroad is a camel's hump of rock, Chusan—which we of the Second Division had named "Kuropatkin's eye," from the heliograph we had seen there during the fight of the 28th. In a semicircle, of which that was the midway point, and the Taitse River was the diameter, lay the Russian line of defence. The Second Army, which had fought its way along the railroad, was to extend over the plain to the left of the "eye" and enter Liao-Yang from that side. Eastward from the "eye" ran the hills and detached ridges which merge into

the range at right angles. Here in the "corner" among a chaos of heights, the Fourth Army, which had mastered the passes on the road from Takushan, came into position. On its right was the First Army, which had elbowed its way with many flanking movements through the mountains, until at last it saw the plain. Shoulder to shoulder on the day the masters had set, all the problems each had had to solve became significantly past history.

That old question which we had ever asked in the months of our waiting in camp on our way from the Yalu—"Will Kuropatkin stand at Liao-Yang?"—was answered for the trouble of climbing to the top of a ridge by the flashing of five hundred guns, like the sparks from wood when a red-hot iron is drawn across it. That scene of armed strength, the most magnificent since the Germans were before Sedan, did not turn my thoughts to Kuropatkin but to another general, the



PUNISHED FOR LOOTING

The Japanese are sharp with thieves. This looter was caught in the act in Liao-Yang and was strung up for two hours as an example.

head of the Russian railroad system. One sweeping glance told you that Prince Hilko had "made good" with his single-track railroad.

It was strange to find the first great battle with modern arms in the suburbs of a Manchurian town, and strange to find here on this day a tribute to a Russian nobleman because he had learned railroading over vast expanses from bureau to locomotive in America; strange, too, and Oriental, that a correspondent attached to the Japanese army should see the operations of the Russian better than those of the Japanese side. For a group of foreigners had taken the place of Kuropatkin's army. They occupied the right end of the line resting on the Taitse.

On the afternoon of the 29th, the Second Division had swung into position here very demonstratively, and on the night of the 29th it fell back in the quietest kind of a way, and, crossing the Taitse to join the Twelfth in Kuroki's flanking movement, left correspondents and attachés with their mentors to choose a place where they could see the plain for twenty miles around. In this relief map the only reduction to scale was the limits of our field-glasses.

The Possibilities of the Battle

Realizing the object of each movement, we were to have the problems of a battle's tactics worked out before our eyes. The five bridges back of the town spoke volumes. Only once during the first day was there a sign of life on any of them. Then a train crossed, and by its smoke as it moved northward we could denote the line of the railroad. Behind a parallel row of hills to the eastward were the camps of the battalions protecting the flank. A schoolboy could have understood instantly how Kuropatkin must go once we drove these battalions back. With the bridges destroyed after his crossing, the Japanese frontal line was momentarily powerless, and Kuroki might have to resist the pressure of the whole Russian army. When the Japanese Second Army, swinging to the left over the level plain to the west of Liao-Yang, could force back the Russian right, then the front must fall back to the town; so it must if we secured possession of the "corner."

The gap on our right between the Fourth and the First Armies offered an opportunity such as Wellington used at Salamanca. If Kuroki could make his threat on the railroad insistent enough, if Oku and Nodzu could shake the Russian defence on the Liao-Yang side, then Kuropatkin would be too busy elsewhere to spare the troops to plunge into the opening. Therein lay the "nerve" of Japanese strategy; therein its success. The board and the pieces were before us, and we who sat on the hills as spectators understood the game—ay, and the mighty stake.

When Captain March, the artillery expert of our General Staff, looked on a volume of gun-fire never equaled in the world before, he drew a deep breath and said: "This is great!"

Again he said, "This is great!" and again. But it was not the words or even the way he spoke them, as much as March's deep breaths, that expressed our feelings. All soldiers and correspondents alike, had talked by the campfires of little campaigns of what a great battle with modern arms would be like—and here was our ambition glotted to satisfaction.



AN OUTPOST WATCHING THE ENEMY

The long range of modern rifles makes the approach of infantry to a position a matter of patience and endurance. At Liao-Yang parties of Japanese would lie all day in the burning sun watching an opportunity to gain a few yards and then rush on to some other shelter, there to wait again.



JAPANESE MOUNTAIN BATTERY IN ACTION

In the advance of Kuroki, from August 28 to August 30, on a hillside with the other two armies, the mountain batteries played a clever part. Over night they built their emplacements close to the enemy, and, fighting all day, worked all night again preparing for the next day's battle.

In that "corner" where ridge met spur in the chaos of battling landslide, we could mark the positions of our batteries as you mark the factory portion of a town by its chimneys. Over each one hung the blue curls of the enemy's shrapnel. Deeper than their neighbors spoke our captured Russian guns which were with the Imperial Guards, now the extreme right of the main line and attached to the Fourth Army.

One Japanese battery was marked as a particular target. I counted twenty puffs over it inside of a minute. We could see the guns that sent them out, and their flashes were ugly orange red, and the puffs, except for the lightning flicker of their bursts, might have been a display of daylight fireworks. For an interval of a few minutes the fire would cease, except for an occasional shot, as if the gunners were keeping their heads in. We would conclude that the Japanese had had the worst of it. Then, as you would flip out the fingers of your hand from the palm one after another, the air would be sprinkled again with blue curls.

The fact was that the marked battery was doing ugly work among the Russian infantry, as we could see, and whenever it broke out afresh the Russian guns had to concentrate and drive its gunners back to their case-mates. The value of the marked battery to its own side was that it required a far-outnumbering predominance of disciplinary shells, and in such amenities and checks and balances you get the sense of an artillery duel.

No heliograph was being used on the hill of Chusan on that day, you may be sure. It was an island in a fog of shrapnel smoke. Along the spurs and as far past it as we could see, there ran literally a line of fire. In the dip between the "eye" and the spur the Russian guns were two tiers deep. There we saw the game with weapons that hurled sixteen pounds of steel jacket inclosing two hundred odd bullets, played in much the same way that boys wage battle between snow forts. The trick is to fire when the other side is exposed, and to keep down when the other side replies. Every Russian battery, except those lost in the haze beyond the "eye," was visible; but we could not see a single flash from a Japanese gun. We could see only the results of the Japanese fire, while the results of the Russian fire we could determine in the "corner" alone.

In your ears always was a roar which, at times, was as thick as that of a cataract. If there were intervals free of any report, it brought you the speech of infantry so continuous that it purred like a rubber tire over a freshly macadamized road. This reminded you again that the guns were only the brasses and the drums of this international orchestra. On the last of the hills beyond the Russian batteries lay the Russian soldiery, and still beyond them, in front of the Japanese guns, the Japanese.

Charges and Counter-Charges

What charges were being made and what charges were failing we could not tell. We only knew that any successful advance must send back the Russian guns. The infantry of the Fourth Army we knew were moving forward. We heard the cheers of a position taken, but saw not one of the Japanese soldiers who had taken it. Then we saw the Russians going over the ridge in a counter-charge, and we heard their cheers when they recovered what they had lost. Like every other part of the Russian line, they were put in position to resist to the death. They had been surprised, but they had kept the faith with the counter-charge.

These cheers called the spectator. I wanted to be nearer to the infantry line and to feel the pulse of that arm which is the bone and sinew of battle. But I knew, too, that I should miss that whole which had the

fascination of a fortune at hazard on a throw. At any moment the line might break, and the confusion of many regiments and many guns would be under our eye. We watched its length feverishly for the first sign of weakness.

Facing the heights on which we sat were the Russians awaiting the attack on our right. The battery on the ridge directly between us and the town had us in easy range. One of the attachés chivalrously reasoned that its commander recognized through his telescope that we were only sightseers. More likely, having in mind the attachés and correspondents on the Russian side, he was not likely to waste his ammunition doing his enemy a favor. Between the base of the hills and the



DINNER IN THE RAIN

After the Second Division's bloody fight south of the Tang River there was a drenching rain which lasted all night. The men put up their thin shelter tents and slept on the wet ground.

Taitse-ho, another battery was stretched across the intervening levels.

Two idle batteries, then, at least, waited all day while the division that threatened them was miles away. This gap was protected by only the thinnest screen of Japanese cavalry. All the transportation of the First Army, its ammunition, its flank, its rear, lay exposed to vigorous assault by horse or foot.

Early in the war, the essays of the Russian cavalry had been met by infantry of the First Army catching them in the valley with a plunging fire. Now we had not even a few companies on the hills that looked down on the Taitse-ho and the Tang-ho. As we made the feat of a division serve as another division, so we made



AN ORDERLY REPORTING TO GENERAL OSAGAWA

On the night of August 28, General Osagawa's brigade of the Second Division made a feint toward Liao-Yang on the south bank of the Taitse-ho. The photograph shows an orderly bringing a message about the Russian position to the General.

the Japanese infantry's reputation protect our line of communication. And the Russian gunners lay in the shade, and the Russian infantry looked over the near ridges for our coming. I wondered that Sheridan and Stuart did not turn in their graves.

Toward noon of the 30th, the clear sky of the early morning became overcast. Clouds hung above the smoky mist of the shrapnel. Nature was in no mood for rain; but the thunders of the guns literally shook it out of the heavens. The gusts of moisture came down angrily and niggardly. They were thickest where the fire was thickest. But none of the guns of either side stopped. As night came on, the flashes of the muzzles and of the shrapnel bursts put points of flame in a lowering mantle of darkness. When I fell asleep, I still heard some firing. It was the gunners' blind effort to dismay the infantry which lay grimly waiting on one side and grimly ambitious on the other.

The Dawning of Another Day of Battle

The morning of the 31st was as fair as that of the 30th. Silver streak of stream and dust streak of road, and line of shrapnel smoke and gun-flashes, disappeared into the haze of an August day fit for the ripening of kowliang and corn. Liao-Yang lay still, a patch of silence on the plain. Its five bridges, including that of the railroad, were still undotted spans across the stream. The white and drab houses of the native city merged with the green of their gardens. The military balloon was making its first morning ascension. Inside of the fence of fire the units of the army's rear seemed in the same position as yesterday. There was no lull in the thunders which had begun at daybreak. The last twenty-four hours seemed like a month. This artillery duel had become an institution.

But, yes, a closer look showed a change—a little change. The bursts of the Japanese shrapnel were now carried far to the other side of "Kuropatkin's eye" toward the town, and they played continuously over a Russian battery in a position further to the rear than any held before. By hand the men of Oku's army had dragged all the way from Nanshan, where they were captured, these five-inch Canets whose bite was worthy of their bark. The artillerists, who had struggled with them over bad roads, had their reward. Now, for the first time in this war, except at Port Arthur, the gunners of the victorious Japanese could stand out of range of the Russian guns which were his target. There is no joy sweeter to an artillerist's heart than that. Then, too, in that "corner" of congested hills and congested artillery-fire, it was evident that some of the Russian guns had fallen back a little; but that might have been only to rectify the line.

The infantry supporting the battery on the ridges directly opposite the correspondents' citadel of observation, tramped heavily, Russian fashion, into the gully and up on to the ridge near us, and looked over the top of that and stopped there for a time. Past the battery on the bank of the Taitse-ho four guns trotted out leisurely in reconnaissance behind infantry and cavalry that had gone ahead. They were fairly in line with the rear of the Fourth Army. After a few shots in our direction, which met with no response, they went back, and so did the infantry on the ridges in front of the correspondents, without even sending us to cover with a volley or two. We felt most insignificant and unworthy.

Now, Kuropatkin in his report tells us that his plan was to let Kuroki isolate his army and then destroy it in detail. On the morning of the 31st, he says, he learned—presumably from this reconnaissance—of the broad gap in our lines; but he was being crowded so hard in other directions that he had no troops to spare for the opportunity. The daring of Japanese strategy had taken the nature of its enemy into account and had reckoned well. By his own confession, Kuropatkin had not discovered the gap until thirty-six hours after it existed. A half-dozen good American scouts would have informed him soon after sun up on the 29th; these men would have been worth more to the Russians than any half-dozen of their colonels. (Continued on page 26.)

RUSSIA'S WAR BALLOON AT THE FRONT

Photographs by J. F. J. Archibald, Collier's Correspondent with the Russian Army. Copyright 1904 by Collier's Weekly

The Tenth Corps of the Russian Army had a balloon, which was frequently used at Liao-Yang, and during the operations preceding the great battle, to make observations. Gas for the balloon was manufactured by engines stationed at headquarters, and conveyed to the front, for use in the balloon, in a huge oblong gas bag



THE BALLOON AND ITS ESCORT OF TURKESTAN COSSACKS



THE BALLOON SECTION CROSSING THE TAITSE RIVER



THE GAS BAG BEING CONVEYED ACROSS THE TAITSE RIVER BY MEN OF THE BALLOON SECTION

In the suburbs of a provincial capital of Manchuria came the first test on a large scale of that arm of European civilization, smokeless powder, rapid-fire field guns, and long-range rifles. The operations embraced more men than ever fought in a single action before. For the soldier Liao-Yang offers the first practical results in the beginning of a new era in warfare. Liao-Yang was won first by night attacks, which European staffs had considered impracticable because of the resultant confusion; by the frontal attack, which modern weapons of precision were supposed to have made impossible; by a splendid self-confidence in the use of European arms on the part of a race new to them; by Oriental patience in waiting under

THE GREATEST BATTLE

Photographs by James H. Hays, Collier's Special War Photographer



JAPANESE ENTERING LIAO-YANG THROUGH A BREACH IN THE OLD CITY WALL WHICH THE RUSSIANS MADE TO FACILITATE THEIR RETREAT



FOUR CANET GUNS CAPTURED BY THE JAPANESE AT NANSHAN HILL, AND DRAGGED 12 MILES BY HAND, IN ACTION AGAINST THE RUSSIANS AT LIAO-YANG

E SINCE GETTYSBURG

spanying the Japanese First Army. Copyright 1904 by Collier's Weekly

cover for the opportunity to charge a weak point in the enemy's lines the moment it developed: by the same bloody courage and aggressiveness with the latest pattern bayonet (on the muzzle of a rifle that carries two thousand yards) that our medieval ancestors showed with the broadsword. Liao-Yang lasted ten days. Great battles of the future will not be settled in two days as Waterloo was or three days as Gettysburg was. But the marvel of all is that an inferior force, against all expectations and Napoleonic precedent, put a superior force out of a chosen fortified position. And the inferior force were little yellow slant-eyed men who were using bows and arrows and had no custom houses fifty years ago.—F. P.



FILES OF WHEAT, FIRED BY THE RUSSIANS BEFORE THEY EVACUATED LIAO-YANG, BURNING IN THE RAILWAY YARDS NEAR THE OLD PAGODA TOWER



SOLDIERS OF KUROKI'S ARMY BUILDING A FUNERAL PYRE PREPARATORY TO BURNING THEIR DEAD AFTER THE FIGHT OF AUGUST 26

THE RUSSIAN POSITIONS IN THE MANCHURIAN PASSES

Photographs by Victor A. Bulla, Collier's War Photographer with the Russian Army. Copyright 1904 by Collier's Weekly

Strong detachments of infantry and artillery were stationed in the mountains east and south of Liao-Yang to oppose Kuroki's advance, and severe actions were fought at the Morien, Talien, Fuchu, and Chapan passes before the Russians were driven back into the Liao plain, where the three Japanese armies united



A RUSSIAN SKIRMISH LINE ADVANCING AGAINST THE JAPANESE IN THE MOUNTAINS NEAR ANPING



A BATTERY OF THE SIXTH EAST SIBERIAN ARTILLERY BRIGADE ON THE HEIGHTS ABOVE TOWAN

KUROPATKIN'S PERSONAL CONDUCT OF THE CAMPAIGN

Photographs by Victor K. Bulla, Collier's War Photographer with the Russian Army. Copyright 1904 by Collier's Weekly

General Kuropatkin has commanded in person at many of the lesser battles preceding the great fights at Liao-Yang and at the Sha-ho. Wherever it has been possible for him to inspect positions before a battle and review and encourage the troops he has left his headquarters to make the journey to the front for this purpose.



GENERAL KUROPATKIN MAKING A TOUR OF INSPECTION OF THE RUSSIAN POSITIONS EAST OF LIAO-YANG



GENERAL KUROPATKIN AWARDED THE CROSS OF ST. GEORGE TO SOLDIERS FOR BRAVERY IN BATTLE

THE HORRORS OF WAR

Photographs by S. Iwas, and by James H. Hare, Collier's War Photographs with the Japanese First Army. Copyright 1904 by Collier's Weekly

When a battle lasts for a week, as was the case at Liao-Yang, and much of the fighting is done in fields of millet standing eight feet high, those who fall on the field, too severely wounded to move, must frequently lie, uncared for, to die of hunger, thirst, and fever. This happened in many cases, and frequently wounded officers and soldiers, suffering agonies, had lain in the cold, drizzling rain, unattended, for twenty-four hours, sometimes for two days, before the hospital corps found them



Chinese Boys Throwing Stones at the Dead Body of a Russian



Military Attaches Questioning a Russian Prisoner



A Russian Red Cross Cart Stranded in the Flight from Liao-Yang



WOUNDED RUSSIAN PRISONERS



SOME ONE HAS SPOKEN TO HIM IN RUSSIAN



A CONVOY OF WOUNDED AND THE JAPANESE OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHER



GATHERING WOUNDED THAT HAVE LAIN FOR HOURS IN THE RAIN

THE POSEY SONG

"SHOULD the lily sing soprano?" That was the question that split the choir, and when the Six Stars choir split the breach was between the houses of Bawkis and Holmes. So in this instance the house of Bawkis stood firmly for soprano, while the house of Holmes contended as hotly for contralto. And even Miss Myrtle Shooter, the peace-loving little woman who presided at the melodeon, could not smooth the trouble over. Peace-loving, she swayed through three meetings, from contralto to soprano, from soprano to contralto, and at last in despair declared that she could not see that it made any difference anyway, as lilies never sang anyhow.

"But," said Thomas Bawkis, speaking for that house, "I have heard no less than six posey songs. We had a beautiful one at the normal school last year, and I managed it entirely. I arranged the parts and trained the singers. I even hung the sheets, cut the holes in them for the heads, and painted them up to look like flowers. I was the sunflower myself, singing tenor, and the lily sang soprano. All the lilies I have ever seen sang soprano."

To this the three other Messrs. Bawkis said "Amen," while Anna, their only sister, fumbled with her music roll. She sang soprano. Anywhere else than in Six Stars this should have settled the dispute, but Miss Susan Holmes had taken a course at the Airy Grove Seminary and knew just as much about music as any of the Bawkises.

"I sang the lily at Airy Grove myself," she said firmly, "and I'm a contralto. Our soprano was the tulip."

To that the three other Misses Holmes said "Amen," for they all were contraltos, though Miss Lucy prided herself on being also a mezzo-soprano. Edgar Holmes, sitting guarded by two sisters at either side, bowed his head in grave acquiescence. He sang bass, the only bass in the choir, so the matter was to him simply one of family honor.

The four Messrs. Bawkis were firm. The four Misses Holmes were firm. Miss Shooter wavered, and for a time it seemed that the church concert must be marred by the omission of its most novel and entertaining feature. When three fruitless meetings had been held, and the existence of the deadlock firmly established, it received recognition at the store, and the merits of the contending parties were discussed with much heat.

Martin Holmes naturally took up cudgels in behalf of his four nieces, and right valiantly he laid about him whenever the head of a Bawkis adherent was lifted above the counter. All the Holmeses sang like nightingales, he declared.

"A trained singer like Susan otter know," he said. "What did she stedy six weeks at Airy Grove fer, I say? The lily's the main part in the piece. The lily has to do all the trillin', an' trollin', an' tra-lahin'—the things that takes a trained singer."

Willie Calker had edged away from the circle swept by the old man's cane. "Anna Bawkis 'ud make most a mighty pretty lily," he said stoutly. "For my part, when I'm payin' ten cents admission, I'd rather have a pretty lily and plain singin' than a plain lily and pretty singin'." The boy side-stepped quickly to avoid the carte-point of the old man's cane.

"You hain't no call to talk that way," cried Martin. "The idee of a boy o' your size speakin' so of weemen! What you want is a circus, not a concert. And when it comes to concerts the Holmeses rules. Now there was the girls' older sister before she mawried—"

"You mean Methuselah Holmes?" inquired Willie innocently.

The Holmes girls' uncle executed a right moulinet, following it with a head cut, but the boy had backed behind the stove.

"I mean Palatia Holmes," shouted Martin, "an' you has no right to talk so disrespectful. She was a lady. She mawried Oscar Hockewout from Turkey Walley, a man what couldn't raise a note, an' within a year he had the most beautiful bass voice you ever listened to. They ain't a man around these parts can go so low as Osey Hockewout. 'Hen he sings it sounds like it was comin' outen a gushin' well."

"But you take Susan Holmes a-singin' the lily," Willie ventured from a safe perch on the counter. "Did you ever see a lily with spectacles?"

"Did you ever see a tulip with red hair, an' a red mustache, an' pop eyes, an' a hook nose?" retorted the old man, pounding the floor with his cane. "Jest think o' Tom Bawkis as a tulip! Mighty souls!"

Echoes of these discussions reached the choir. Susan Holmes was naturally disturbed by the comment on the physical charms of her house, and naturally she was more determined than ever that her family should show what it could do. Likewise with Thomas Bawkis, born as he had been with a superabundance of feelings. Thomas wore those feelings all over him, and it was certain that they would be hurt from whatever quarter he was approached. Now he was deeply stung, and so was more dogged than ever in his determination to show the village what his family could do. Vote after vote was taken, and still the deadlock was unbroken. The week of the concert came, and not one rehearsal of the great sextette had been held, for every ballot on



"I'm a blo-hud, re-hed, ro-ho-hose, I love the li-hillie."

By NELSON LLOYD, Author of "The Soldier of the Valley"

the lily question brought the same result, five votes each for Susan Holmes and Anna Bawkis. Miss Shooter was in despair. She began to arrange in secret for an infant cantata, resolved as she was that the programme should have at least one feature more unusual than the long series of duets and solos.

Six Stars never heard that cantata. Such might have been its fortune had not Edgar Holmes, sitting surrounded by sisters at that last choir meeting before the great event, chanced to catch the eye of Anna Bawkis, who was flanked at each side by brothers. She looked quickly to the music on her lap, and Edgar strove to appear unconscious by studying the chart of the posey song that Miss Myrtle had spread across the wall. There he saw, done in crayon, the post of each flower on the line with the name of the singer beside it, in a clear, round, pedagogic hand—at the left the daisy, Miss Emily Holmes, contralto, with the sunflower, Mr. Henry Bawkis, baritone, at her side; at the right the tulip, Mr. T. Bawkis, tenor, with the buttercup, Miss Lucy Holmes, mezzo-soprano. There was his own place, Mr. E. Holmes, basso, and beside him the lily, the post of honor, unfilled and likely to be vacant forever. He looked at the girl again and caught one furtive glance; then he sought to hide his confusion in his music.

The melody began to ring through his brain, and softly he began to hum it, beating time all the while with his head:

"I'm a blo-hud, re-hed, ro-ho-hose,
I love the li-hillie."

His sister Emily had to poke him to call him to himself again long enough to drop his ballot in the hat which Miss Shooter was passing around.

He voted. And the deadlock was broken! Miss Anna Bawkis, 6; Miss Susan Holmes, 4.

Miss Lucy Holmes declared that some one had made a mistake, and she demanded that the vote be taken again. Miss Martha supported her, and so did Miss Emily, in spite of Miss Susan's assertions that it made no difference to her personally. Thomas Bawkis was positive that no mistake had been made, but was willing to accede to the ladies' demands and allow one last and decisive ballot. Mr. Bawkis was vindicated and

Miss Shooter, to anticipate further protests, ran to her chart and wrote the name of Anna Bawkis, soprano, beneath the figure of the lily. A portentous silence followed, the Holmeses glaring at one another, searching one another's blank faces for some evidence of treachery, while the Bawkises smiled in triumph.

"It seems to me," began Thomas pleasantly, "that it is high time we begin to practice the piece. Suppose them of us as are posesies stand up in line and go over the thing now so as to get a general idee of the whole."

He was about to rise when his eyes caught the lily's part. He shot a quick glance at his sister sitting demurely at his side studying her notes, and from her he looked to Edgar Holmes, whose lips and head were moving in a musical pantomime.

"It seems to me," said Thomas then, with sudden sharpness, "that the rose otter be a tenor."

The house of Holmes declared itself. The music distinctly called for a bass, they said, and the tulip was the tenor part. If Mr. Bawkis actually thought that he knew more than the composer, then he and his brothers had better have a male quartet all to themselves and be done with it.

It was hard for Mr. Bawkis to overrule the composer, but he did. He explained that evidently the music had been originally written for a choir that did not have a competent tenor, but he felt positive that his brother John would be able to do the part much more melodiously with his high, clear voice than Edgar with his heavy bass—not but what Mr. Holmes was the best in his line in the valley.

Miss Shooter was in despair. She tore the chart from the wall and declared that she just didn't care. She had given all her time and thought and plannin' to that posey song; she had wrote away for the music; she had got the paints to make the flowers with; she had told everybody all about it. And here it was all fadin' away into an infant's cantata, and if there was anything Six Stars was wore out with it was cantatas.

Well, and good, and reasonable, Thomas Bawkis said, but just the same the rose should sing tenor. The whole idee of the piece was a passion song, the lily and the rose singing of their love, with the other flowers coming in as seconds, making a background of melody, a setting of harmony; love was a high-flying, cloudlike sentiment that always had its best expression in soaring tenor tones; bass was the voice of great deeds, of power, of battle, and as little akin to tenor as accomplishment to promise.

Susan Holmes returned cuttingly that Mr. Bawkis could sing both bass and tenor to her or to any of her sisters, and she was sure it would not make any difference; her own feelings on the cloudiness of the love sentiment found no better expression than in her single state; she noticed, moreover, that all the Bawkises were tenors—not that she meant to imply anything.

Miss Shooter declared that she never did see such people, and for her part she'd have no more to do with arrangin' special sextets; infants were easier to handle, and she would devote her time to cantatas. With that she began to gather up the music, as a sign that all was at an end.

Henry Bawkis, the sunflower, not comprehending the latest move of the head of his house, nor understanding why he should be sacrificed on the altar of his brother John's ambition, suggested that they have a ballot on the rose. It was a rule of the choir that a vote must be taken on any question when a member demanded it, and both factions knew so well that this could only be a formal declaration of another deadlock that they consented. So sure were the Holmeses of the result that they were pinning on their hats and gathering up their wraps while Miss Shooter passed the hat about. Thomas Bawkis knew so well what the vote must be that he declared angrily that some one had made a mistake when Miss Myrtle announced six votes for Edgar Holmes and four for John Bawkis. It was perfectly evident, he said, that some one in the choir did not understand the question at issue. Saying this, he glared at his sister, who was so occupied with her music that she seemed neither to see nor hear him. Her lips were moving in a mute solo; her head was swaying in time to the music; her upturned eyes and arched brows told that she was taking a high note in her mind.

"It is perfectly clear to me," said Thomas, "that was the real sentiments, the honest opinion of those present expressed by the ballot on the rose question, there'd be a deadlock."

"An' it's perfectly clear to me," cried



"You mean Methuselah Holmes?" inquired Willie innocently

Miss Shooter imperiously, taking her place at the melodeon and opening out her music, "that if those of you who are posies don't stand right up now an' begin practicin' there won't be a deadlock—there'll be a cantata."

"It is through the noble efforts of our choir working together by a common impulse for a common end," said the Rev. Mr. Spink in opening the concert, "that we are able to present to-night a program of unrivaled excellence. In behalf of the entire community I wish to thank them." The pastor waved his hand to the two rows of chairs at the end of the platform where, under command of Miss Shooter, the choir sat, eyes demurely downcast, fumbling their music rolls. "And I think," continued Mr. Spink, "that we should now acknowledge our debt to the others who are to entertain us to-night—to the little children who are to sing; to Miss Bertha Sponholler, who is to render a guitar solo; to William Calker, who by the way of a variation is to recite that inimitable dialect piece, 'How Pumpedink Set the Hen.'"

Right heartily the audience acknowledged its debt, Martin Holmes, in the front row, leading the applause with the loud thumps of his cane, which continued long after the general handclapping had ceased and only stopped when his wife peremptorily clasped her hand on the knob of the stick.

"Peace, peace, peace," the anthem by the choir, the first number, was a splendid thing to open with, and set the standard for the rest of the performance. That standard was maintained. Up to the posey song Six Stars had never heard such a concert. Miss Sponholler's guitar solo was a novelty, interesting to a degree because of the oddity of the instrument. Irving Killowill's rendering of "I'm a Little Soldier Boy, Brave and True," evoked storms of applause; for the village had never seen it done with such an elaborate setting, as the boy was in uniform and marched up and down with a gun, a sword, and a drum, while he piped that battle-song of childhood. John Bawkis's "Tell Me, Darling, Dost Thou Love Me," cast over the company a soft, sentimental mist which was swept away by the storm and riot of Murphy Kollaberger's cornet. Willie Calker convulsed the audience with the classic story of Pumpedink and the hen, and one and all agreed that though it was not music it made a welcome break in the programme. At last came the great sextet.

A posey song was not a thing to be stood up and rattled off as though it was of no consequence. It required long, expectant waiting on the part of the audience, with frequent shuffles of feet and impatient handclaps. It required a curtain to be spread across the church, with mysterious whispering and flutterings behind it, and Miss Shooter running out before it every now and then for no other purpose than to run back again. Mr. Spink had to rise suddenly from his pew, and go behind the scenes, and come back, looking very serious and shaking his head. Willie Calker got excited and pulled the curtains apart too soon, so the cries behind them drowned the applause of the house. Everybody in the choir wanted to remove the boy from his post of honor, but it was very dark behind the scenes, the only bracket-lamp flickering dreadfully, and he threatened to take his new bull's-eye lantern with him if they made him go. Miss Shooter had found that indispensable in her work of putting the last touches on the flowers. Miss Sponholler ran out and got Mr. Spink. The pastor hurried behind the

scenes again, and returned to his seat looking graver than ever. Miss Myrtle absently sprang before the curtain, turned the bull's-eye on the audience, screamed and disappeared. The audience became restless, and Martin Holmes beat the floor with his cane. John Holmes stepped forth with one hand upraised and asked every one to be quiet, as "it" was about to begin. Every one obeyed and for five minutes absolute silence reigned. The strain was too much. Some bad boys in the rear of the church began to whistle shrilly while the better ones in front hissed. That brought Miss Belle Spink forth to the melodeon, and when she screwed up the stool, spread out the music, and feathered her fingers over the keys, every one said, "At last!" and settled back to real enjoyment. Instead Miss Spink played a very long solo. It had the desired



"It is perfectly clear to me," said Thomas, "there'd be a deadlock."

effect, for there was absolute silence for some minutes after she had disappeared into the enshrouded platform. Then pandemonium broke loose. Mr. Spink had to rise in his place and quell the confusion by an appeal for the patience of the company.

But even posey songs must begin some time. Miss Shooter took her place at the melodeon, smiling, and all was well. She screwed the stool down again. She arranged the music. She cried, "Now!"

Willie Calker drew the curtain.

There were the six giant posies that Miss Myrtle had painted on a screen of sheets, all in a row, the daisy and the sunflower, the lily and the rose, the buttercup and the tulip. The heads of the singers projecting through holes formed the centres about which she had

built and painted the bursting buds, with their tall green stalks, and so natural did they look that everybody cried "Ah!" and so prolonged was the applause that it was some moments before Edgar Holmes could start. At last the melodeon drowned the audience, and in that heavy voice of his he began:

"I'm a bio-hud, re-hed, ro-ho-hose,
I love the li-hillee."

Anna Bawkis quickly demonstrated that the Holmeses were not the only women in the valley who could trill and troll and tra-lah. She turned her eyes to the ceiling and went soaring:

"I'm a li-hillee,
A deuteous li-hillee,
I love the ro-hose."

And all this time Henry Bawkis from the sunflower's heart was baritoneing, "Oh, fie—fie—fie." And at the other end of the sheet Thomas Bawkis, the tulip, was tossing high C's in the air while he sang of the "Bio-uh-uh-ud, re-ch-ed, ro-ho-ho-hose." And the daisy and the buttercup were echoing "She-loves-the-ro-hose."

The rose loved the lily. He told her so in fifty different keys. When he was not hurrying it forth, the others were doing so in soaring notes while he said, "Rum-rum-rum-rum-rum-rum."

The lily loved the rose. She vowed it unblushingly before all that company. She trilled it forth; she trilled it forth; she trilled it forth. Oft in the dewy eve, she said, she thought of him, when the moon was gleaming o'er the sea and the evening shadows fell.

Of course, everybody knew it was just singing. Of course, everybody would have thought so to this day had it not been for Willie Calker. Of course, it was purely an accident that Willie, at his post behind the scenes, should turn his lantern for just that one second. It was just one second, too, but there on the white sheet glowed that fiery bull's-eye.

"I lo-hove the li-hillee," sang the unconscious rose.

"I lo-hove the ro-hose," sang the unconscious lily.

How that posey-song should have ended Six Stars never learned. It never saw another. Of this one the climax was a scream from the lily, a growl from the rose. The melodeon was silent in a flash and Miss Shooter sprang to close the curtain. Then nothing could be seen. There was the wall of muslin to cover it all. But Willie Calker could be heard protesting that he meant no harm; he'd turned the lantern around just one teeny bit of a second; he was only curious. Thomas Bawkis could be heard declaring that he suspected it all along, and Anna Bawkis said she didn't care who saw it, and Edgar Holmes proclaimed his freedom in no uncertain tones. The wails of the four Misses Holmes would have drowned all else had not the audience risen to its feet and cheered. Even the upraised hand of Mr. Spink could not silence the uproar.

But in the climax of that posey song the figure that in the memory of Six Stars comes out boldest, rising above the storm of music, is Martin Holmes, a bent old form, standing there that one second when Willie Calker was curious, pointing with his cane to the brilliant bull's-eye among the posies and to the silhouette there.

Above the melodeon's wheezy strains, above the trilling and the trilling, above the rum-rum-rumming of the bass, sounded his high, cracked voice:

"The rose is a—boltin' the lily's hand."

ON THE TRACK OF THE ARMY

By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS, Collier's Special War Correspondent with the Japanese Second Army

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HAICHENG, August 25

I AM hoping that the country through which the Japanese army fought may still be of interest to those at home. To us who for twelve days followed in the track of the army the country was interesting, because after four months of imprisonment in Tokio and a week on a transport, we thought we were again free men. We did not then suspect that we had merely stepped out of the frying-pan of Tokio into the fire of Haicheng. For though we are now only ten miles from the Russian army, you in the States know much more of the war than do we, locked up in idleness in the mud compound of a mud-walled city. On the 1st of August, we left the coast with an endless column of Peking carts, mules, oxen, transport wagons, straining, howling coolies, and squealing Japanese stallions, and in an hour passed the hills of Nanshan. With a battle in progress eighteen miles south and another going forward a hundred miles to the north, we did not halt to study Nanshan. Its trenches held the same bleak interest as does a baseball diamond in November. After six miles, Kinchow, which fell the day before the Nanshan hills were taken, rose above the trail. It was a city of one-story houses surrounded by a jagged wall with pagoda-like watch towers; fortified gates, iron-bound, buttressed, mediæval. We entered to find it choked and swarming. In its main street, transport wagons and Chinese carts had locked wheels and were clamoring for right of way, mules and donkeys brayed, Japanese ponies reared, kicked and bit, long whiplashes fell, and hundreds of drivers pulled and tugged, obfuscated, besought and screamed. Our own transport had not come up, and we were without fodder for our

horses or food for ourselves; and, as no one seemed to know where we were billeted, we halted for hours in the street while our horses kicked each other and us. Those whose owners had naively tied them to cartwheels promptly stuck both forelegs between the spokes, threw themselves on their backs, and promised to drive in the ribs of whoever attempted their rescue. The sun scorched like a burning glass, the mud walls kept out every wandering breeze, and the white dust, stale and stagnant, was kicked into the air by thousands of hoofs and feet, and hung like a curtain in the air. I hid my horse in a Chinaman's compound, and in lack of

food smoked a pipe in an inclosure of trees and waving green hidden away in a corner of the walls. It had once been a vast garden, but now the weeds rose higher than a man's head, and one could see nothing above them but two deeply carved monoliths and the tiled roofs of scattered houses. A barefooted boy parted the weeds, unwound his pigtail as you would raise your hat in greeting, beckoned me, and disappeared again into the jungle. I followed, stumbling over crawling vines and brushing away clinging branches, until I began to wonder if I were to be kidnapped by Chinese brigands, decapitated by Boxers, or hanged as a spy. The weeds ceased at the stone step of a low one-story building, and my mysterious guide threw open an iron-barred door and solemnly motioned me to enter. Seated before us on a great throne was a gross, gorgeously clothed man, with flabby cheeks, staring black eyes, a ferocious expression, and an upraised arm. In a moment, as I became used to the darkness, I saw that this was not a man, but a god—an idol roughly hewn and as roughly coated with gilt and paint. Which god he was, or who the priests had been who had fled before the wrath of two armies and abandoned him, I could only guess. But in spite of his ferocious glances and his menacing arm, one could not but feel sorry for him. He cut so pitiful a figure, sitting alone and unhonored in his gorgeous gilt raiment amid this ruin of weeds and creeping vines. The path once trodden by his worshippers was overgrown, his table was bare of offerings, the dust lay deep upon his altar, and those who had tended it and besought his mercy had deserted him. No one was left to do him honor but a figure, fully armed and mounted upon a wooden



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rocking-horse, another carrying an umbrella of state and the barefooted boy. He showed by his awe-struck whispers that he still feared the thunderbolts of this fallen idol. Together from the stone door we scraped some broken floss-sticks, and, sticking them in the bowl of sand before the golden image, set them burning, and then placing some money on his altar closed the door and stole away. Let us hope we left him comforted.

Songs of Home

Meanwhile the others had been billeted in Chinese houses, the canteen contractor who feeds us three times a day, occasionally, and transports our luggage had arrived, and the servants had placed our cots on the mats, and hung up the fly nets. Later in our compound, under an arbor of grape-vines and a single tree, we hung out our paper lanterns, and, to the ungovernable amusement of our Chinese hosts, sang songs of home. At least we thought they were songs of home. When we last heard them on both sides of Broadway, the snow lay heaped and dirty, the ice was piled high against fog-bound ferryboats. What to-day are the songs of home? If we confess that for half a year we have heard with delight the band of the Grand Hotel at Yokohama play "Hawatha" and "Violets," and that the song we sang in the Chinese compound was "My Little Chimpanzee," we foresee your pitying smile. But why should we expect you lucky ones to understand? You lucky ones, who, while we have been prisoners in Tokio, have seen the winter melt into spring, the spring blossom into summer, who have with you now the Indian summer and the golden-rod; you, who have dozed away your vacation in a hammock or a wet bathing suit, have watched the finish of the Futurity, have dared to consider yourselves bored at a roof garden, have seen the Pike at the World's Fair, and who are now deep in your own war of a Presidential campaign. What can you have in common with us, who, in spite of censors, on the wings of a coon song eight months old, rose above the squalor and pin-pricks of our prison, and for one moment touched hands with you across the sea?

The Tortured Chinese Woman

In this compound was the first Chinese woman I had seen in her own country. Her trousers and her blouse resembled so closely those worn by the men that it was only when she walked that one first guessed she was a woman. She walked as though she were stepping over hot plowshares, and her every movement exhibited the painful effort and awkwardness of a beginner on skates. All I had read or heard of the malformation of the Chinese women's feet had not prepared me for the actual fact. This girl was really a robust, handsome young woman, with, when she was standing still, a tall and graceful figure, but her feet were those of a crippled child. They appeared below the baggy trousers like the stumps of a crutch. It was a deformity that made one look away in disgust. They tell us here that this binding of the feet and crushing of the bones is an exquisite agony not only during the first years of the woman's life, but that she is never free from it. And they also say that this deformity, which we attribute to the women's vanity, was originally forced upon her to prevent her from running away. We were not troubled with many visions of these unfortunate cripples, for in Manchuria women are more closely guarded than even in Turkey or Egypt. There it is the face that is hidden from sight, here it is the woman herself. Only very old women appear in the street, even little girls of the tenderest age are not allowed to show themselves in public, and except those who pass us in their two-wheeled traveling carts, shielded by lattice work and wire screens, the country might be populated only by men.

The next day we rode thirty-two miles, reaching Pulentien at seven in the evening. It is a Russian railroad settlement with the headquarters in the waiting-room of the station. It had been an extremely hot day, and as the horses had not recovered from their voyage on the transport, four of the sixteen gave out, and on the following morning were unable to continue. My horse, Devery—so called because, as I had only one horse, it was "Devery, every, every time"—was one of the four, so I left my servant to take care of him and went forward on a mule. As he is a coal-black mule, with a fine voice and a rare sense of humor, I asked him whether he wanted to be called Williams or Walker, he said "Both," so his name is Williams and Walker.

Beer, but no Battles

The next day we were officially halted at South Wa-fang-tien, where, in the waiting-rooms of the station, hospital cots covered with boards and red blankets were prepared for us, and we were served with sake, tea, and sweet cakes. We protested that we would prefer to push on, but the commandant was firm, and on our again protesting sent us beer. Our anxiety to see battles, to see outposts, to see anything, is always, in the minds of the Japanese officers, sufficiently answered by a sop of cigarettes, or a proffer of more red blankets. We spanned at six the next morning and rode slowly along the railroad track over the battlefield of Telissu to the town and railway station that gave its name to that victory. The railroad line lies through the valley, and to the eyes of the amateur the positions held by the Russians were impregnable. With the added advantage given the Russians by the railroad which enabled them to quickly move up troops and artillery, it is hard to understand why 54,000 men did not hold out against 70,000. But this advance through Manchuria seems to prove that to-day it is not enough for an army to sit tight in its impregnable position. The army that wins is the army that moves. If an army chooses to march far enough, there is no impregnable position that can not be flanked, and with the enemy in the rear and



In the past century more than four and a half million men have laid down their lives in combat between the civilized nations of the World at an expense of fifteen billion dollars.—*Mutual Statistics.*



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Preparing to burn dead bodies after the Battle of Liao-Yang

In the past week more than 500,000 men have been fighting on the banks of Liao-Yang river and it is estimated that 85,000 have fallen in battle.

The issues at stake and the number of men engaged render it one of the decisive battles of the world.

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Russia had nearly a million men under arms in Crimea. 162,000 of these were killed in battle and twice as many more died of sickness.

Of the 600,000 men which Great Britain, France and Turkey sent against Russia 160,000 were left on the battle fields, and more than that number died from sickness.

It may be of interest to know that 664,000 Russians have died in battle in the last century.

The number of troops engaged and the fatalities are much larger than you would think.

BATTLE	NATIONS	TROOPS ENGAGED	KILLED	BATTLE	NATIONS	TROOPS ENGAGED	KILLED
Agincourt	English-French	42,000	11,400	Gettysburg	Federal-Confed.	132,000	44,000
Bannockburn	Scottish-English	135,000	38,000	Jena	French-Prussian	110,000	31,000
Crusy	English-French	117,000	31,200	Leipzig	Prussian-French	471,000	107,000
Gravelotte	German-French	394,000	62,000	Moscow	French-Russian	245,000	94,000
Waterloo	English-French	221,000	61,000	Sadowa	Prussian-Austrian	191,000	33,000
Austerlitz	Federal-Confed.	154,000	31,000	Sedan	Prussian-French	314,000	47,000
Austerlitz	French-Austrian	154,000	38,000				

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noon, and in fifteen minutes the hard ridges of yellow clay had melted to the consistency of chocolate, as you see it crushed under a wheel in a confectioner's window, another ten minutes and it resembled the chocolate in your cup at the breakfast table. By this time the horses were slipping and staggering in a foot of mud spread over a surface as treacherous as glass. We would still be floundering in that mud had we not found that the Russian railroad bed was filled with sand. This gave the animals a surer footing, and for six hours we led them over the ties. When it was dark, Mr. Melton Prior and myself, who had lost the others and ourselves, halted at the railway station at Kaiping. We had come twenty-two miles, in the worst rainstorm I ever remember, on a single meal of two sandwiches, and both men and animals were exhausted.

Out into the Rain Again

But the officials assured us that at Kaiping itself quarters were prepared, that Kaiping was but twenty minutes distant, and "advised" us to move on. Personally, on such a night I could not have turned a water-snake out of doors, but they turned us out, smiling, with true Japanese politeness. Kaiping is one mile from the station, and we were not twenty minutes, but two hours, in covering that one mile. I covered more of it than any one else ever did, as I fell most of the way and swam the rest. It now was absolutely dark, and when I was not falling in holes, but merely groping in the mud for the trail, Prior's horse, which I dragged behind me while he rode the surer-footed Williams and Walker, secured a firm footing by planting his feet in the small of my back. After I had fallen into a ditch eight feet deep, into which Prior's horse selfishly refused to follow, we found Kaiping by the simple process of bumping into the city wall. The Japanese officials, although they had been told that several of the correspondents were still lost in the night, had given orders that after nine o'clock the gates should not be opened, but the sentries on duty were more humane, and permitted us to enter. I instantly fell in one gutter, while at the same moment Williams and Walker lay down in the other, leaving Mr. Prior, much to his surprise, standing in the street with his feet still in the stirrups, but with no mud beneath him. I heard the crash of camera and canteen, and called to Prior to know if he were still alive.

"Yes," he answered in a hurt and puzzled voice, "I'm alive, but I can't find that mule. The street just opened and swallowed him." It was only after several moments of groping in the dark that we found Williams and Walker lying comfortably in the gutter, apparently intent on hiding there for the night.

Warmth and Food, at Last!

But we had a better fate. Just before midnight we reached the monastery set aside for the correspondents, and John Fox and Brill dug down until they found my clothes and flung them into the compound, where for three days a Chinaman vainly tried to rise and scrape them of mud. Lewis scrambled eggs for me, and George Lynch, who, naturally, had bought the only three bottles of champagne in Kaiping that the Russians had overlooked, gave me one for myself. Many excellent meals have I enjoyed, and for them I am deeply thankful, but none ever had the particular flavor of that supper of eggs and champagne, which I ate shivering on a stone floor, my head plastered in mud, and robed simply in a wet rubber blanket. Except for the end, it was the hardest day and night I ever experienced. Mr. Prior, who is a veteran of twenty-three campaigns, says the same thing. But all is well that ends well, and in spite of the fact that we had only a stone floor for a bed, Brill having carelessly gone to sleep first gave me the chance to steal his blanket, and so I slept the sleep of the just. The carts did not arrive until four o'clock that morning, and the next day the animals were too exhausted and the roads too liquid for us to continue. We rested at Kaiping until the afternoon of the day following, and as our next one-night stand, Tauchatung, was only eight miles distant, we did not set forth until late in the afternoon. But we did not travel by those eight miles, we traveled by every known and unknown mile within a radius of eighteen miles, and never within so small an area did so many men become so widely scattered. Our own party did not reach Tauchatung until midnight, and then only after awakening six different villages, and other correspondents stung and in couples fell by the wayside, or rode straight through Tauchatung, and bivouacked in the fields outside. Two days later we entered Tashichan, the scene of another battle and another great Japanese victory. We did not halt there, but at once pushed on, arriving in the last day twenty-five miles, and arriving on the evening of the 14th of August at Hancheng, where we are now securely bottled up in a mud compound. Since landing we had been twelve days on the trail, and had covered only one hundred and fifty miles. A more foolish schedule it would be difficult to imagine. On some days, under orders, we rode only three hours, on others, from sun up to sunset. On the return trip, which I mean to make the moment I have heard one hostile shot fired and seen one more Russian, I will make the same distance in four days and the ammunition carts and wounded must look out for themselves.

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Were this not true, would I not be branding myself a liar on every box of cigars that I sell?

The success of these cigars has been beyond expectation or even hope, as the Panetela shape and size was never what is known as a popular shape, though always well thought of by discriminating smokers. This success has had another effect—a host of imitators. I have yet to see the equal of Shivers' Panetela at anywhere near its price.

If this were an essay on morals, it would be fair to say that in the long run I do not believe misrepresentation in business pays, but as it is an advertisement to sell cigars, I am simply going to ask the smoker to read

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It costs something to sell a man his first hundred cigars—after that he orders of his own volition. Renewal orders I must have, and I get them—more of them than you would believe if I told you how many.

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Then you mail us twenty-a work till it is paid for. Remember that 50 cents is part of what the machine saves you every week on your own, or on a washer-woman's labor. We intend that the "1900" Washer shall pay for itself and then cost you nothing.

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advance their only salvation. That night they broke through with the bayonet.

111

WE had seen the battle and the field of operations as a whole. Now we were to see and feel a part—the intimate, trying part—when veterans used to victories, locking arms with superior numbers, should make the effort of two divisions the universe of our hopes and fears for three days of blood and heat.

On the night of the 31st, I rode on in the track of the flanking force, which had crossed the unforgivable Taitse in face of a napping enemy. This was a by-road between the high hills, where, in the darkness, the torches and campfires of the commissariat lighted the maze of Japanese carts, Chinese carts, pack ponies, Korean and Chinese coolies, and all the plodding flesh, human or animal, which could bear or draw supplies.

At the river I met old friends in an unexpected place—the pontoons that we had used at the Yalu. They had not come with Nishi from Feng-Wang-Cheng along the old Peking Road; so they must have gone with the Twelfth, by mountain paths and over mountain passes. Luck is with these pontoons. Thus far they have caused the dismissal of two Russian generals; and well may the little engineers hail them out and repaint them in the hope of favors to come on other streams that lie on the way to Harbin. At the Yalu, Zassulitch concluded that the Japanese were going to cross at Antung, and awakened to find the bridge of his disgrace spanning an unprotected flank. Orloff evidently labored under the same fulness of theory and lack of scouting practice. His wound at Yentai did not save him from public humiliation by his Emperor.

The Climax of Strategy

Till we crossed the Taitse-ho, the war for the First Army had been the march of a pattern plan. Whatever the casualties, when night had fallen the day's work had been finished according to programme. This masterly trick with the pontoons, the nerve that had left a gap of five miles in an army's line and thrown a wing into the air, was the climax of our strategy here. Beyond the Taitse-ho the conflict became such as painters paint and writers write. On a level three miles across and ten miles from east to west, parallel with the railroad, the Second Division had its position. Its flank was in touch with the Twelfth. Inouye's Twelfth that had marched from Seoul, that had been first at Ping-Yang, first at the Yalu, first at Feng-Wang-Cheng, and now was the exposed end of an army of one hundred and fifty thousand men.

The task before us, to the eye comprehending only field and slope, was such as more than once before had occupied us for only a few hours' time. To the left was an irregular mountain, called No. 131 on the map, which, rising knuckle-like, formed a rampart buttressing the defence of Liao-Yang from the northeast. Across a narrow gap from its base there is a "little hill," Hayentai, not more than two hundred feet high at its highest point and scarcely four hundred yards long, but to many soldiers of both armies bigger than Mont Blanc. Across another level of a mile or more were two series of ridges, which the spectators called Four Finger and Five Finger. Their Chinese names, which I have since learned, mean nothing to me. I stick to those by which we knew them through three days, when every burst of rifle-fire and every salvo of shrapnel brought us some message of how the hazard was going.

The "little hill" the Russians had not properly fortified. It was quite neglected until the battle began. Elsewhere, but not here, the Russians had cut the kowliang over the approaches to their defences. That high millet, which is like field corn with a slightly thinner stalk, and two or three feet taller, overspread the plain.

General Orloff's Surprise

Hayentai was here. It was a target. It must be taken. It was hard to take and hard to hold. To an approaching army, the kowliang meant what darkness does to a torpedo attack. Two weeks later, when the kowliang was shocked, you might sit on the temple steps in the village at the base of the hill and see a man three miles away as he walked across the plain. On September 1 he might have crept up to within fifty yards and had the drop on you before you had a glimpse of him.

In one of our recent naval manoeuvres at home, a black turret bounced porpoise-like out of the water near a battleship, and a saucy ensign signalled: "I have torpedoed you." General Orloff could sympathize with the captain of that battleship. The morning of September 1 revealed the thirty-six guns of the Second Division in a set, close line within four thousand yards range of the "little hill." The gunners had worked all night, as they had for the last five nights; and they were to fight all day, as they had for the last five days. Only by working all night would they have the opportunity to fight all day. The inferior range makes it necessary that they bring their guns close to the enemy. Here was not the first time they had so taken advantage of position as to force any Russian gun which could reach them by direct fire to come within range.

Now we were fighting on the plain; now we were having a new experience and new methods. This I realized rather pathetically when a Chinese coolie at the rear of the regiment, which I followed across the pontoon, was singled out by the nature of his

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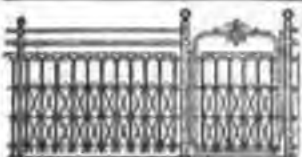
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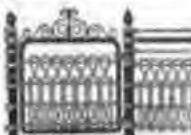
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Twelfth attacking them in front were making progress. Optimism ran high for the moment.

Once we had the Russians well flanked, it seemed to the eye studying the ground roughly, without staff knowledge, that the mountain to the left, No. 131, would fall to us of its own weight. But the staff wanted that immediately, as well as Four Finger and Five Finger. The Imperial Guards, which was the third division in Kuroki's army, were still on the other side of the Taitse-ho. They were sent forward in demonstration on the river bottom toward No. 131; and on the river bottom they lay for hours. The gravel under their bodies was as hot as a stove lid. The shrapnel scattered it as the first raindrops do the dust of the road. But the Guards were too tired to mind that. They felt as if they had been fighting and marching since the world began; and they fell asleep, despite death and heat.

Meanwhile, the real charge broke out of the kowliang to the southeast of the little hill. It ran around the base of a slope and, dodging and dashing by rushes, swept upward, with dead and wounded in its track. The Russians came out of their cover, and, silhouetting themselves against the sky, fired at will, patronizingly. The charge was as hopeless as trying to scale a rope ladder with your hands tied behind you in a heavy sea. Its remnants came back in the night.

Kuroki Meets Twice His Numbers

A schoolboy could have realized that Hayentai was vital to the Russians. It was to either commanding general's plans what a bridge over a stream is to a roadstead. There were Russian troops without end now at the call of the "little hill." They were coming over the bridge in retreat from Liao-Yang, skilled by experience; they were pressing down from Mukden fresh from Europe. Kuroki, with two divisions and an extra brigade, making a total of a little over thirty thousand men, was trying to drive back twice his own force.

Now, you can place only a certain number of men within a given length of trench. The Russian officer who commanded on the "little hill" doubtless told his superior officer that he could hold it against any number. He was right in theory, but wrong in practice against the Japanese. Liao-Yang brought a new feature into modern warfare—the night attack. The Russian officer in command of the "little hill" could not help himself. He was in the position of the resident of Johnstown who was correct in thinking that his drainage system was all right until the flood came.

But one thing we have noted, stage by stage from the Yalu, and that is that the Russian is learning, as the British learned in South Africa. He is taking notes out of the Japanese book and applying them as far as the limited intelligence of the average Russian soldier will permit; and the Russian soldier who has been under fire several times has had a most enlivening if not liberal education.

So the enemy, in turn, undertook a night attack. Again the shrapnel bursts flashed over Hayentai after the sun went down, while the rifles blazed out from the crest which had been a dead gray against the sky during the day. Report says that this effort cost the Russians fifteen hundred casualties. I know that two hundred bodies were left on a slope covering scarcely two acres in all. A gully approaching Hayentai was thick with dead, whose faces were upturned like those of people hastening up a gangway. A Siberian regiment and a regiment fresh from Russia—the old to steady the new under the first staggering blast and the new bringing ingenious faith in his invincibility—came with drums—drums in the night! There was no artifice. The heavy Slav, like some mad giant, rushed upon skill with the rage of brute force. A torrent of men swept up Hayentai. They engulfed the Japanese who were there as the Japanese had engulfed the Russians the night before. Then the real struggle in the dark began. For the Japanese fought their way back before dawn, and made Hayentai theirs for good and all.

Brute Courage Wins

In this age of high organization, some officers who sit in routine facing rows of pigeon-holes will tell you that war is entirely made with brains nowadays. All such should have seen Hayentai. There they would have learned that the taking of critical points, which are essential to academic plans, still depends upon brute butchery and brute courage. The visitor would have slipped in blood instead of dew. Like round figures on a carpet, the clots were set off on the earth where the grass was matted and worn away by struggle. It needed mincing steps to touch every one if you walked in a straight line. In a dozen places I saw red paths where wounded men had dragged themselves away into the kowliang. Following one of these, I came to the conflagration which told the story of the death agony.

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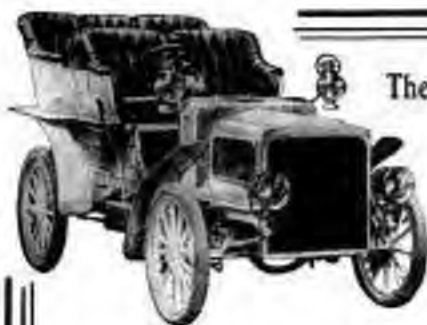
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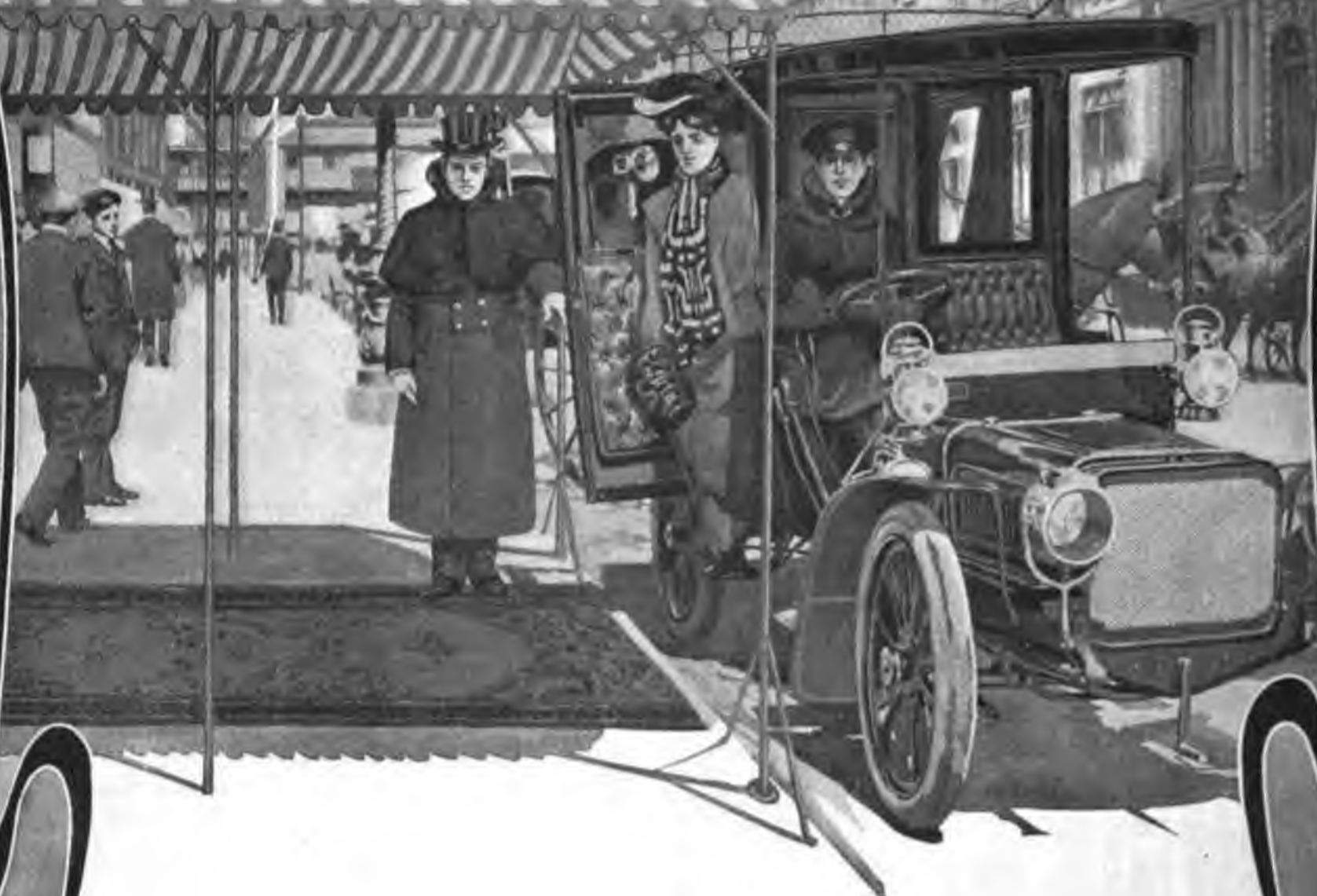
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Vol. XXXIV No. 7

10 Cents per Copy

\$5.20 per Year

New York, Saturday, November 12, 1904

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Other contributors to this number are: Robert Grant, F. Hopkinson Smith, Alice Brown, Elmore Elliott Peake, Mary Stewart Cutting, L. Frank Baum, the author of "The Wizard of Oz," etc., Julia Magruder, Albert Bigelow Paine, Grace MacGowan Cooke, Gustav Kobbé, Lillie Hamilton French, Dr. Grace Peckham Murray, Florence Earle Coates, Aloysius Coll, Carolyn Wells, Jennie Pendleton Ewing. This issue contains superb illustrations in color and in black and white, by J. C. Leyendecker, Martin Justice, L. D'Emo, Paul J. Meylan, S. Werner, Christine S. Bredin, Herbert Paus, Harry Stacey Benton, F. Richardson, R. Emmett Owen and Harry A. Linnell.

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COLLIER'S

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1904



THE MATINÉE GIRL

DRY POINT BY OTTO SCHNEIDER



MR. ROOT SAID, at Chicago five months ago, that "ours is a government by party rule." Although there is literal truth in such a statement, it is usually made to conceal or justify unworthy motives. The officials of the party in power should be looked upon as national officers conducting the Government, and ruling as officers of the Government, not primarily as partisans. It was furthest from the dream of any founder of our Constitution that men in high office should think first of faction. It was the haunting fear of WASHINGTON that parties might destroy what was best in the democracy, in the foundation of which he had so nobly led. The most profound questions facing the officers of our Government to-day, and for the next four years, and for many years to come, are not party questions. They are profound and complicated problems crying for solution on principles absolutely disconnected from party lines. Foremost among them stand the trusts. The principle of competition, in the opinion of many experts, is doomed. If so, still more important becomes the principle of regulation. The more wisely the capital which has overthrown the restraints of competition can be regulated, the less danger of new party

MODERN
CARTHAGE

divisions produced by two extremes, a violent socialism on the one hand, a party of force upon the other. The public conscience says there is an evil. No explanation will satisfy it that pork needs to sell for half as much again to-day as it did in the spring of '97. It needs at least some explanation to satisfy it about the meaning of Mr. KNOX's selection for the Senate. It can not smile because a family connection of ROCKEFELLER's rules our strongest Chamber. It can not smile because the ministers of this Senate King are all closely identified with money interests of the concentrated and ruling order. It knows the relation of the coal trust to the law. It guesses why trust managers often report by number and not by name. It realizes that our Government treats the very rich as other Governments treat the aristocracy and the official class. A German editor is forbidden to mention certain scandals because "the abuses brought to light might cause other people of standing to be lowered in the public opinion." We wish no analogous timidity here. We wish caution, justice, but no shrinking from the consequences. A Vienna paper calls us the Modern Carthage. We are rich, and becoming militant, as Carthage was. Let us force our rulers to take steps which shall prevent our degenerating as Carthage did. We expect from our representatives at Washington not merely an occasional sop to public conscience, but a persistent and fearless effort to execute the laws.

THIS IS THE ERA of the humane. Even peace is gaining, although the humane in war gains much faster. Religion becomes yearly simpler. It translates itself from complexities of argument into facts of daily note. It becomes in part a science, with laws fortified by observation. It gives almost a promise that the whole world may sometime dwell on the same essentials. Japan is called a heathen country, and she is in some ways ethically below the West, but her cleverness—even if it be nothing more—is enabling her to see with startling quickness and precision that certain superstitions are in her way. The latest illustration, following quickly on what we hear of her sanitary vigilance, is her determination to release, after recovery, all Russian prisoners who are permanently disabled. Thus do humanity and practical acuteness work in concord. We observe that one of Count Tolstoy's sons

HUMANITY
AND WAR

has written to a Russian paper, praising war, and unfolding a conviction that Russian destiny includes the mastery of the world, steps to this end being the absorption of adjacent nations and the ousting of Great Britain from Egypt as well as India. Tolstoy's daughter is also combative, being president of a committee of female aristocrats formed for the encouragement of volunteers. England, after the performance of the Baltic fleet, showed how far from extinction is the spirit of war, but at the same time the submission to reason by both Russians and English showed how the desire to avoid war may grow without the willingness to fight when necessary being lost. The world is not losing the martial virtues in the reign of commerce and the peaceful arts, but it is gaining in humanity and in reason as applied to war.

THE TAX ON ART is not likely to be removed until the whole tariff is revised. Even if there were a revision, it is likely that the duties on art might be retained. This tax occupies an exceptional position. It is not to "protect" American artists. They do not wish to be protected, being able to take care of themselves and knowing that whatever stimulates aesthetic inter-

ests and increases art opportunities in America is to their advantage. The feeling that lies behind this tax is that pictures are a luxury for the rich. Legislators from the tall timber see no reason why the desire of Cæsar for a painting should not be used to help support the State. If you tried to explain to Uncle JOE CANNON, for example, that pictures were as clearly a part of education as books, plays, or music, you might possibly get an admission that it would be a good thing to tax people for reading MILTON or hearing BEETHOVEN if we could find a way to do it. Few great paintings go directly to our museums.

The general course is for them to be bought by individuals, owned privately by them for a time, and finally find their way to public galleries. The present interest in art is rapidly snatching up most of those old masterpieces which can be purchased, and our tariff against them, by irritating every buyer, greatly diminishes the number of great works which are secured for the United States. It is this approaching end of the present profuse opportunities that makes the art tax so peculiarly stupid and unfortunate. When we look over the record of Congress, however, on all matters in any way touching art, we find no ground whatever for hoping it will ever take a less bigoted and injurious position.

TAXING
EDUCATION

MEREDITH HAS BEEN TALKING more than is customary with him. Following his sensational utterance on leasehold marriage comes an interview on things in general, in which the most striking opinion is that America does right to hold the Philippines. MEREDITH, be it remembered, is one of the dwindling number of English Liberals who are ardently for Irish Home Rule. He is as firm as JOHN MORLEY and EARL SPENCER. He was bitterly opposed to England's war against the Boers. He is far removed from sympathy with empires or imperialism. But he is capable of making a distinction. He does not, in his view of politics, fix up one general principle which shall cover every case. He makes an exception of the Philippines, because we took them from incidental necessity, not from greed; because they are savages, not a people differently civilized from us, like the Boers; and because if we give them up they will be governed by Spain or Japan. MEREDITH believes that we shall govern the Filipinos well, and in other directions also he thinks very highly of America. In the United States and Japan he sees the nations of the future, with England sinking to a humbler position. France about holding her own, and Germany standing well. MEREDITH is a great though erratic thinker; his high opinion of us is something which we may rightly value; and for so pronounced an opponent of oppression to declare in favor of our policy in the Philippines is a straw of no small importance.

MEREDITH ON
THE NATIONS

MANY NEEDLESS STRIKES bring discredit on the unions when, if the truth were known, most of the obloquy would fall on capital. When labor has a serious and legitimate grievance, the natural solution, when negotiation fails, is a hard strike, long continued. The brief picayune strikes in the building trades, of which half a dozen come in one branch in as many months, are often, perhaps usually, caused by relations so intricate that the general public fails to grasp their meaning. These little strikes are caused, in a very large per cent of the cases, by the warfare of the employing companies among themselves. The SAM PARKS case was typical of the general habit. In that case the Fuller Construction Company brought a venal labor leader from Chicago to New York, and used him to create strikes which would interfere with the construction companies which had not yet been absorbed

IN THE
WOODPILE

by the Fuller organization. This process of absorption is still going on, and by the same means. The plumbers, plasterers, joiners, electricians, tilayers, and many other groups of workmen, are but the tools of the building companies, who determine for them the thousand petty strikes that annoy the public. The little construction companies, by difficulty in fulfilling contracts, get into trouble financially, the big companies buy up their notes, and the swallowing is soon complete, in much the same manner that the individual saloon becomes the property of some brewer. When, therefore, we are tempted into rage over some trivial and pointless strike in one of the many branches of the building trade, instead of talking about the "over-organization of labor," or the insanity of labor unions, it might be as useful for us to give thought to methods for ending this corrupt power which the big construction companies use to crush their smaller rivals. Little companies or unions would seldom strike if let alone, because it would not pay. It does pay a big company to pay for a strike which shall ruin a little one. Labor, in our opin-



ion, is much less to blame for the present uncomfortable complications than capital is. Corruption exists in both camps, but in the unions it is the corruption of the individual, in the big moneyed organizations it is corruption as a steadily pursued business policy. The labor problem, therefore, is a less difficult and less discouraging one than is presented by the sins of capital. The enterprise and energy represented by money have no doubt done much for the material development of the country. Organized labor has done much to raise the moral and spiritual standard of the country. It has had its faults, even grievous ones, but it has suffered much for sins which were committed by its opponent.

THE AMERICAN DRAMA IS CONTROLLED almost wholly by a group of some half a dozen men. Mr. DANIEL FROHMAN, not technically part of the syndicate, is part of it essentially, and he is the only one of the aggregation that is looked upon as a person so cultivated and "literary" that he is fitted occasionally to promulgate critical ideas in print. These exhalations of intellect at least avoid the danger of soaring beyond the vision of the ordinary reader. In his latest magazine treatise on the art of which his brother is the king, Mr. FROHMAN lays down with the calmness of omnipotence what "must be" in drama. "The story and its complications need not be new, though their treatment must be fresh, and every year requires a more novel, though not necessarily outé, setting than the last. The love story must be clear and distinct in the mind of the dramatist, and he must find an obstacle in its course. This obstacle, reasonably, convincingly, ingeniously, he must remove." Good-by to "Romeo and Juliet," of course, to every tragedy, to the best of HAUPTMANN and SUDERMANN, even to "The Admirable Crichton," which, by the way, would have horrified the syndicate had it not borne the name of BARRIE. There is no cause for surprise in Mr. FROHMAN's opinion that "Hamlet" is "no play." "The characters, which were undoubtedly preconceived character-studies, are strung together, hanging limply from an old-fashioned peg, jostling against one another like stray individuals in a crowd and exposing

RULERS OF
OUR STAGE

their inmost hearts without rime or reason. Hamlet himself is a purposeless hero, antagonizing the audience with his vacillations and cowardice and uncertainty." We do not pretend to know what "preconceived character-studies" are, but are comforted to have Mr. FROHMAN speak a good word for Laertes. Truly, there you have the embryo for a part that, worked up into the whole drama, would exactly suit a FROHMAN star and make a FROHMAN play. "What," exclaims Mr. FROHMAN, "would be a modern manager's impression to-day if confronted by the manuscript of a play like 'Hamlet,' if proffered for its theme and its purely technical construction?" What, indeed, if the manager were an American and a member of the syndicate. Mr. FROHMAN observes that in "Tess," "Tanqueray," and "Fedora," "Cleopatra" and "Patrie," "the action is coldly classical." SARDON, nevertheless, seems to be his high-water mark. Ranging over the whole field of dramatic art, Mr. FROHMAN ends with an inspiring list of masterpieces, selected at random, he says, but all "sound, sane, and convincing in theme, plot, character, and treatment." "The Lady of Lyons" is made remarkable for "character-study"—the quality in which "Hamlet," if we understand Mr. FROHMAN, is such a failure. "The Wife" is on the list as "a splendid variant" of "The Banker's Daughter" theme. No wonder American legends include the tale that when Miss MAUDE ADAMS wished to play "Romeo and Juliet," Mr. CHARLES FROHMAN ordered a scenario prepared for his perusal.

IMPROVED MODES OF TRAVEL are doing much for the health and happiness of the ordinary man, and most of all for the ordinary woman. Each new step, like the New York Subway, means the freeing of millions from fatigue and illness. It enables thousands to have houses in the suburbs instead of rooms or dark and dingy flats in town. It reduces the time given to the exhausting work of daily passing to and fro. It is the army of

GETTING
ABOUT

workers, with their long hours and pallid faces, who give meaning to such mechanical improvements. To them the trolley was a godsend, lightening their burdens in the towns, making a healthy pleasure of their travel in the country. Electricity and open cars upon the elevated have meant refreshment instead of summer strain and suffering. The horse, of noble memory, in passing from our city streets, goes to a happier existence. Dismal racks of bone will soon cease to struggle over stony roads. A large part of life, for man and the beasts in his employ, is spent in getting from place to place and

back again, and all that part of life is brightened by the skill and enterprise which digs through rock and harnesses vehicles to an electric question mark.

SCIENCE IS THE WIZARD of the present. It tells stories not surpassed by any romancer of the past. We have been reading lately not of wireless telegraphy, the telephone, torpedoes, smokeless powder, or any of the great inventions which change the course of history, but of the small and humble microbe and the injustice often done him. First, as to his stature. In the distance measured by a straight line between this page of COLLIER's and the next—in the thickness of this sheet of paper—there is room for over a hundred bacteria to lie comfortably side by side. One of these creatures, by a simple process of self-division, can often become two in thirty minutes, which, continued for twenty-four hours, gives from one microbe 281,470,000,000. We have become accustomed to realizing that death for us lurked in these tiny creatures, but it is more novel to have scientists tell us of the good for which bacteria are responsible. They add to the fertility of our soil. For an average cubic inch of garden earth, from ten to forty million of these animals would be a moderate population. They make soil as well as fertilizing it. Some, nourishing themselves from air, become so much pure addition to the farm. So we can not in justice draw an indictment against the entire race of microbes.

WORTHY
MICROBES

SOCIALISTS ARE MILITANT and as a class are busily engaged in propagating their doctrines. Sometimes they overdo it. When an article by a Socialist appeared in this paper some weeks ago, we were immediately flooded with mail orders for that number. Probably no Socialist bought his extra copies on the stands. He wished us to know how valuable commercially it was to print an argument of that trend. A flood of letters and postal cards also celebrated the lucubration, and sometimes a dozen of these postals would be postmarked from one village. It is attractive, it is often touching, to read the sincere outbursts of those who identify dissatisfaction at this world with belief in the efficacy of one nostrum for its cure. It is interesting in a lighter way to see the energy with which professional Socialists undertake to extend their cause. They are as enthusiastic and as audible as the army of General BOOTH. In such details, however, as this postal card bombardment of approval, they may sometimes err in strategy. They may make reading the mail such a nuisance that we shall refrain from further articles setting forth their doctrines.

TOO EAGER
SOCIALISTS

THE KING OF ITALY, since his son was born, has been celebrating by donating titles with which no property goes. In the German Empire, a title of nobility can be purchased, with guarantee attached, for \$40,000. In Portugal the price is about one-fiftieth as high. Austria, Roumania, Spain, Turkey, Persia find in such sales an honest source of income. In England titles are not sold. A banker or a brewer who becomes a peer gives nothing directly in exchange—nor does the unfortunate who receives the glorious appellation of poet-laureate, ALFRED AUSTIN received his promotion on his merits. He wrote verses so flat that no member of the virtuous German household that sits on England's throne could imagine they contained anything so indecent or dangerous as a thought. ALFRED, swollen with his high position, has taken to lecturing all England on the higher life. He finds the taste for poetry decaying. At least, it may be answered in defence that England prefers KIPLING, SWINBURNE, and STEPHEN PHILLIPS to the laureate. But ALFRED

ALFRED

does not stop with censure. He plunges headlong into history. "SHAKESPEARE," he observes, in a letter to the London "Times," "could by no possibility have borrowed prose passages from any one and made poetry of them by turning them into verse. The white heat, the fine frenzy of the brain, in the moment of such composition, precludes so cold a procedure." So cold a "procedure" would, of course, be impossible for ALFRED, whose mind rolls continually in a purple frenzy; but about SHAKESPEARE the impartial mind will now be embarrassed. On the one hand, we have absolute proof that SHAKESPEARE did take prose passages from other writers and turn them into poetry. On the other hand, we have the laureate's assurance that SHAKESPEARE couldn't have done it. Perhaps the best way to avoid these distressing complications in the future will be to have no official poet-aster and judge of poetry when ALFRED is taken from us.

REAPING THE WHIRLWIND IN KENTUCKY POLITICS



CALEB POWERS

The Republican Secretary of State for Kentucky, who was condemned to death after three trials for complicity in the murder of Senator Goebel.



THE CAPITOL OF KENTUCKY

Kentucky's capitol is divided into two buildings—the legislative hall in the centre and the State offices to the right. From the Secretary of State's office, in the latter building, the fatal shot was fired, killing Senator Goebel as he was passing the fountain in the centre of the walk.



JAMES HOWARD

Former Republican Clerk of Clay County, now in the Frankfort Penitentiary under life sentence, charged with having shot William Goebel.

THE assassination of William Goebel nearly five years ago plunged Kentucky into a storm of private hatreds, factional wars, civil and political turmoil, whose wreckage of lives and reputations has left a blasted trail across the Commonwealth. In a State whose feuds have shocked the entire nation, this political tragedy and the deadly enmities arising from it, and seeking by political agencies to wreak their vengeance, dwarf the bitterest of the clan wars. Its widening influence will not have died away a century hence, in the opinion of those who have watched its development. Since the day that Goebel, with the governorship almost within his grasp, was shot down in front of the capitol, no political issue has been free from its taint and bias. Thousands of votes have been changed at every subsequent election on the question of whether Caleb Powers, now appealing for the third time from sentence of death on a charge of having formed a conspiracy to murder Goebel, is a cold-blooded murderer or the victim of a furious and unreckoning partisan hatred. In the present election Powers' fate is one of the issues. In order to keep it from the public mind as much as possible, the Court of Appeals has repeatedly postponed its decision, which was expected last February, and which will now probably be held over until after election. But the issue is one which can not be banished, and this year it assumes added point because of Judge James E. Cantrill's candidacy for the Court of Appeals. It was Cantrill who, sitting in the first two Powers trials, exhibited so hostile a demeanor toward the accused, and so bitter a partisanship in his conduct of the trial, as to result in his summary removal from the case by the higher court, and the ordering of a new trial.

Principal Figures of the Drama

Powers, Secretary of State of Kentucky at the time of the murder, and now in the Louisville jail; James Howard, clerk of Clay County, under life sentence on charge of having actually fired the fatal shot; Henry E. Youtsey, who was private stenographer to the State Auditor, working out a lifetime at hard labor in the Frankfort Penitentiary, are the principal figures in the drama now left in Kentucky. W. S. Taylor, elected Governor of Kentucky, is a fugitive in Indiana, fearing to return to his home, as is also Charles Finley, a former Secretary of State. Other men, of former promise and prominence, are banished, or wandering far from Kentucky, fearing either the bullet of private vengeance or persecution by political foes if they return.

The conditions focused in the murder had been long gathering. Senator Goebel was a Covington lawyer who began life poor, and got his start as an office boy for John G. Carlisle. He was a man of uncompromising hatreds, a bitter partisan, and hostile to corporation interests, which were the red rag of his political arena. His first prominence sprang from the battle for a United States Senatorship between Jo. C. S. Blackburn and Gen. Simon Bolivar Buckner. Goebel took sides with Buckner, the Gold Democrat, against Blackburn. This defection caused a clash between Goebel and John L. Sanford, a Covington banker, who was a strong supporter of Blackburn. Between these two men slumbered the embers of an old feud, and they began to assail each other in print, using language which, in almost any other community, would have involved them in trouble for violating public decency. They encountered one another on the steps of the Covington bank, one day, and Goebel seems to have got the drop. Anyway, when the smoke cleared, Sanford lay dead, with a bullet through his heart. Goebel was unharmed.

The pathway that led straight to his own tragedy began with the election of William Goebel to the State Senate, and the passage of his Election Law. It was a bold measure of a bold partisan. It threw the whole machinery for the control of State elections into the lap of the Democratic party, to do with as they would. Three election commissioners were given power to appoint every election officer in the State, to tabulate election returns, to issue certificates of election, and to

try all contested cases, as a court from whose decision there was no appeal. These commissioners were appointed by a Democratic Legislature, and at one master stroke Republican representation was, in theory, eliminated from the control or supervision of the ballot in Kentucky. There were some Democrats who could not swallow this partisanship run amuck, and they joined the Republicans in bitter warfare against Goebel and his backing. In 1899, Goebel sought the Governor's chair, and became the Democratic nominee, which stirred up a rampant factional fight, with Gen. W. J. Stone and former Gov. John Young Brown, in his own party, bitterly opposing him. When the votes were counted in November, the Republican candidate, W. S. Taylor, who had served four years as Attorney-General of Kentucky, was declared elected by a majority of 2,383 votes by an honest Democratic election board, who delivered the election certificates to the Republican nominees. This was a stunning blow to Goebel and his followers. Furious that the election machinery, planned to grind out results for the party, had reversed its wheels, and that a Democratic Commission should have permitted a Republican election by a beggarly majority, they carried the contest to the Legislature. By forcing an act of the Legislature, Goebel proposed to override his own carefully constructed Election Law, which had gone wrong because of an unforeseen contingency; a commission which was not amenable to partisan influence.

Governor Taylor, duly elected, was threatened with ejection from his office, and his colleagues with him. At this time, while the balance swayed and hesitated, and in a tumult of excitement such as in Kentucky may explode at any time into something like civil war, young Caleb Powers, the Secretary of State on the Republican ticket, holding office at that uncertain time, took a bold hand in the political crisis, and organized and led to Frankfort one thousand mountaineers, armed with rifles, ostensibly to petition the Legislature. As the city was already full of armed Goebel men, actual civil war seemed imminent. Cooler heads among the Republicans deprecated the bringing in of the so-called "Mountain Army," and advised Powers to send the men home. The Legislature, terrified, refused to accord a hearing to the representatives of the mountaineers. Rumors flew, to the effect that the army had decided to invade the State House, give the Legislature fifteen minutes to settle the contest, and then begin the shooting. The mountaineers, however, did nothing more

lawless than to hold an indignation meeting, after which they were sent back to their own country, with the exception of some hundred and fifty stragglers, who scattered about town. They played no part in the succeeding events.

In the Legislature the issue remained doubtful, though the balance seemed to be swaying toward Goebel. If he could capture a few disaffected Democrats, he would be able to oust Taylor and make himself a sort of fiat Governor. On January 30, 1900, he was walking toward the legislative building with Jack Chinn, who has a reputation but no record as a trigger expert, and "Eph" Lillard, warden of the State Penitentiary. They were not with Goebel by accident, for his life had been threatened, and he knew he moved in a cloud of deadly danger.

A shot was fired as the trio reached the little fountain in the centre of the walk. Other shots followed quickly, and William Goebel threw up his hands and sank down, mortally hurt. His companions, not knowing what was coming next, ran away and left their dying leader. In a few minutes he was carried unconscious from the grounds. At this time Caleb Powers was on a train, thirty miles away.

The murder threw a torch into a magazine of explosive factional hatred and tension. The supporters of Goebel made a rush for the executive building, whence the shots came. Inside the building, Governor Taylor was consulting with a number of his advisers. As soon as the news was brought, they prepared for an attack. Messengers were sent to the arsenal, and the troops were sent to the State House to protect it. The situation danced on the ragged edge of civil war. The Adjutant-General ordered State troops from every direction, who rushed to Frankfort, obeying the frantic summons of Taylor, a Governor who did not quite know whether he was in or out of office.

Fifty Thousand Votes Thrown Out

The Legislature, in the midst of the seething disorder, tried to assemble for the purpose of declaring William Goebel Governor of Kentucky on his deathbed. Governor Taylor declared the body adjourned, to meet at London, Ky.—a futile decree from a tottering throne. He knew he was riding to a fall, and to back up his last shadow of authority, overran the town with troops, who blocked all entrance to the legislative hall. The legislators found a way to laugh at the martial blockade. One night, by secret agreement, they contrived to hold a meeting in Capitol Hotel, and registered the votes needed to depose the Republican officials in office and elect the Goebel faction. Whether this was a legal session of the Legislature has always been questioned. The deed was done by throwing out all of the vote of Louisville, and one or two mountain counties. The claim set up as reason for tossing the votes of more than 50,000 freemen into the waste basket was that the paper used for the ballots was so thin that it could be read through by the election officials. Whatever the merits of the methods used in settling the issue, the result ousted Republican control in Kentucky, after a narrow escape from a bloody civil war.

Goebel was dead of his wound and robbed of belated honors, and the first work at hand for his friends was to avenge his murder. Only one arrest was made during the turmoil in Frankfort. Harland Whittaker, a friend of Governor Taylor, was seen running away from the executive building right after the shot was fired, and he was captured and disarmed. He soon dropped into the background, when F. Wharton Golden, a militia sergeant, and a close friend of Caleb Powers, Republican candidate for Secretary of State, made a detailed confession. A hundred thousand dollar reward fund had been appropriated by the Legislature, and the size of it aroused the bitterest accusations of thirst for "blood money" against every one who shared in the prosecution. The confession of Golden was influenced by hope of this fortune, but much of it was substantiated. According to him, it was decided that Goebel must be killed, after lawful protests and contests had



HENRY E. YOUTSEY

Former Secretary to Governor Taylor; now serving a life sentence, at hard labor, as the man upon whom rests the strongest evidence as the actual murderer of Senator Goebel.

failed. Search was made for a man who would do the deed, and several were approached. The murder was to be accomplished by shooting from the window of the office of the Secretary of State, Caleb Powers, who was alleged to be the head of the conspiracy. Henry E. Youtsey, who had the room next to Powers, was to manage the affair. Two negroes, Mason Hookersmith and "Tallow Dick" Coombs, were obtained by promise of \$2,500 each and free pardons from Governor Taylor, but they could not be trusted. So Jim Howard was sent for, and he did the shooting. Such is the theory on which the prosecution worked out their case.

Jim Howard had come to town to see Governor Taylor about getting a pardon for the killing of "Old George" Baker in the famous Clay County feud. The Baker faction had shot down Howard's father and his foster brother, when Jim Howard, riding in to get them alive or dead, met George Baker and killed him. From the testimony it seems to have been largely a matter of who fired first. Twice the case against Howard resulted in a mistrial, the second jury standing eleven for acquittal to one for conviction. Howard arrived in Frankfort less than an hour before Goebel was killed, and the evidence that he was in the vicinity of the capitol at all is so inconclusive that it may fairly be doubted whether any man who did not have a "record" could have been convicted on it. The trial of Powers was the most bitterly fought cause in the criminal

records of Kentucky. With a \$100,000 prosecution fund, and a lawyer at the head of the prosecution who had been forced to leave his own State because of popular indignation at his methods of obtaining evidence and of handling juries, there was widespread suspicion of illegal methods. Against one of the State's important witnesses perjury was so plainly proven that he was withdrawn from the case. The defence forced his indictment. He was released on \$500 bail, and naturally disappeared. The strong facts against Powers were the confessions of his alleged accomplices, Golden and Youtsey, Powers' ill-judged utterances during the political excitement before the murder, and the fact that he attempted to escape from Frankfort in disguise, with a pardon from Governor Taylor in his pocket. It should be understood, however, that by the Kentucky law a pardon is operative before conviction, and implies no guilt.

No Justice at this Trial.

Aside from any question of Powers' guilt or innocence, he was convicted each time before a partisan judge and by a partisan jury obtained by methods which the Court of Appeals criticised in reversing the case. In the first trial Judge Cantrill practically aided in seeing that the jury should be made up of Goebel Democrats. Such methods as these it was that alienated thousands of the best Democrats from their party, and made them advocates, if not of Powers, at least of fair play for

Powers. The speech of the defendant before the jury made him friends in all parts of the country.

More fortunate than Powers, Governor Taylor escaped to Indiana, thereby saving his life. For the ex-Secretary of State is made the chief figure in the vengeance only because the ex-Governor could not be caught. No one doubts that for Governor Taylor to set foot on Kentucky soil would be absolutely suicidal. The Governor of Indiana has consistently refused to give him up, on the ground that it would be impossible for him to get a fair trial in Kentucky.

In the last gubernatorial election, the Democrats, now controlled by Goebel's political heirs, were triumphant, and a new impetus was given to the eager and persistent prosecution of the feud, political and social.

The Democratic Governor, Beckham, in his campaign speeches declared that he would not interfere with the course of the law in the cases of the conspirators tried and to be tried. Colonel Belknap, the Republican candidate, was asked to make his intentions known in equally emphatic terms. He replied that he could not say what he would do in any particular case, as his action would depend upon the justice of the plea. The question of guilt or innocence aroused at the polls the hatreds set blazing three years before. Future elections for many years will be colored with the right or wrong of the punishments meted out to the men accused of murdering William Goebel.

WHAT AILS THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY?

By SAMUEL E. MOFFETT

FOR eleven years the Democratic party has been sick—sicker than at any other time in its long and varied career. It has had periods of depression before, but never one like this. In the darkest days of the war and reconstruction epochs the Democracy remained a vigorous fighting force. In 1862 it carried New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois. In 1865 it would have elected Seymour President if the South had not been under military rule. In 1870 it carried New York, Connecticut, Indiana, and Oregon, held complete control of California, made an even run in Pennsylvania, and looked forward with confidence to the Presidential election of 1872. In 1874 it swept the country, and for nineteen years thereafter the Republican party remained in a continuous popular minority. But from 1893 to the present time the Democracy has been not merely beaten, but demoralized. It has been stricken with a deadly paralysis. It has been helpless in the face of such opportunities as an insolent and reckless dominant party, drunk with power, never offered to an opposition before. How are we to diagnose its disease?

Perhaps the trouble may be described as a fatty degeneration of harmony. Harmony is a good thing in moderation, but the Democracy has had too much of it. It has sacrificed too much of principle, of unity, of heart, and of fighting energy in holding together men who do not belong together. It has lived in abject terror of a split. A split is what it needs. The party will never be larger until it is smaller. When it sloughs off some of its diseased tissue it may hope for a healthy growth.

American Politics and American Issues

Until the campaign of 1880—the time when a Republican politician said that there was "one more President in the bloody shirt"—American politics turned on purely American issues. The parties were coherent and energetic because each held a definite position on those issues, acceptable to the bulk of its own members. The questions in dispute being purely political, not social, farmers, laboring men, and corporation magnates could and did belong to either party without any sense of incongruity. But from 1880 onward American politics underwent a revolution. It gradually assimilated itself to the politics of the world.

Now, in the civilized world of the twentieth century, there are two fundamental parties, more or less consciously organized in the various States—the Conservatives, or Reactionaries, on one side; the Liberals, or Progressives, on the other. The Republican party in the United States has found its place in the world-movement. It has definitely ranged itself as the American Conservative party—the party of reaction, of class privilege, of government for the profit of special interests. It has converted, frozen out or silenced all its liberal elements. It has made former free-traders like President Roosevelt talk protection. It is a definite, coherent entity, under complete command. As Secretary Hay happily said: "The Republican party is the ship"—a pirate ship, it is true—"all else is the sea."

But while the place of the Conservative party is thus filled, the opposite, the Liberal place, is still vacant. It belongs naturally to the Democracy, but the Democracy has not yet ventured to take it. The close of the war and reconstruction epoch found the Democratic organization loaded up with many men who would have no place in a Liberal party—who would never have joined such a party if modern issues had been at the front when their political affiliations were formed. Many of these men were and are powerful in the Democratic organization. In the long years of opposition their lack of sympathy with the logical tendencies of the party had caused no great disturbance. It was easy enough for all kinds of Democrats to fight a Force bill, or even to denounce the war tariff in general terms, without saying what they would put in its place. But as soon as the party came into complete control of the Government, as it did for the first time in 1893, it was necessary to carry out a policy, and then the trouble began. No sooner had Cleveland swept the country on a platform of radical tariff reduction than Senator Gorman tiptoed to Washington and said that the party must be "conservative." Ex-Senator Davis insisted

that he must have protection for his coal mines. Senator Murphy looked out for collars and cuffs. Even Mr. Cleveland, through Secretary Carlisle, warned Congress that it would be well to be just a little cautious about sugar.

The Democratic party was badly discredited by the Wilson-Gorman tariff episode, but it could have been gradually worked into a healthy condition but for a frightful blunder on the part of its progressive elements. Instead of pressing for a truly Liberal policy, as opposed to the reactionary policy of the Republican Junkerband, they allowed themselves to be led off upon a free-silver sidetrack. Now, free silver is no part of a Liberal creed. It has no connection with progressive reforms. In Europe, bimetalism is, or was when it was alive, the fad of Tories, Agrarians, and Reactionaries. The Liberal and Radical parties have opposed it. Its adoption by the American Democracy at once split the party in precisely the wrong way—not by cleaving off those inharmonious elements that properly belonged on the Republican side, but by driving away a great part of the brains and conscience of the Liberal movement. The party has been trying for eight years to live down that mistake, and it has not yet succeeded. In the attempt it has submitted again to the leadership of the undemocratic elements that betrayed it in 1894, and naturally the results have not been inspiring.

What next?

First, the fact must be recognized that America has entered the world-movement, and that here as elsewhere the politics of the twentieth century will turn on social questions.

Next, Democrats must clearly realize that there is room for only one Conservative or Reactionary party in this country, and that the Republican party has definitely secured that place. There never could be a more conclusive test of that fact than we have seen in the campaign that has just ended. Theodore Roosevelt was defeated by the privileged financial interests. In nominating a ticket recommended by a member of the Belmont-Morgan bond-syndicate, with a multimillionaire protectionist for Vice-President and a member of the Sugar Trust at the head of the New York State Committee, the Democrats made the strongest possible bid for Wall Street support. But, after a moment's hesitation, Wall Street realized that the Republican party was its own party, and it accepted it, Roosevelt and all, rather than risk an unexceptionable Democratic ticket with what it described as "the Huns in the background." After that there can be no crazier rainbow-chasing than to try to undermine the Republican party in the affections of "high finance." The Republican party is part of "the System," and there is no more use in grumbling at that fact than at the procession of the equinoxes.

Since it can not be the Conservative party, what is the logical thing for the Democracy to do? Obviously, to be the Liberal party. To do this it must reconcile itself to the loss of certain members who have no sympathy with Liberal principles. It must stop trying to please them in its platforms and its nominations. It must adopt a definite policy by which it is prepared to stand in victory or in defeat. It must not make its platforms to catch votes, but it must make the platforms it believes in and then try to convince a majority of the voters that they are right.

Loyalty and Party Relations

Mr. Bryan absurdly resented the "disloyalty" of certain Democrats who refused to vote for him and free silver in 1896 and 1900. The question of "loyalty" has no proper place in party relations. A party is a voluntary association of citizens who think that certain policies are best for the country. A citizen who does not believe those policies best naturally ceases to act with the party. A party that depends on discipline instead of on conviction to keep its members in line is in a bad way. What the Democracy needs is a body of genuine principles, in which it honestly believes and upon which it can make an intelligent appeal to the judgment of the country.

In boldly taking the Liberal plunge, the Democrats would have this fact to reassure them: The Liberal party in a modern country is normally the majority

party; the Conservative party is normally in the minority. This is so from the very nature of things, because the people who profit by the abuses which it is the mission of a Conservative party to maintain are necessarily few in comparison with those who suffer from those abuses. The Conservative party may often win elections by good organization, skilful leadership, money, and opposition blunders, but it never rests on the broad base of popular sympathy and confidence. The Republicans have been a minority party in this country ever since the close of the Civil War period. They were a minority party in 1896, when a million Gold Democrats let them into power on a single temporary issue. They are a minority party to-day, and Theodore Roosevelt, notwithstanding the fact that he has received the votes of hundreds of thousands of citizens who have no sympathy with his political associations, is a minority President. The Democrats, Populists, and Socialists, all anti-Republican elements, could have beaten him easily if their forces had not been divided.

What the Democracy needs is to find some way of combining most of the citizens who are traveling in the same direction and to cut loose from those who want to travel somewhere else. Democrats, Populists, and Socialists all agree that the powers of government ought not to be used to enrich a few at the expense of the many. The Populists would go a great deal further, and the Socialists further still, but there is no reason why they should not ride on the Democratic car as far as it runs. But if they should find the car off the track and bumping toward the Republican terminal, naturally they would see no advantage in boarding it.

Politics and Wealth

As a true Liberal party the Democracy would have to expect a considerable shrinkage in the available sources of campaign funds. It would not, however, be by any means destitute of rich men. Not wealth, but the abuses of wealth, would be in the line of its fire. It would be easy to pick out half a dozen men, with fortunes aggregating at least a hundred million dollars, who would feel perfectly at home in a party pledged to the equal enforcement of the laws, the abolition of all partnerships between the government and favored capitalists, and the maintenance of the public rights in every form of public property. No man who would lobby for a tariff subsidy from the nation or steal a franchise from a city has any business in a Liberal party, but the millionaire who is a citizen first and a rich man afterward, could join such a party without finding his fortune any incumbrance.

The difference between the Socialists and Populists on one hand and a liberalized Democracy on the other, would be the difference between a theory and an attitude. Socialism is a cult, and its followers have a complete system of dogma. Democracy, as a practical governing party, could have no thoroughgoing theory. Its policy would have to be opportunist. But it would have an attitude—the attitude of sympathy with all reasonable attempts to promote the public welfare. This would determine its course toward each concrete proposition that came before it. Suppose, for instance, the question related to a parcels post. The Socialist would say: "Is this a step toward the Co-operative Commonwealth? If so, I am for it." The Democrat would say: "Will this promote the general convenience? If so, I favor it." The Republican would say: "How will this affect the express companies? If it would cut down their profits I am against it."

Such questions as those of the tariff, the income tax, and postal savings banks and telegraphs, would be met in the same spirit. The Republican party would always inquire first what effect any proposition would have upon the corporations, trusts, and other financial interests whose agent it is. The Democracy would ask whether the plan promised a public benefit or not. Under these conditions it could count upon receiving the votes of most thoughtful Populists and Socialists until it reached the point where their roads diverged.

Still, it must not be imagined for a moment that the late election was a test of the comparative strength of Reactionary, Progressive and Liberal sentiment in the United States. (Continued on p. 28.)



THE VILLAIN DIES!

DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

AUTUMN PLAYS: By Norman Hapgood

"Business is Business"

ALTHOUGH the business man is the dominating character in America, he has not figured largely in literature and the drama. Henry James drew a broad and powerful portrait of him in "The American," and Silas Lapham has lasted in the general mind; but the pictures are few which promise to survive. The character of David Harum may or may not be remembered. It is, at any rate, one of many humorous side lights, not an attempt to seize the predominant type.

The English also have done little with the man of commerce. Their class distinctions, the pervasiveness of social standards and minute shades of importance, are reflected in their art. The French have studied the topic artistically with more success than any other nation. Their realistic novelists have painted a gallery of business men, and their dramatists have added to it. Augier made the greatest comedy of the nineteenth century out of the character of old Poirier. Before that time the modern business man did not exist.

William H. Crane has always had the merit of portraying American types. He is now acting, and acting extremely well, a character which, although not American, is of more aptness in America than any that our own playwrights have wit enough to draw. The protagonist is a Frenchman, differing from our own great commercial figures in detail rather than in substance. An Englishman wrote me scathingly the other day because I referred in an editorial to the President of Harvard as "Mr." Eliot, and that little incident, showing the difference in the dignity of a prefix in two countries, symbolized to my mind a host of trifles in which things essentially the same vary with geography. One who can ignore these accidents will find in this play from the Théâtre Français the strongest picture of the contemporary business man yet put upon our stage. The more a person has thought already, the more it will give him to think about. It has small "love interest." Love's young dream is not the motive, nor is the favorite substitute. It deals but slightly with love, either sentimental or illicit. In real life we may give more thought to food, and still more to work, but as soon as we enter the theatre we demand the everlasting man and maid, with seldom a better escape than the man and matron.

This French picture of the man of business is harsh. In America it would have been gentler had it portrayed the average, but would a picture of the real "kings" be anything but cruel? Monsieur Lechat is worth ten million dollars. In America he would have "made" some hundred millions; "gained" it, as his daughter says, with bitter precision, avoiding the verb to steal. The play is not remarkable in construction, but it ends in a burst of strength, and it leaves an image: strong, crafty, cruel; vain of all the myriad things he owns; rejoicing in the pronoun "I"; insolent, successful, and ignoble.

Let me propose a contrast. Suppose a father engaged in actual crime—a horse thief—ardent, generous, full of blood, peopling the neighborhood with his progeny, coming from prison to new pursuits. Let his son be a pillar of the church, richer than kings, avaricious, with private vices unsuspected, or without them; always safely out of jail. A knowledge of how each man got his money will show the father the better man. And this is one tale of thousands enacted in this land to-day. When we remember our enormous, virgin life of energy, robbery, liberty, slavery, we might expect to have something native besides nonsense on our stage. It need not be dismal. Comedy in plenty there is, in pride of money, so ingenious that it gives the gods and angels happy laughter, in the simple-minded use of words like great and big, in the little circuses that we poor humans dress for and enact.

The upper ranks of journalism have their eyes fast-

ened on the business man. They see him as the protagonist of current American history. He not only changes the face of the earth; he rules the country. If successful he can own a Senator as easily as you or I can own a cat. Why do journalists appreciate him, while the stage does not? Merely because in America journalism is to drama as a living expression is to death.

Marriage and George Bernard Shaw

MANY things deal with marriage. The churchmen have been officially discussing it. George Meredith has declared in favor of ten-year leaseholds, renewable by consent. Shaw takes up "Candida" and its effect on married women in New York. He had heard that they were so serious about it that they immediately wished to domesticate young poets. Shaw therefore laughs at their interest. Had he heard that "Candida" was taken as badinage, he would have proved its profundity. Had the ladies thought it shocking, he would have proved its morality. He has one formula: do the unexpected. When a person is hardened to this trick of mere reversal, where is Shaw?

He has something left: theatrical skill and wit. "How He Lied to Her Husband," the farcical skit on "Candida," shares in its way the merit of its predecessor. It causes talk. When the theatre exacts discussion it is convalescent. The freshest bit in the new Shaw play is the light thrown on man's jealousy. The husband is suspicious. The lover declares that, although he and the wife are close friends, he never found her otherwise attractive. At this the husband rages. When the lover confesses to real love, the husband is delighted. He wishes his wife to be appreciated. "Candida" gave pleasure to the intelligent. It also led spectators to air their minds. The new play is not as interesting, but it pricks a bubble or two. Usually women who talk liberty mean discontent. "How He Lied to Her Husband" will instruct them. Matrimony is an institution not to be conquered by an epigram. Ten-year leases will be absurd, at least as long as most women do not support themselves and probably as long as women bear the children. It may not be a luxurious arrangement, but it is humane.

For the benefit of the serious I reprint a newspaper summary of a recent census bulletin on divorce. It shows an increase of twenty-five per cent, among the non-leisure classes of men, in ten years preceding 1900, over the previous decade: "There has always been a lower percentage of divorces among men engaged in agricultural pursuits than in any other calling, not excepting the clergy. Soldiers, sailors, and marines, on the other extreme, show the highest average of married infelicity. Next among the high averages come the hostlers, the actors, agricultural laborers, bartenders, servants and waiters, musicians and teachers of music, photographers, paperhangers, barbers, lumbermen, and so on, diminishing in ratio until the lowest average is reached, as before stated, among the farmers." How the leisure classes would compare with actors and marines, the document does not reveal.

Shaw's idea of writing a dramatic comment on a drama is not original. "L'Ecole des Femmes" was followed by "La Critique de l'Ecole des Femmes." Shaw is clever, but he is not Molière. Molière said always what he meant. Shaw says always what, to his mind, seems likely to astonish.

"Romeo and Juliet"

THE stars in their courses occasionally work for betterment. The combination of Julia Marlowe and E. H. Sothern improves the quality of our pleasures. Never, in my experience, has the greatest tragedy of youth been acted with nearly such talent

and comprehension. Although he is not satisfying in the part, Mr. Sothern is the best Romeo I have seen. His melancholy is poetic, he is intelligent about details, he makes clear the contrasts of the young man's life; first the self-encouraged love for Rosalind; then the sweeping passion; then, with Juliet's imagined death, the quiet of despair. At the beginning and the end he is admirable in a part of which the unsurpassed difficulties grow partly from the greater force and more central agency of Juliet. It is in the middle that Mr. Sothern will improve, no doubt, when he has sufficiently studied Romeo. An emotion so great that it tosses man as the hurricane uproots the tree is not expressed by sharp, decisive gestures. They mean action and the will. Romeo's feeling swells. It is not jerked out.

Miss Marlowe has reason to rejoice in being with so able, spiritual, and highly ambitious an associate. Acting always with inferiors, her faults lately have sprung from doing everything herself. Now she plays Juliet, singly, sincerely, nobly, and quits successful with a part so vast that even to avoid failure would be credit. Miss Marlowe triumphs, and to triumph as Juliet is indeed success. Years ago she embroidered it with a young girl's fancy. Now she plays it at the very heart of Juliet, and the decoration is but the outside of the burning truth within. Hers is Juliet's noble self, sometimes playful, charming, clever, but with these lighter aspects merely dancing on the ocean of her fiery soul. Miss Marlowe has become a woman, with the profound strength of a woman's passion, and she has retained and tamed the graces of a girl. Her knowledge as an artist has grown also with regard to method as with regard to life. Never have I seen the bad parts of Shakespeare (left over from the earlier play)—such as the scenes with the nurse and with the potion—so tactfully diminished. Never have I seen the vernal poetry of the balcony and the summer poetry of the bedroom parting risen to with such noble competence. Some think Miss Marlowe's new Juliet too mature and knowing. To my mind Juliet, whatever her formal age, had the insight and completion which woman's passion gives.

Horrors of Sardou

SARDOU'S latest drama tends to make one charitable—to other plays. Some bad plays can be met with sleep or departure. Sardou has a depraving skill which compels attention without satisfaction or amusement. Some poor plays are interesting, being living organisms, as yellow dogs are interesting, or ordinary men. Sardou's are machines; ugly and coarse; galvanized corpses. Sardou has retained his evil traits and lost what he had of good. "La Tosca" equaled "The Sorceress" in degradation, but surpassed it in vivacity. "The Sorceress" contains but one good line. That is a quotation. For the rest, the thought is represented by "I have yet to see the man that is worthy of my love," and "Fool that I was, I did not understand."

Jokes and situations alike are reserved for the last three acts. That is Sardou's economy. He once economized for fifteen minutes. Now he economizes through half the play. The change is unimportant.

The theme is torture and the Inquisition. The houses might be as large, and the production cheaper, if the play were omitted and somebody tortured in earnest on the stage. The moral value would remain the same.

Historically it is the drama of a bigot. It causes deeds of the Inquisition to be committed not by credulous enthusiasts, but by nineteenth or twentieth century unbelievers. Kindly men condoned torture in a day when it was believed better for the body to suffer than for the soul to be cast into hell. "Come, we need



David Warfield, Master Richard Kessler, and Minnie Dupree in "The Music Master"; and Mabel Taliaferro, Madge Carr Cook, and Master W. B. Jaynes in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch"



William H. Crane and Katherine Grey in "Business is Business"



Margaret Dale, John Drew, Fanny Brough, and Ferdinand Gottschalk in "The Duke of Killicrankie"; and Cecilia Loftus and H. Reeves Smith in "The Serio-Comic Governess"

SCENES FROM SOME OF THE SEASON'S SUCCESSFUL PLAYS

a victim. Here is an innocent one. Let us collect perjury and false confession and burn her flesh." Such is Sardou's medieval history. American school-books do as well.

Some actors think Sardou improves them, by forcing violent tricks. In reality, he almost ruined the great Sarah, who recovered her genius when she deserted him for Rostand. Far from me be blame of Mrs. Campbell. She has spent years in producing works of beauty, she has human obligations, and she is poor. She has the same right to coin money from the French juggler that others have to manufacture boots, literature, or brass-head tacks.

A Bunch of Playwrights

MR. PINERO is able and cold-blooded. He has been playing the woman-in-a-corner game for years, and in "Letty" he continues. The moral is beyond reproach,—marrying a photographer and settling down is better for a woman than trifling with the law. Morals have never been very real to Mr. Pinero.

They have been mainly a promising field for dramatic material. The last act of "Letty" seems to have a more genuine manner of really comprehending the moral conventions, and the experience that has caused them, than anything Mr. Pinero has written. George Meredith has said that Gladstone was a man not of great intellect, but of great aptitude. Changing the scale, the remark could be fitted to Mr. Pinero. His rival, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, is whole-hearted in presenting the upper average view of everything; in sentiment he is soft, but in comedy he gives a cheerful humor with more deftness, coherence, and moderation than most of his fellow workmen. Therefore "Joseph Entangled" will be a source of pleasure to fairly civilized thousands. Captain Marshall is popular, always, and "The Duke of Killicrankie" is no exception. My friends adore it. The most popular line, on the night when I drifted in, was "Birds of a feather flock together—and here we are." Once, as a dramatic critic, with the professional conscience turned in that direction, I thought it my duty to attack such vacuous successes; but when a man's mind is turned to politics, a little weak drama

seems without importance, just as when he thinks mainly of drama, or the other arts, he fails to be excited about the shortcomings of a President, Mayor, or Governor. George Ade is altogether American, from his spirit to his slang. "The College Widow" deals with football and has college girls in constant and generous quantity in the football training quarters, where, doubtless, if they are happy they do no harm. Israel Zangwill used to write failures of high quality, like "Children of the Ghetto" and "The Never, Never Land." Now he manufactures bad plays for good actresses, as "Merely Mary Ann" for Eleanor Robson and "The Serio-Comic Governess" for Cecilia Loftus. Why should Mr. Zangwill not write to me, for publication, a few paragraphs on how he likes the change, with similar contributions, perhaps, from Miss Loftus and Miss Robson? No more occurs to me to say about this bunch of playwrights. But I am unwilling to close this first autumn impression of our drama without hailing in David Warfield one of our finest actors, whose portrait in "The Music Master" is a masterpiece of beauty, true, sober originality, and exquisite delicacy of touch.

MUSICAL COMEDIES AND THE FALL OF MAN

By F. M. COLBY

AT THE close of the last London season two well-known English dramatic critics sat down to a solemn conversation, afterward published, on the decline of the drama. They attributed it in no small part to the ravages of the musical comedy, which was crowding the real play off the stage, ruining the popular taste and softening the brains of the aristocracy. The more hopeful of the two thought it a mere fashion, vile but transitory; the other took it for a sign of the times, and was proportionately depressed. In New York the competition of the musical comedy with the drama is not a serious matter, if it is anywhere, which I doubt. In the summer time, of course, it has long been the tradition that the lightest of genuine comedies is too heavy for a New Yorker, who at that time is supposed to care only for popular songs and horse-play. Even a good joke is barred out in the summer-time. New York is thought to be too hot for any but bad ones. So it is a choice between musical comedies and nothing. Last summer, shows like "The Southerners," "A Venetian Romance," and "Piff, Paff, Pout"—which is still running—encroached only on vaudeville and roof gardens, and now that the season is in full swing, entertainments of this class bear no greater proportion than formerly to the unmusical plays. With us the musical comedy has not taken the place of anything better. It is merely a chimera bombinating in a vacuum. It is not debased opera bouffe, but modified vaudeville, and the more closely you observe the audiences the more certain you will be that they are not being enticed away from any higher form of amusement. In fact, it is a new class of theatregoers, this musical comedy audience, bearing no resemblance to the kind of people who enjoyed Gilbert and Sullivan. If by a miracle a new light opera being a Gilbert and Sullivan ratio to what is now going on were suddenly to appear in a New York theatre, it would draw no one away from "Piff, Paff, Pout," or "The Sho-Gun," or "The Madcap Princess," or "Mr. Wix," or "The School Girl." It would be as successful as in the earlier era, but its success would be due to a different element of our population.

What the Audiences Like

These five productions differ from one another in minor particulars and in degree of banality, but they are all commonplace, all reminiscent of what has gone before, and taken together they form an admirable epitome of the whole class. I believe they were all written in an acute consciousness of the danger of deviation, and to judge by the effect of any slight departure this may have been only prudent. For it was precisely those points in which they resembled all others that pleased the audience most, while any little touch of comparative novelty was received coldly. Horse-play, staple jokes, compiled music, and echo-haunted lines

were the essential features, and the chief ground of enthusiasm. If the writers threw in anything distinctive, it was superfluous or actually disagreeable. The average musical comedy audience is not merely indifferent to originality. It hates it as a dog hates perfume. It likes a new dance and a variety in costume, and it has an eye for color and the well-developed female form, but in words and music it likes best that which it is most used to, and in humor that which has come down to it from the neolithic age of fun. The efficiency of "Piff, Paff, Pout," for example, is not due to the occasional suggestion of novelty in air or phrase, but to the make-up and physical activities of Mr. Eddie Foy the "sand-man," to the play of his legs and features and to the things he wears on his head. The applause of "The

erol graceful little touches and an entire lack of that crudity which marks the four other plays. Sometimes it seems as if the writer could do better if he tried. He forgets his market for the moment and indulges a fancy of his own. I recall one musical comedy a few years ago in which a vein of genuine humor ran side by side with the commonest kind of buffoonery, the writers alternating between what they thought was good and what they thought would succeed; and it was clear from the temper of the audience that, while the humor might have been dispensed with, the buffoonery had to be there.

In some chapters on modern business and the machine process, a professor of political economy has recently discussed what he calls the standardization of commodities and of human wants which has grown out of the systematization of business and the increasing use of machinery. Uniformity of goods and uniformity of wants, standard tables and chairs, identical homes, and standard hours for doing things—the large industry has done all this and more, too; for its victims, he says, are actually thinking in "standardized units of thought." When a critical person has made up his mind that "Piff, Paff, Pout," for example, is not a musical and dramatic attempt, but an ordinary market of the show industry, his artistic standards are of no further use. As a rule, however, he makes a merit of his indignation and becomes quite wearisome in pointing out to you and others how silly it really is. Writers on the subject seem to be divided between the high and



Part of the "Huster Brown" Chorus in "Piff, Paff, Pout."

Madcap Princess" was not won by the two or three good songs which Mr. Pruette, the baritone, rendered with much spirit, but by Miss Glaser's grotesque striding and ultra-comic twang. In "Mr. Wix" it was Mr. Edd Redway's grimaces and the way the leading lady slapped his face. In "The School Girl" Miss Edna May slaps Mr. Blakeley's face three times, and another character has a chair slip out from under him and sits on the floor. The newspaper critics pronounced it the best and "most refined" of all, perhaps not for this reason, though I recall nothing in the play that aroused so much enthusiasm as those slaps. Mr. George Ade's fancy in "The Sho-Gun" was under good business management, and seldom strayed from themes or methods already tried and found successful in the humorous columns of the daily press. It is in his best "I've-been-there," "onto-the-game" manner, which always fascinates.

The Critic Has His Troubles

The austere tone of these remarks will, I trust, be duly noted, and if any Superior Person has read thus far he will brace himself for a rush of invigorating invective. It will not come. A bored critic always generalizes. A generality will spread out from ennui like inflammation from a blister. That is why certain friends who accompanied me to these genial entertainments were soon out on the sidewalk discussing the deterioration of man. That is why I, too, had a momentary impulse to write like Isaiah, but I beat it down.

The general level of musical comedy has remained the same for several years, and the five plays mentioned are neither above nor below it. "The Sho-Gun" is as good as the "Sultan of Sulu," and "The School Girl" as "Three Little Maids." Mr. Reginald de Koven, as in "Robin Hood," used to give us better things, and "The Geisha" stood out more distinctly in its day, but on the whole there has been little change for the worse. In one respect there has been a slight change for the better. The musical comedy is apt to be more pleasing to the eye. The dancing has improved, and so have the costumes and the setting. And while score and libretto are in the main rather undeviating through them all, there are a few little things in each of them that seem new. In "The Sho-Gun" there are several very pleasing turns of fancy, when Mr. George Ade lays down his newspaper. The author of "The Madcap Princess" devised a clever little opera-bouffe plot. He spoiled it, but at least he thought of it. You will find some agreeable melodies in the interstices of "Piff, Paff, Pout," when the sand-man is out of sight and hearing, and in the last act of "The School Girl" there are sev-

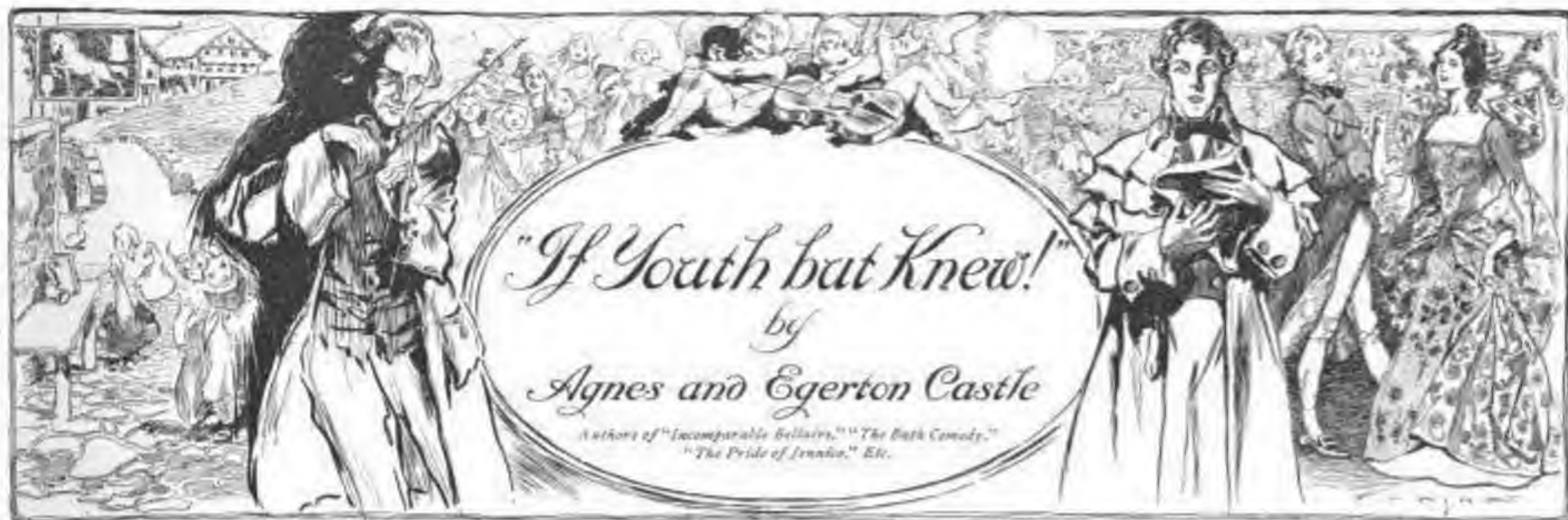
mighty who must needs be bitter or contemptuous or hortatory, and those ardent, simple creatures who are unaware of anything else. The musical comedy is simply a popular sport. It competes with pool, not with Shakespeare. Is there to be nothing for children, barbarians, and business men? Do we need a Juvenal for Punch and Judy? Mr. Thackeray's books are full of allusions to the foolish things he saw on the stage—pantomimes and ballet and robustious melodrama—and he made it quite clear that he thought them foolish without insisting on the point. That was because he knew so many people who seemed more foolish than the pantomimes. He could not think the stage to blame. He knew too that even he was sometimes silly and laughed without a cause. "I laugh when I feel laughy, as I sleep when I feel sleepy," he used to say. I believe there were hours in the life of Thackeray when he might even have weathered "Piff, Paff, Pout." The ordinary play is an indoor game, and, of course, wholly devoid of any artistic motives. As a proof of the fallen state of man it is not nearly so convincing as many other things that the critic might mention. There are the wit and humor of the boarding-house table and the novels of last week and the political conversation of men in a club and the debates in a college faculty, the study of which will sufficiently explain the existence of musical comedy. It is a lucky man who does not number on his list of friends people who are a little worse than "The Sho-Gun." While a genius may appeal to all classes at once, men of talent seldom appeal to more than one. Most people dislike cleverness for its jolting interruption of their usual thoughts. Wit is a heresy to the dull, and art is painful to the inartistic, and the average play rests on a well-founded negation. The customs of the people about us ought to be as interesting as the bones of prehistoric man and the utensils of the cave-dwellers.

Our Old Friends, the Jokes

For in this musical comedy audience you will find all stages of the race of man. You will hear the Stone Age laugh and see things still pleasing to the Picts and Scots. That respectable couple down the aisle are undoubtedly feeling an Early Norman amusement. At "Mr. Wix," the Neanderthal man and his wife sat next to me. On the stage those things which are advertised as "up-to-date" are in reality the least modern. Slang and topical allusion disguise many a remark that we have read in Latin. Surely the hatred of common things is not the beginning of wisdom, nor is it an altogether sad fact that in this country so many people become well-to-do before they are civilized.



Edna May and George Grossmith, Jr., in "The School Girl"



A Series of Six Tales of Love and Adventure, Laid in Westphalia in the Days of King Jerome

ILLUSTRATED WITH A HEADING BY E. M. ASHE AND SKETCHES BY FRED. PEGRAM

II.—ROSES OF TRIANON

STEVEN LEE, Count Waldorf-Kilmansegg—Englishman by education and in virtue of maternal heritage; Austrian subject by paternal descent and tenure of Silesian lands—a young man of usually fastidious and epicurean tastes, chose to linger for some reason (incomprehensible to his valet) in God-forsaken, out-of-the-way corners of Westphalia, this April in the year of wars 1813. Instead of making for the gay capital of King Jerome and enjoying himself "like a gentleman," he hunted about the outskirts of the Thuringian Forest and haunted the inns of half-deserted townships, poverty-stricken villages on the high Imperial road.

While the postillions and the above-mentioned valet cursed the thin wine and the gross fare, while the horses of the traveling-chaise fretted the hours away in unworthy stables, their lord and master took solitary rambles on foot, as if in search of no one knew what, only to return, haughty as usual, weary and discontented.

When a halt was ordered for the night in the hamlet of Wellenshausen, instead of pushing on to the decent town of Halberstadt, valet Franz felt the situation more than his lively Viennese spirit could endure and vowed he would resign.

He tapped his forehead significantly as the Count strolled out of the vine-grown guest-house into the street, looking up and down in his singular, expectant fashion.

"'Tis question of a maiden," said postillion Peter, grimacing over his mug, "or else the devil's in it."

Further than this their diagnosis of the master's state of mind could not go.

Albeit on the skirt of the low lands the village was yet of the mountain: riding, so to speak, a bold buttress of the distant wooded range, and sheltered to the north by an imposing crag, that rose, pinnacle-like and so detached and huge that it would have seemed inaccessible but for the strong-house on its summit. From the flank of this mount a torrent of black waters, strangely cold at all times, born in some mysterious and dreaded cavern of the rocks, rushed foaming brown and, noisily, cut the village in two on its way to the plain.

Steven Lee gazed upward at the Burg, frowning of aspect at most times, but just now, as it caught the rays of a sinking sun on its narrow windows, shining resily into the valleys, his fancy was wafted up to the height on a wing of airy romance, when a clamor of children's voices turned his attention in a new direction.

A string of ragged urchins was rushing toward the torrent. Over the bridge a man's figure was approaching at a swinging pace. It stopped for a moment on the summit of the rough stone arch, and the notes of a fiddle, in lively measure, rose above the children's shouts and the roar of the waters. Dancing, singing, leaping, catching at his coat-tails, they surrounded the musician and followed him. He advanced like the magic piper of the legend.

Steven stood still in the middle of the way; a gleam in his eye, the sunset radiance on his smiling face.

The player came up to him and greeted him with a bow, his fiddle still at his chin the while he finished his measure.

"We have met before," said he.

"And I wellnigh despaired of our meeting again," returned the Count with some show of emotion. "Your music has been running in my head—implacably—all these days. I think you must have bewitched me." There was a note almost of reproach in his voice; and yet he blushed as he spoke, as if ashamed of his own affability to a wandering musician.

"Why," said the other cruelly, "I fear you're but a dull lad. Great Apollo—could we change places, I would need no old man's company! Nay, now, children, let a gen-

tleman speak to a gentleman—" He paused in a moment's meditation, looked through the inn gateway, then glanced up swiftly at the distant towering strong-house. "Is it possible your lordship has chosen this barren village for a stage? I see your horses being unharnessed yonder. Will you bid me to supper . . . comrade?"

He looped his threadbare sleeve into Steven's fine broadcloth. The urchins shouted with laughter.

The young Count frowned, started; then, with sudden sweetness, submitted.

Presently he sat (to the respectful astonishment of the host of the "Silver Stork") in the dim inn room, facing his guest. The Fiddler was a strange-looking man nearing the half-century of life, thin and erect of figure, clear-cut of feature; in attire distinctive through all its poverty: knee-breeches of homespun, brass-buckled shoes, coarse linen shirt-collar open at the sinewy throat, and tangled silver gray hair tied up in the queue of twenty years syne; sadly poor to all appearance, though not without some quality of hidden refinement. A man with deep-set, wide eyes, melancholy and dreamy when they were not fiercely mocking. Count Kilmansegg, in fact, and not without a sense of embarrassment, was entertaining the wandering rogue of a musician known to the countryside as Fiddle-Hans.

"Well, sir," the Fiddler said, "I can not congratulate you! The bread is sour. Sour is not the word for the wine. I have good teeth, but truly this sausage baffles

them. I am unappeased." He struck his lean middle. "I shall have no spirit to play another note to-night. (Keep your curses for better uses, friend; they will not sweeten the cup.) Now," said he, luxuriously stretching out his legs and gazing at them with a musing air, "I could have done with a capon, methinks, and a beaker of ripe old Burgundy. What say you, have you supped? Nay. Neither have I. Come, Sir Count, I invite your seriousness to an entertainment where nothing short of the best cellar and the fairest lady of the countryside will satisfy us."

Then, gazing at Steven's bewildered countenance for a while in silence, he went on with sudden earnestness; "The high-born English lady and the estimable Austrian nobleman, who are jointly responsible, as I understand, for your existence, have spoiled the dish for want of a little spice. Heavens, sir! have you never a smile in you, never a spark for the humorous side of things? Why, youth itself should be the laughter of life. Come with me—you have much to learn."

And leaving the meal further unheeded, he took the young man by the arm and led him to the door. The village was now all in gray shadow, but the strong-house on the height still glowed like a ruby. Pointing to it: "I brought you once," said the vagrant, "into somewhat low company. That was the story of our first meeting. To-night, if you will, I shall bring you into high."

"Lord Gemini!" exclaimed the landlord, who had been hanging open-mouthed, ready for the roar at Fiddle-Hans' humor; "up yonder—where the Burggrave locks up his lady?"

"Even so," said the hungry Fiddler imperturbably. "And you must lend your donkey and little Georgi, and see that the nobleman's valise is safely conveyed upward. For yonder we spend the night."

The idea seemed beyond a joke; and yet, on an imperial gesture of the vagrant, the host of the "Silver Stork" withdrew without further parley to carry out the order.

"Don't make a fool of me," whispered Steven in his singular adviser's ear.

"Why, 'tis the wisdom of youth to be foolish—'tis your privilege to be foolish with grace. O, could you but learn that . . ." interrupted the other impatiently. "Not to-night, dear children, but to-morrow . . . to-morrow you shall dance your feet off. I am a great person to-night; I am supping in the old Burg."

"O!" said the children, who had gathered like sparrows on their Fiddler's re-appearance. "O!" And awe-struck they scattered.

"That Fiddle-Hans . . ." said the landlord, as by and by he watched his guests depart. "He bewitches all, great and small. But this is a strong one. . . . There they go. Maybe they'll never come back!" He had the inherited village terror of the menace of the Burg. "Dungeons up there, and trapdoors, and none ever the wiser. O Lord Gemini!"

"Sidonia," said the lady up in the turret-room, "I will not endure it!" As this remark was made at least five times a day, the hearer was perhaps less impressed than the desperate air of the speaker demanded. "I will throw myself from the window," continued the Burggravine, carefully propping her plump elbows on the stone sill to gaze down with safety.

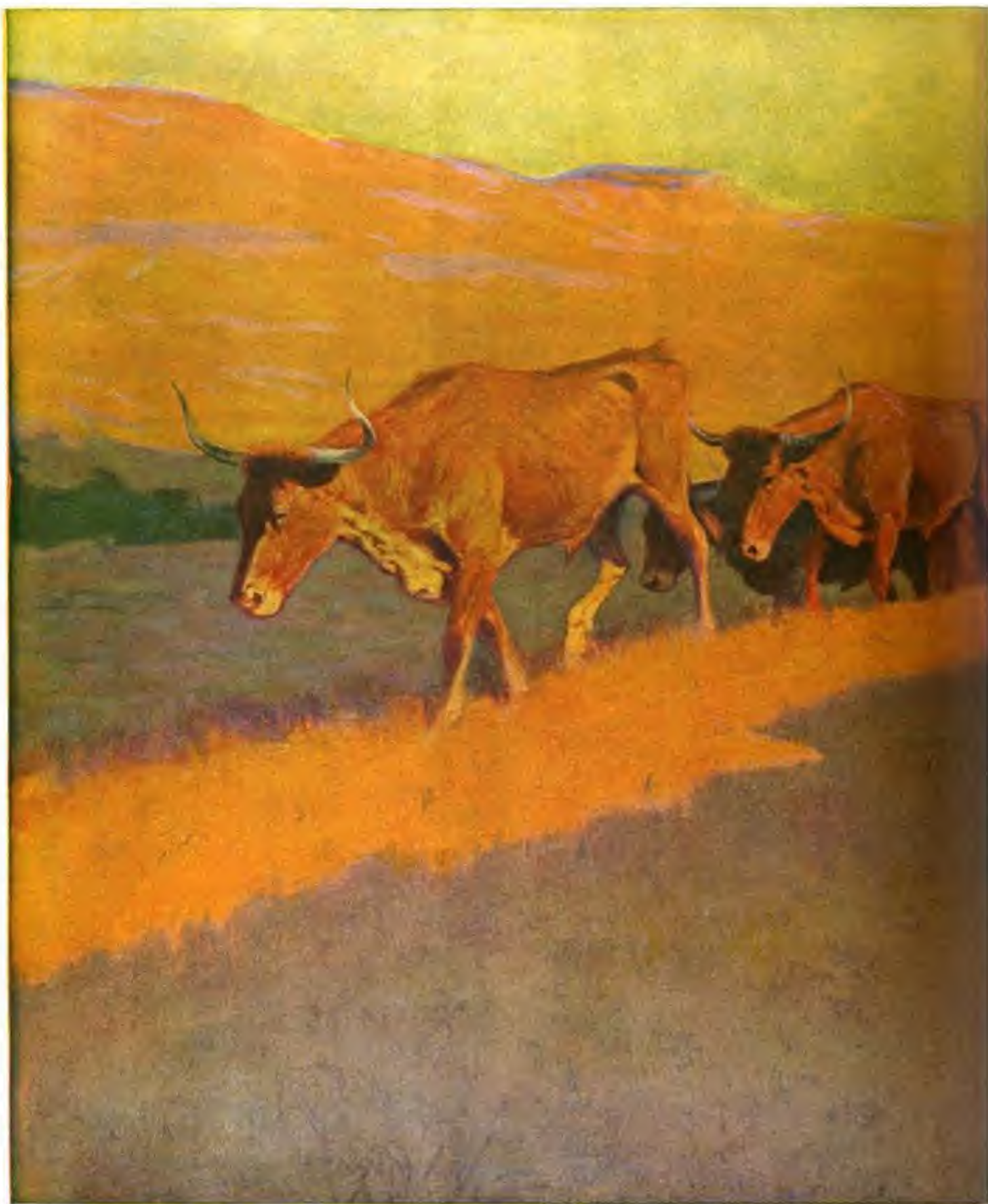
"If you'd only come sometimes and walk with me!" said little Sidonia, smiling.

"Walk, child? Your uncle knew well what he was doing when he stuck me up on this diabolic crag. I have not a pair of shoes that would last me halfway down. And the very looking at the road up to this place! O!"—she covered her eyes with her hand and shuddered—"it makes me reel with giddiness!"

"It was lovely in the forest," said



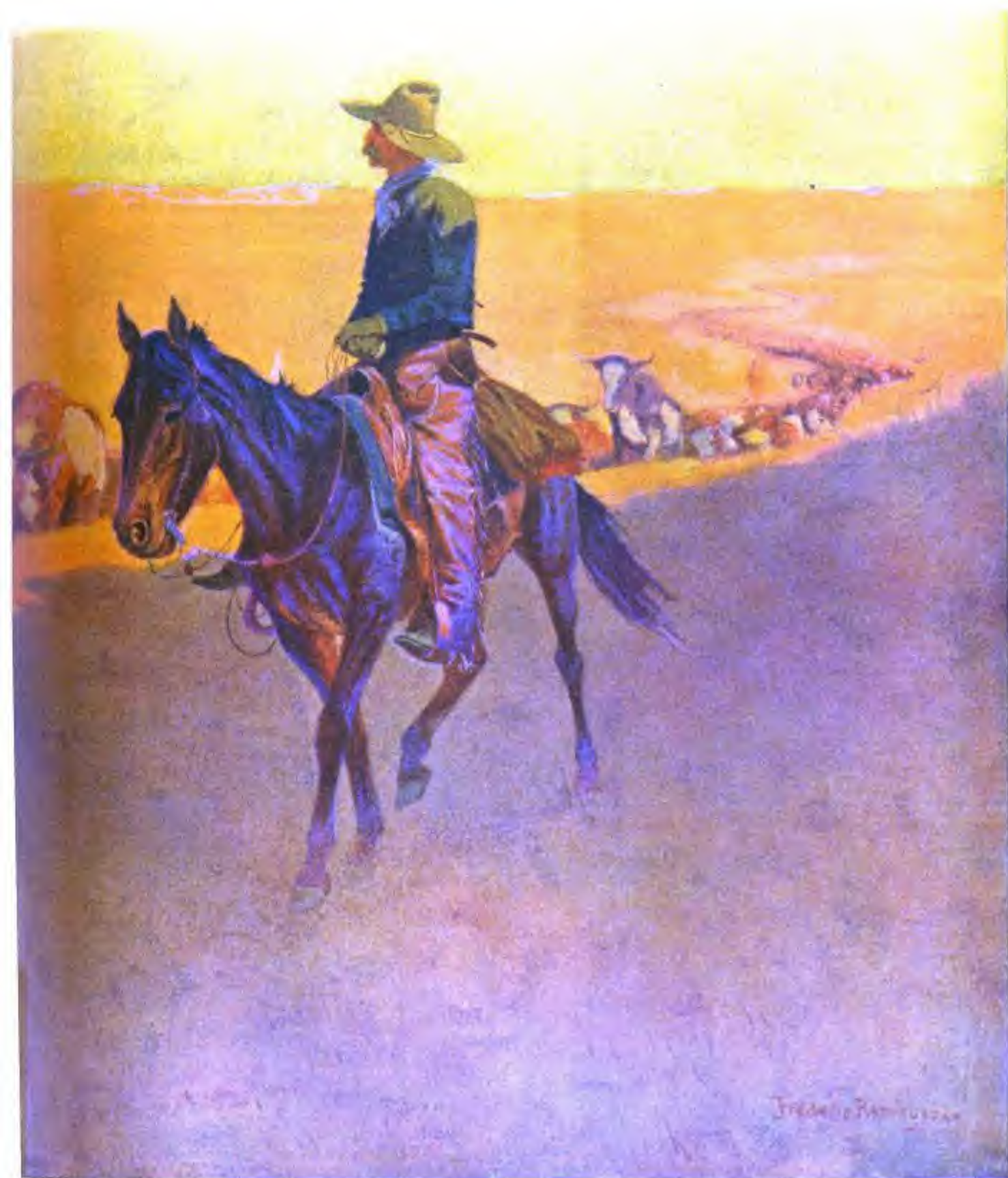
"Marry," pursued the fiddler gravely, "your name had better have been Thomas"



TRAILING T

THIRTY YEARS AGO, VAST HERDS OF "LONGHORN" TEXAS CATTLE WERE
DRIVEN WEST TO STOCK THE NORTHERN RANGES. THIS PICTURE SHOWS THE H

PAINTED BY



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AS CATTLE

UP FROM THE LOWER COUNTRY TO SHIP TO THE EAST AS BEEF
DRIVE COMING ON IN THE FLOOD OF A GORGEOUS WESTERN SUNSET

REMINGTON

Sidonia. "The strawberry flowers are coming out, and—"

"Strawberry flowers? Alas! is that what you ought to think of at your age? You, too—'tis monstrous cruelty!"

"The fawns are growing and are so sweet—"

"Fawns! 'Tis a lover should be sweet to you. As for me—O, woe!"

Sidonia, slight, slim, and sun-kissed as a young woodland thing herself, grew crimson behind her aunt's dejected head.

"Why—why, then, does Uncle Ludovic keep us here?" she queried.

Uncle Ludovic's lady flounced round in her chair, her eyes darting flames, a flood of words rising to her cherry lip.

"Why? Because, having spent most of his life in studying our sex, he flatters himself now upon a wide experience of our frailties. Because, having so often proved how easy it is to break the marriage vow, he can put no confidence in another's keeping it. Because," and her bosom heaved with indignation, "Casel is the most amusing spot at this moment in the whole of Europe, and no husband who respects himself can take his pleasure with any comfort if he does not feel that his wife is correspondingly bored."

"But uncle has his Chancellor's duty," said Sidonia, after pondering a while upon these enlightening remarks.

"Chancellor's duties!" The lady drummed on the diamond panes. "O, yes, my love, King Jerome requires onerous duties of his ministers, and I've no doubt that Ludovic performs his *con amore*." Suddenly her fingers ceased their angry tune. She swung back the window a trifle wider and leaned out further than she had ventured upon her threat of suicide. "Look, look!" she cried in altered tones. "Do you see, child? There are two men coming up the road with a pack-horse. No, 'tis a donkey!"

Sidonia leaned eagerly out across her aunt's shoulder. They were but a pair of children of different ages, when all was said and done.

"'Tis the gardener and the shepherd," opined she.

"O, yes, the very outline of humpback John and the swing of bandy Pepper!" (This was sarcastic.) "To the hangman with these evening mists! Now—now, see, a gentleman, or I'm a goose-girl—a young man, or I'm a grandmother!"

"Why, 'tis Fiddle-Hans!" exclaimed the lady's niece in amazement. But it was not, surely, the sight of Fiddle-Hans which brought such crimson to her cheek.

"And who may Fiddle-Hans be?" cried the Burggravine.

"The roadside player," said the girl. "Surely you have heard of him? If he were young and wore a plume or a dagger, people would call him a troubadour. And his music—ah! it moves the heart like—"

"Why, the creature's a beggar, child!" interrupted the lady. "But the other—" She ran away from the window in great fluster. "It's quite clear, my dear, that you and I shall have company at last. O, for once I will be mistress here! Call Elise! Get you into a decent gown, for Heaven's sake! My rose taffeta—it shall be my rose taffeta. And you? Wear anything but white, at your peril!"

"The Lord Burggrave is not in the Castle. The gracious Lady Burggravine never receives visitors." Thus Martin the gatekeeper, thrusting his ugly head out of the *casita*.

The last of the sunlight had faded. Gray and sheer rose the Burg walls and turrets above the visitors' heads; sheer and gray fell the mountain-side away at their feet.

"Mark now, sir, for here are we back in the Middle Ages," whispered Fiddle-Hans to his companion. Aloud he cried to the porter, who was slowly withdrawing his countenance: "Half a minute, friend, and let us examine your statement. That the Lord Burggrave is away, I am aware; but that your lady does not receive has still to be proved. How if we two come upon the invitation of the Burggrave himself?"

Through the gathering gloom Steven peered at the musician's mocking features. Martin the porter stared in silence for a moment; then, with a great groaning of bars and grinding of keys, set the great door ajar, not to admit them, indeed, but that he might stare the closer.

"Martin," pursued the Fiddler gravely, "your name had better have been Thomas, for you are born an unbeliever."

"My orders are," said Martin, in surly tones, "to admit no one."

"Fellow," said the Fiddler, "a servant's orders, I take it, are not like the Ten Commandments, but subject to variations according to another's pleasure. What if I tell you that, knowing your master—"

"You? Know my master!" The porter's teeth showed like an old dog's in a grin, half scorn, half doubt.

"Aye, we have but recently parted. By the same token, friend, he is now at Halberstadt, and will be here to-morrow. Meanwhile, as it is damp and night falls, admit us to your stone hall and let us sit, for you will be wise to gaze at us a while longer before you take upon yourself to drive off the Burggrave's friend and the Burggravine's kinsman from doors to which they have been invited. Look at that gentleman. There is a gentleman for you, from the crown of his noble head to the sole of his high-born foot! And look at me. Ah, you know me! Fiddle-Hans, am I not? Beware, Martin, great people have their disguises—as you and I know."

The shot told, and Martin showed signs of agitation and yielding. Fiddle-Hans, keeping him under the

mockery of his glance, pursued his argumentative advantage:

"Now, cease scratching that gray stubble, and I will tell thee what to do to save thee from a false step. Go thou to the gracious lady and ask her if her lord has not advised her of the probable visit of two travelers, and request of her whether these two gentlemen, having presented themselves, it is not her wish, in obedience to her lord, that they should be admitted. Meanwhile, we shall wait here on this stone bench, and I shall beguile my noble companion's weariness with a little air of music."

The porter withdrew slowly without another word, but not without casting backward glances of doubt upon the newcomers.

"How do you dare?" asked Steven, fixing almost awestruck eyes upon Fiddle-Hans, who, nursing his instrument upon one knee, was coolly winding up the string.

"Dare? I?" He twanged the cord, shook his head, and fell to screwing again. "Why should I not dare? What have I to fear? What have I to lose? We are sure of a welcome, I tell you, of a supper, and a good joke."

"Your magnificent audacity!" said Steven, sitting gingerly down at the end of the bench and looking at the other's lean figure, as if it had been that of the Prince of Lies himself. "Positively, I myself could hardly believe you were not speaking the truth."

"And so I was," said the other composedly. "Not one word but was solemn verity."

"O, but stay! How come I to be kinsman to the Burggravine?"

"You are Austrian," quoth the musician, "so is she, as I happen to know. Both the finest flower of the Empire's aristocracy. If you're not related, somewhere, I'll eat my fiddle."

"Upon my word!" ejaculated Steven, opening his eyes very wide. "I suppose it is on the same kind of plea that you have your acquaintance with the Burggrave—an intimate acquaintance?"

"Intimate. I have said so. The Burggrave of Wellenshausen is a type that is true to itself."

"And he has invited us to visit the Burg?" Steven's tones broke into mirth.

"Indubitably." The player raised his fiddle and drew a long note from it that was a musical mockery of the young man's high key. "The husband who locks up a light-hearted wife alone in an inaccessible tower invites in terms most positive every gentleman of heart and spirit in the country to come and console her. M. de Wellenshausen is at Halberstadt—I was playing at the Crown Hotel—he will be here to-morrow. And he said to me: 'Friend—mark you, Friend—you must come and play that tune at my

opened a side door and peeped out smiling. There awoke all about the sleepy castle a sound of skirmishing and tittering; now a patter of bare feet; now the tramp of boots that no precautions could hush. At length the majestic form of the major-domo appeared before the vagrants, magnificent in his silver chains and silk stockings. Fiddle-Hans hushed his music and leaned over to Steven to whisper in his ear:

"See, he has been putting on his grand garb of ceremony to deliver his lady's little lie."

"The high-born one, my mistress, had not expected you before to-morrow," said the butler, with a deep bow to Steven. He cast a fishlike eye of astonishment upon the Fiddler, but nevertheless pursued: "Will your Honor follow me to your apartment?" Again he stared at the musician, who nimbly rose and bowed.

"My Honor will also follow," he said blandly. "Our valise is on the donkey's back, at the door; see to it."

If Fiddle-Hans was surprised at his own success, it was only the humorous twitch of his eyebrows that betrayed the fact. He was of those, apparently, whose talent for seizing opportunities would almost evoke the belief that they have created them.

"Comrades should share and share alike," said he presently, laying down Steven's brush, which he had been wielding dexterously on his own wild locks—"lend me a black ribbon for my queue—it is out of mode, but I am of the old stock. I have been shaved *à la* *velours* to-day—'twas an inspiration! A cloud of powder would complete me, but you new century bucks know not of these refinements. Let me see . . . I think that black suit of yours so neatly folded in the corner of our valise is perhaps what would best become my gravity. Yes. And a ruffled shirt. . . . Thank you. Ah! . . . And those violet silk stockings."

Steven stood hypnotized.

"Your eyes will positively drop out," said the Fiddler, "if you stare any more." He drew a snuff-box from his discarded coat and tapped it with his finger: "A pinch is but a poor thing if a man has not a ruffle to his wrist," he said, and was not ill-pleased to see how Steven marveled at the grace with which he swung his borrowed laces, the air with which he flipped an invisible atom from his cuff. He took a step as though his legs had never known anything but silk. Steven's suit, if a little large, hung on his figure with a notable fitness.

"By the Lord," cried Count Waldorf-Kilmanssegg, with a loud laugh of discovery, "a gentleman, after all!"

Fiddle-Hans drew his black brows together with his swift frown.

"Your equal, you mean, doubtless," said he dryly. "You do me too great honor." Then his eyes softened again, as in his turn he surveyed his companion.

"Come," said he, "I would give all my superior years, after all, for some of your youthful disabilities. I cherish no illusions as to which of us the fair Burggravine will deem the better worth her notice."

And, indeed, when the two were ushered into the long, dim, tapestry-hung saloon, the bright eyes of the lady of the Castle merely swept Fiddle-Hans, amazingly distinguished as he was in his borrowed plumes, to rest with complacency on the youth who followed him.

Steven held his head high, after the fashion of your shy, self-conscious fellow. But his head being one upon which Nature had set a noble stamp, this became it well. If there was pride in the arch of his eyebrow and the curl of his lip, there was likewise race to justify it. Betty, the Burggravine, could note as much between two flickers of her long eyelashes; note, too, that, thank goodness, he wore none of those new, odious Cossack-trousers, but kept to the fashion which made it worth while for a man to have a good line to his leg; note, furthermore, that plum-color frack, maize waistcoat, and dove-gray kerseymere make excellent harmony with rose taffeta. The lady had been created for courts, and even now—perched like an eagle in the old mountain Burg—moved in a gay, trifling atmosphere of her own. And Count Steven, who had also been constructed for the high places of life, felt, as he returned her gaze, that he was in his element once more.

"The gentlemen!" announced Nikolaus with a nervous giggle. He knew Fiddle-Hans—as who did not that belonged to the countryside? But familiarity had not so far bred contempt, and neither he nor his compeers ever ventured to question anything the mysterious being chose to do. Had the Fiddler desired himself to be announced as Archangel Michael, or Prince Lucifer, the Emperor Napoleon, or the Wandering Jew, Nikolaus would scarcely have been surprised.

The rose-red lady advanced a sweet little sandal and made a profound courtesy. Her classic top-knot of curls was richly dark, and so was the velvet of her cheek; but as she looked up slowly from her inclination, Steven was quite startled to find that her eyes opened blue as forget-me-nots.

"Gentlemen!" ejaculated she, translating Nikolaus's clumsy Saxon German into tripping French—it being the tone of German courts to speak French. The blue flowers of her eyes widened in surprise upon Fiddle-Hans. She had not known there were two gentlemen when she looked forth from the window; only the goodly youth and his roadside guide. But this elderly person was a gentleman, no doubt about that, and a fine one, too. Only so old!

And now he took the lead, as became his years.

"Madame la Burggravine," responded he; and even Steven, in spite of Anglo-Austrian ear, could note the exquisite purity of his Gallic accent. "permit two travelers to express their gratitude for the generous alacrity with which you have granted them hospitality. We had lost our way—"



Sidonia could look no longer

castle. He's fond of music, you see. 'Twas a promise. And the only person who will lie in the whole matter to-day is the noble Lady Burggravine. She is dying by inches of *ennui*, and she will—be quite certain of it—she will assure the porter that our visit has indeed been announced to her. 'Tis to be regretted, but such is the way of women who bore themselves in lonely strong-houses."

He caught his fiddle to his breast, and liquid melody flowed out into the empty hall and went echoing away down long passages and up into vaulted roofs. Like curious rabbits from a warren, now a scullion popped a head out of some dark corner, now a rosy wench half

"Lost your way?" interrupted the lady; and an irrepressible smile curved her lips upward.

"Yes, madam," pursued the other imperturbably; "and, with the night coming on in this wild and mountainous district, God knows what might not have happened to us!"

"I know not what your destination may be, sir," answered she, drawing back with a faint air of haughtiness; "but surely yours is a strange itinerary that took an isolated crag on the road."

"Madam," said he, "we gave ourselves infinite pains to attain this height."

The glance toward herself, the touch at his heart, the bow, made of these words a delicate compliment. The line of her mouth began once more to waver. "To have gone down again, madam, would have been impossible. Our itinerary, as you say, is perhaps difficult to explain. If I were to tell you that we took a wrong turning, my friend here would correct me, for he is convinced, madam, it was the right turning, since it brought him to your feet."

Here Steven could do nothing but bow. This he did, however, with such youthful grace and so ardent a look, that his hostess melted outright into smiles.

"Sir," said she to him somewhat coyly; and the young man felt he had been eloquent indeed.

"Count Steven Lee Waldorf-Kilmansegg," introduced Fiddle-Hans with a courtly wave of his arm.

"Lee . . . Waldorf?" quoth she vivaciously.

"Steven Lee in England, Kilmansegg in Austria," said the Fiddler blandly.

"O my beloved Austria!" she exclaimed, and the forget-me-not eyes became suffused with the tear of sensibility.

"Waldorf-Kilmansegg of Waldeck," enumerated the master of ceremonies; while Steven stood in dignity, conscious of his honors.

"Then we are cousins!" She clapped her soft palms, the rising emotion was forgotten in laughter. "Positively we are cousins. I am Schwartzberg—Betty von Schwartzberg—and my mother's cousin, Rezy Lutzof, married Tony Kilmansegg. You are welcome, my cousin," said she, and held out her hand. He kissed it ceremoniously, and she, bending forward, sketched a butterfly salute on his forehead. It was the custom in his father's country; but he had lived long in England, and it had grown unfamiliar. His heart contracted with a delicious spasm, and the blood sang in his ears.

Before he knew what he was doing, he found himself holding the taper fingers close, found his lips upon them again.

Perhaps the lady was displeased; but if so, she cloaked the fact with a very pretty blush, and, as they drew apart, there could be no doubt but that the young visitor's position was established.

She looked expectantly then toward the elder of her guests.

He stood watching them with benevolent gaze, tapping his snuff-box, one leg becomingly advanced; and she waited to hear a no less fine-sounding introduction.

But as the waiting was prolonged to almost a hint of awkwardness:

"Will you not," said she, "Cousin Kilmansegg, return Monsieur's good offices?"

It was Count Steven's turn to blush.

"My friend," said the Fiddler, after enjoying the poor youth's agony with a relentless eye for a second or two, "has been content to accept my companionship as entertaining and useful to himself without inquiring into my ancestry. But such indulgence, my gracious hostess, I can not claim of you. Through all the noble blood that flows in your veins there mingles, of course, still a drop of Mother Eve's. Permit me to make myself known to you as Jean, Seigneur de la Viole, Marquis de Grand-Chemin—to lay but a couple of my poor titles at your feet."

She pondered a while, nibbling her little finger, her delicate eyebrows wrought as if in effort of memory. Then she said with gravity: "Your name, sir, has an ancient sound."

"Madam," he responded, "I would not boast, but there is none more ancient in our world."

Over again she pondered, looking down at the tip of her sandal. The blue eyes took stock afresh, and, thereupon, sunshine chased the gathering cloud from her face. With the air of one making up her mind to be amused without questioning, "You are welcome too," she said, "monsieur—my guest."

"Ah, madam," responded he, "pity that this, the fairest of my titles, must needs be the most fleeting!"

Tying a blue ribbon into a hasty knot as she came, entered Sidonia, almost at a run. All this time she had been striving to turn her heavy fair tresses into the fashionable top-knot—with what result her aunt's first glance of pity told her but too clearly.

She halted in her rapid advance and stood, blushing like a schoolgirl, unable to lift her eyes.

"Child," said the Burgravine, "here is my cousin, Count Kilmansegg, who could not pass by his kinswoman in exile without personally inquiring after her well-being." When Sidonia ventured a stealthy look, it was to find, O bitter moment! that she was unrecognized. Yet they had met before. "And this gentleman—" pursued her aunt with a small, sarcastic smile.

The girl, bewildered, had begun her second courtesy, when she stopped herself with a cry of utter amazement: "The Geigel-Onkel!"

"Madam," intervened the Fiddler gravely, addressing the Burgravine, "that is another of my honors—to young people who love my viol, I am the Geigel-Onkel."

"Here," said the lady with equal gravity, addressing her niece in a meaning tone, "the gentleman will be known as Monsieur de la Viole."

"Marquis de Grand-Chemin," insistently added the vagrant, with his grand bow.

"Marquis de Grand-Chemin," admitted the lady. Nevertheless, it was the arm of her cousin, the mere Count, that she took to conduct her to the dining apartment.

The servants had retired; Master Fiddle-Hans promised supper-party was over. It had been to the full as

succulent, as elegant, as he had foretold. And now, holding the stem of a long, cut-glass beaker between his second and third finger, he was gazing abstractedly at the noble wine. Where were his thoughts, and why was he so dull all at once, with flower and silver before him, crystal and fine porcelain? With the ruby waiting in his cup—the ruby of that noble "Clos Vougeot" before which Bonaparte, the republican, on his way to Italy, had made his soldiers halt and present arms as to the prince of vintages! Fiddle-Hans, who could sing over a hard crust by the dusty roadside, and give thanks for the water of the mountain stream! Had he had his violin to his hand now, its music would have been of tears.

His eye moved. It rested first on the fresh, briar-rose face of the young girl, with a strange look of tenderness; then it fell upon the Burgravine. Her plump, olive shoulders, half out of her rosy gown, her



"You disgraced me to-night," said Fiddle-Hans.

exquisite little doll-face thrust forward—the whole of her an altar to admiration—she was offering herself in eagerness, in ecstasy, to the fire that was beginning to kindle in the hitherto decorous countenance of the youth opposite to her. And, as the musician noted, he frowned and his lips curled into contempt. Then his gaze sought Steven. He saw the flush upon the boy's cheek and the light in his eye; and his frown grew deeper. This base flame was none of his kindling.

He turned in his chair and looked again keenly at the silent girl. There was something austere in the mantle of pride and shyness in which she had wrapped herself.

"Little Miss Sidonia," said he softly. She flashed a quick glance at him, and her eyes filled. "Shall I make you some music?" His face relaxed into tenderness again as he spoke.

She nodded. The corners of her mouth quivered, if she had said a word, she must have burst into sobs.

"She but put a pillow under his head," thought the Fiddler, "and that was enough to make the flower of love blossom! Ah, youth! Poor little heart!" Once more he regarded the other pair, who were now whispering.

"After the feast, the dance, what say you?" he cried.

"O, the dance, the dance!" exclaimed the Burgravine, leaping to her feet. What a woman, what a puppet, to have a man's honor in her keeping!

"Then I will play to you," went on Fiddle-Hans. And, grinning, Nikolaus was despatched for his violin.

"It shall be a minuet," said the player after a pause, on the echo of a sigh.

Then the Marquis de Grand-Chemin waved his bow with a flourish. The ruffles at his wrists flew, he took a step with a grace; it was as if a fragrance from dead Trianon roses were wafted in between the barbarous Gothic tapestries of the Borg.

"It is the dance of great ladies and fine gentlemen," he said, beginning a melody of older days, mingled of archness and subtle melancholy. And playing, he went on, his words winding themselves, with a kind of lilt of his own, into the garland of sounds. "You, sir, bow with your hand on your heart. You take her hand and you look into her eyes. 'Ah!' say you, eloquent though silent, 'to hold those delicate finger-tips, madam, through life . . . to have the rapture of your sweet company . . . then indeed would every step be music.'"

"O, sir," says she in the same language, "you confound me." And with this she sinks from you into a courtesy that is all dignity, all grace. Again you bow—of a verity you did not deserve her! But what is this? Her hand is in yours again. O, this time you draw closer to her . . . you hold her little hand aloft! The satin of her gown whispers to your damask—her shoulder touches yours . . . you wheel her from right to left—with what pride, Heavens! what respect! You turn her lovely form, by the merest hint of your adoring fingers, from that side to this, that all may see, and see again, the prize that has fallen to your lot. . . ."

"We do not dance the minuet in our days," interrupted Steven with bashful resentment.

John of the Viol's delicate measures, that had rung half humorous, half pathetic, wholly sweet, as memories of past delights must ever be, ceased abruptly. He gave the young man a dark look as he held his bow aloft.

"No," said he, "you are right. The minuet has gone

to the guillotine. France has brought new dances into fashion: *Ça ira*, *Ça ira*, *Dansons la carmagnole*!" His face grew terrible as he struck the notes of the bloodstained gutter-song into his strings. "New dances for France, that she may dance to her death!"

"Fie, the ugly tune!" said Countess Betty. No shadow of the musician's tragic passion was reflected upon her face. "Monsieur le Marquis, play us a waltz!"

She caught joyfully at her own suggestion, as a child its cowslip ball. "A waltz, a waltz! Beau Cousin of Kilmansegg, they tell me 'tis the rage. A pin for your old minuet!"

"A waltz be it!" said Fiddle-Hans. Anger was upon him, and he made his violin chant it, setting it and the brutal irony of the "*Ça ira*," to the rhythm of a fantastic waltz. "Twirl, rapid heart and empty head! Hold her, prance round with her, feel your goat's legs growing, you who might have lifted your head with the gods and known the matchless rapture of the heights! Is it for this that you are young?"

Faster and faster went the music, fevered, with mad, shrill skirl, and faster the dancing. Beau Cousin began to pant. He held Belle Cousine as close to him that she, too, scarce could breathe. Loose flew her hair—one little sleeve almost broke across the heaving shoulder. Sidonia could look no longer; she turned to the window and leaned her hot cheek against the pane, staring at the stars with burning eyes. Something clutched at her heart and throat with a fierce grip.

Without warning, Fiddle-Hans brought his bow across his strings with a tearing sound and, as if a sharp sword had fallen between them, the dancers fell apart, astonished and not a little confused.

Steven staggered and caught at the chair behind him. The Burgravine's lady put a hand to her disheveled tresses and then to the lace at her bosom, and grew scarlet; brow and cheek, throat and shoulder.

"You no longer dance the minuet?" said Fiddle-Hans, with a little laugh, picking at his now placid strings; and Steven thought that the man had the laugh of a devil and that it was echoed by his instrument. "O, you have a thousand reasons, sir, and so has madam, for the waltz is a fuller measure. Gracious lady, you are out of breath. May I sit beside you a while? And you, sir, will you not expound the first principles of this—this graceful and elegant pastime to Mademoiselle yonder, whose youth has yet to learn the new fashion? Is it not right, Burgravine, that these young things, after all, should draw together, while you and I look on—yes, the staid, married woman; I, the old man?"

She answered him not, save by a look of wondering offence.

"Ah, madam," he went on, as he sat down beside her, "and you are angry with your lord and master, because he shuts you up in this strong-house? But, good Heaven, 'tis the proof of his loving appreciation of your value!"

"O, aye!" she answered in high contempt, "'tis a sign of vast affection, doubtless."

"Madam, he lays his treasure where thieves can not attain it. At least, poor man, so he fondly trusts!"

"And therefore the unhappy treasure is to be consumed by moth and rust," retorted the lady.

"Madam," said the Fiddler in a low voice, "I understand that the owner of the treasure had reason to fear a more infelicitous stain—"

"How dare you?" she flashed upon him. But he was picking his violin with a pensive air. Then he suddenly looked up at her and smiled.

"Ah! most gracious one, if I were the happy possessor of a bird of such brilliant plumage as yourself, I would—" he paused.

"You would what? Pray proceed." She was waiting for her triumph.

"I would open wide all the doors and bid it fly."

And then she called to him again: "How dare you?" And so insulted was she that there came a sob into her throat.

"You see," said he, drawing an accompaniment of whispering notes to his words, "that, after all, it is honoring your husband's point of view that you think the more complimentary."

"He should trust me," she whispered.

"Madam, who knows?" he responded, "stranger things have come to pass. Some day, perhaps, the bird will not crave for flight—it may cling to the nest—" His fingers moved delicately, the bow swung with the gentle phiancy of some green bow of spring—it was a measure of engaging rhythm and playfulness; yet soft, soft as, under the eaves, the swallow's note at dawn.

Fascinated, she cried, under her breath: "What is it?"

He answered her, "A cradle song . . ." and stopped. His own face had altered indescribably. His restless eye had grown fixed and wistful. Little Madame de Wellershausen hung her head and the gathering tears fell.

While Fiddle-Hans thus engaged his hostess, Steven Lee, with slow steps, had gone across the room to the girlish figure by the window. He had grown to believe that this Fiddle-Hans had some uncanny power by which he enforced his will, after the fashion of that Mesmer of whom one had heard so much.

Sidonia turned upon him, with a sudden jerk of her chin, a flash of her eye, as he halted beside her. Upon which he exclaimed in amazement: "Why, great Heavens, you are the girl of the forest-house!"

"You have met, I think, sir," she answered him, "eyes that see quick or far—'tis, no doubt, your town-bredding." The color was slowly fading from her cheeks. She held herself very stiff and proud. But he was still all eager over his discovery.

"You brought me your pillow," said he, "when I lay hurt in the forest."

"I would have done the same to a sick dog," said she.

"You cried over me, when you thought I was dead," exclaimed Steven, stung by her contempt.

"Had I known you better, sir—"

Her eyes were bright and hard, her lip was a curve of scorn, and her chin a tilted defiance. But all at once he saw that, under the close-clinging fabric of her short-waisted gown, her heart was beating like a madly frightened bird in the fowler's net. The knot of blue

ribands upon her bosom danced with its fluttering. And there came upon him a desire, at once tender and cruel, to feel that beating heart beneath his hand. He gave a short laugh: "Shall I teach you the waltz?" he said, leaning forward. "It is quite easy—just my arm about you, and the music does the rest."

She shrank back with a look that would have blasted him if it could.

"Do not dare to touch me!" Though her heart palpitated into her very voice, she held her head high as the hind in the forest, and went on: "I might have danced that minuet, as Fiddle-Hans put it into music. But I don't like your manner of dancing, sir, nor your English manners at all. It would be best if people stayed in their own country."

And then, while he stood, as if her childish hand had struck him, she passed from him and paused for a moment before her aunt and the Fiddler, who were now sitting together in a strange silence. And with the brief remark, "I am going to sleep," she went proudly from the room.

Fiddle-Hans had shaken off his musing fit. He laughed out loud.

"What, comrade, won't Mademoiselle learn the waltz from you, after so pretty a display?"

Madame looked down at her feet, as they peeped side by side from the hem of her garment, looking, the little humbugs, the pink of innocent propriety. She was subdued, even frightened, and her heart was stirred within her.

"Our evening is finished," said the Marquis de Grand-Chemin, rising with his great air. "Madame, this gentleman and I must march out with the dawn. Permit us now to offer you our respectful gratitude, and retire."

She held out her hand, and he took the tips of her fingers and bowed low. She courtesied. They might have been in his minuet, but it was with the music left out.

"Good-by, my cousin," she said timidly. And "Good-by," said he. They stood stiffly before each other, like two children found at fault. She was longing to tell him that it must not be "Good-by" between her and him. But the Fiddler's eye was upon her.

Steven felt the world very flat, even on a mountain strong-house, as he sat down in the state bedroom and began with a yawn to unwind the folds of his stock. Next door the Fiddler had locked himself in. He had not spoken to his companion since they had entered their apartment. Steven Lee, Count Waldorf-Kilmansegg, felt that he was in disgrace.

Suddenly Fiddle-Hans flung back the separating door and walked in. He was once more clad in his own shabby suit, and across his arms carried the borrowed garments.

One by one he laid them down neatly in his companion's valise, rolling up the violet silk stockings at the last.

"Continue," said he, "my friend, to develop the growth of those goat legs of yours. It will save you in hosiery."

"Upon my soul," cried the young man, "I don't understand what you mean!" But his cheek crimsoned.

"You disgraced me to-night," said Fiddle-Hans. "What, sir! I have the kindness to bring you up here that you may snatch a delicate, courtlike comedy from a lost century, and you turn it into a gross latter-day romp. I bring you from an alchouse into a castle, but you must needs drag your Teniers with you and spoil my Watteau! I play you a minuet, but what appeals to you is to clutch, and gambade, and—"

"You made the music, man," interrupted Steven, sulky as a schoolboy. "And it was she who asked for a waltz!"

"*Mon Dieu!*" went on the Fiddler passionately; "it may be that we were no better as to morals, in my youth, than you are nowadays, but at least we took our pleasures like gentlemen. If we plucked a rose, we did it with a grace, between two fingers, not with the fist. We did not seize a lady round the body and prance her like a milkmaid; what favors we took, we bent the knee to receive. O, sir, how little fragrance remains in the flower you mangle thus in your grasp! Three things there are, young man, that he who understands life must touch with fingers of gossamer: a subtle pleasantry, a lady's discretion, the illusions of a young heart. You have laid brute hands on all three to-night. Fie! you have spoiled my evening."

The contrast between the man in his humble clothes and the arrogant culture of his speech suddenly struck Steven to such a degree that he forgot to be angry at being rated, in his eagerness to catch further self-betrayal from the fantastic enigma. Become aware of the other's eye and expectant smile, the Fiddler broke off abruptly and, for the first time in their acquaintance, looked disconcerted. Then he gave a good-humored laugh, and his brow cleared.

"Blind, blind!" he said. "Why, was she not worthy of one look, the child in her virginal grace? When I came across you again, to-day, under the shadow of the Berg, my heart leaped like a little hare. I told myself I knew whom you were seeking. Youth finds out the

way to youth," said I in my fond mind. I believed you had traced her—the Romance that Fortune brought across your path in the forest. It was but cloud-building, but a spring fancy in an old man's dreams—the lad in whom I had taken a passing interest, the little maid I have grown to love. Why, you did not even recognize her! Yet she held your head on her knees when you were hurt! You were a knight to her, all gallant; and now—"

"She is an ill-mannered child," said Steven.

"She is as lovely as the woods at dawn—young, reluctant, mysterious, chill. When I approach her, it is with my hat in my hand. If I were young like you, I should kneel to her. The set of her head, the line of her little throat—" His voice grew suddenly husky. "Her little throat—" he repeated. And Steven, he knew not why, had an impression of a sadness so piercing that he dropped his eyes and dared not look at Fiddle-Hans again.

After a while, with a change of voice—

"I will wake you at sunrise," said the musician. "I have promised the children to play for them before school; and I must see you safely to the foot of the hill ere we part, Count Comrade, having brought you up so high, or Heaven knows what fall might not be in store for you!"

And very unwilling was Steven Lee to rise after a poor night; and very ill-humored was he as they set out at last, with their donkey, breakfastless, together. There was no joy or mystery in the morn; it gave them but white mists that wet like rain and clung close as they descended.

The Fiddler was silent, absorbed in his own thought, and paid small heed to the youth's moodiness.

As they crossed the bridge, a traveling-chaise came through the haze toward them, passed them at full thunder and drew up with a clatter some hundred yards beyond. Fiddle-Hans smiled sardonically.

"There goes Bluebeard, the Burgrave, to surprise his fond little wife. He is a trifle earlier on the road than I thought. Did I not do well to hurry your toilet? Who knows, you might have been hurried in still more disagreeable fashion. Well, the episode is over; and though you have much disappointed me, young sir—"

"But what will she tell him about our visit?" interrupted Steven with some anxiety.

Fiddle-Hans remained silent for a few paces.

"That," he said at last, "is a matter for illimitable fancy. . . ."

BILLY'S ATONEMENT : By Harrison Rhodes

FOR the twenty-sixth time that afternoon Tommy Harrigan, with a whoop and a cry, drove his goat-carriage down the length of Somers Street. For the twenty-sixth time a discussion followed as to which boy was to ride with Tommy next. That would be the twenty-seventh weary trip, and there would be a twenty-eighth and a twenty-ninth and—but what did they think it mattered to the goat? Angrily Billy shook himself and started forward. Tommy promptly whacked him across the back. "Stop!" he cried. "What do you want to go on for?"

How should he know? thought Billy bitterly. Down the street to the right, flashing in the sunlight, lay in scarlet and silver glory an empty tomato can. Each time as he had passed the goat had swerved irresistibly toward it. Each time the whacking stick across his ribs had recalled him. Whackings always! They were Tommy's invariable comment upon any attempt of his goat's to vary the prescribed menu. The whackings Billy could stand, but not the injustice.

Oh, if we men could but look into the heart of goats!

Billy's ribs were still sore as the result of an attempt to lunch upon a delicate chemise which had tossed in the breeze two Mondays gone in the Harrigan backyard. Yet it was only the fierce passion natural to his race that had driven him to seize it. If an occasional can, an old shoe or two, or even a tidbit of old iron had been given him, he would not have attacked the clothesline. But others judged for him. Because these things were caviare to the general, was his natural appetite to be thwarted? The fire of his rage blazed up afresh within the animal, as the gleam of scarlet and silver again caught his eye. If not that, then something else—he swore to himself—and soon! If gluttony were a vice, he would glory in it. Every one seemed to think a goat an obstinate, stupid, brutalized creature; why not be one and secure what pleasure life could offer that way? If there were any one who believed in him—thought Billy; and then a softer light came into his eye. Was he not forgetting the little Gwendoline, Tommy's baby sister?

Perhaps the child was too young to realize that he was a goat, Billy's cynical thought had sometimes been. But at any rate, she treated him like a dog (the ideal condition for any domestic animal, of course). She patted him, she called him "good boy," and once she had given him to eat a lovely cut-steel buckle, which had been her birthday present from her rich Aunt Julia. But it would be unfair to Billy to say that for selfish reasons did he adore her. The world does not comprehend the goat nature, which made a fierce flame of unselfish loyalty blaze up in Billy's heart at the touch of the little Gwendoline's tiny hand. If this simple tale serves to lighten the burden of any goat, to make any one draw the line less rigidly between his treatment of dumb and of speaking animals, to convince any reader who may be moved to tears by it in essentials what a

goat he himself is, it will not have been written in vain. But to return, one might almost, though not quite, say *à nos moutons*. Just as Billy had decided to welcome the weary twenty-seventh trip for the sake of a determined dash at the scarlet and silver glory by the roadside, he heard Tommy Harrigan announce that if he were allowed to pitch he would not be averse to suspending operations with the goat-carriage for the sake of a baseball game. Billy's head was jerked toward home, and with renewed whackings Tommy drove his unhappy slave into the little inclosed paddock, and, unhitching him, left him, the hated bundle of hay being his only provender. Within the narrow confines of his prison the enraged goat wandered, angrily setting his teeth from time to time against its iron bars. But nothing could he find to eat except, at last, the little strap that was sometimes fastened across the seat of the carriage. It was a coarse-grained, badly tanned bit of leather, no succulent morsel, but Billy devoured it eagerly. He felt a little calmer then.

The sunset light was flooding the Harrigan backyard an hour later, when across the lawn and toward the

goat paddock came the little Gwendoline. Billy's heart swelled with generous emotion at her approach and at the kind words she addressed to him. For her sake he was docile when the hated Tommy rehitched him to the carriage. For on the weary twenty-seventh trip he was to draw the one creature who cared for him. Tommy raised her to her seat. Then suddenly he discovered that the strap was missing, the strap which buckled across and held the child in her seat. Billy slyly chuckled, even when Tommy gave him a whack or two. At last he had annoyed the taskmaster.

"Stay still, Gwenny," cried Tommy, darting off to the house; "I'll fetch some string and fix you safely."

Scarcely was her brother out of sight when "Gidap," the little Gwendoline cried. "Gwenny dwive herself," she chuckled, as she pulled at the reins.

Billy smartly pulled the cart down the drive and out into the street. He would give the baby and himself a happy hour, far from Tommy and his whip. Gayly they started down Somers Street, and then they heard the voice of Tommy, in pursuit. Billy flew, the little Gwendoline encouraging him with gurgles of delight. The goat's blood was stirred by the excitement of the race; then like a flash came a sudden jolt and an ominous lightening of the load. Billy stopped and turned his head. Tommy was still far behind, and there in the middle of the street lay the little Gwendoline, softly crying, while dust and blood mixed to spoil the rose-pink of her cheek. How had it happened, asked Billy wildly of himself, that she had fallen? Jolts and paving blocks were not uncommon in Somers Street. Suddenly he remembered—the strap! It was his fault. To satisfy his appetite he had eaten away the safeguard of the only being he cared for or who cared for him.

Who could have guessed that beneath that hairy coat a heart was breaking?

The animal stood stockstill, almost petrified in his grief. Then ahead of him he heard the clatter of hoofs and behind him the terrified cry of Tommy. Straight down Somers Street was coming a horse, dragging an empty phaeton. Crashing along the engine of destruction came, yet Billy seemed not to realize what it meant. Then he came to his senses. In the brief moment that was left he half turned his head and saw the flutter of the little Gwendoline's gingham frock; then straight at the oncoming horse he dashed, and, about fifteen feet from the child, the horse, the phaeton, the goat, and his little carriage came down in one dreadful heap.

The next day by the paddock they buried him. The little Gwendoline was still in bed. In a week she was well and she asked for Billy. There was a moment when she was in danger of crying, but Tommy showed her his new puppy just then. That was a year ago. The low green mound beside the paddock is now forgotten, yet who shall say it is not a hero's grave?



Billy dashed straight at the oncoming horse

Brother Rabbit's Cradle

AN UNCLE REMUS STORY

By Joel Chandler Harris

Illustrated by Frank Ver Beck

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"I WISH you'd tell me what you tote a hanker fer," remarked Uncle Remus, after he had reflected over the matter a little while.

"Why, to keep my mouth clean," answered the little boy.

Uncle Remus looked at the lad, and shook his head doubtfully. "Uh-uh!" he exclaimed. "You can't fool folks when dey git ex ol' ez what I is. I been watchin' you now mo' days dan I kin count, an' I ain't never see yo' mouf dirty nuff fer ter be wiped wid a hanker. It's allers clean—too clean fer ter suit me. Dar's yo' pa, now; when he wuz a little chap like you, his mouf useter git dirty in de mornin' an' stay dirty plum twel night. Dey wa'n't scarcely a day dat he didn't look like he been playin' wid de pigs in de stable lot. Ef he yever is tote a hanker, he ain't never show it ter me."

"He carries one now," remarked the little boy with something like a triumphant look on his face.

"Tooby sho," said Uncle Remus; "tooby sho" he do. He start ter totin' one when he tuck an' tuck a notion fer ter go a-courtin'. It had his name in one corner; an' he useter sprinkle it wid stuff out'n a pepper-sauce bottle. It sho' wuz rank, dat stuff wuz; it smell so sweet it make you fergit whar you live at. I take notice dat you ain't got none on yone."

"No; mother says that cologne or any kind of perfumery on your handkerchief makes you common."

Uncle Remus leaned his head back, closed his eyes, and permitted a heartrending groan to issue from his lips. The little boy showed enough anxiety to ask him what the matter was. "Nothin' much, honey; I wuz des tryin' fer ter count how many diffunt kinder people dey is in dis big worl', an' 'fo' I got mo' dan half done wid my countin', a pain struck me in my misery, an' I had ter break off."

"I know what you mean," said the child. "You think mother is queer; grandmother thinks so too."

"How come you to be so wise, honey?" Uncle Remus inquired, opening his eyes wide with astonishment.

"I know by the way you talk, and by the way grandmother looks sometimes," answered the little boy.

Uncle Remus said nothing for some time. When he did speak, it was to lead the little boy to believe that he had been all the time engaged in thinking about something else. "Talkin' er dirty folks," he said. "you oughter seed yo' pa when he wuz a little bit er chap. Dey wuz long days when you couldn't tell ef he wuz black er white, he wuz dat dirty. He'd come out'n de big house in de mornin' ez clean ez a new pin, an' 'fo' ten er'clock you couldn't tell what kinder clof his cloze wuz made out'n. Many's de day when I've seed ol' Miss—dat's yo' great-granmammy—comb nuff trash out'n his head fer ter fill a basket."

The little boy laughed at the picture that Uncle Remus drew of his father. "He's very clean, now," said the lad loyally.

"Maybe he is an' maybe he ain't," remarked Uncle Remus, suggesting a doubt. "Dat's needer here ner dar. Is he any better off clean dan what he wuz when you couldn't put yo' han's on 'im widout havin' ter go an' wash um? Yo' granmammy useter call 'im a pig, an' clean ez he may be now, I take notice dat he makes mo' complaint er headache an' de heartburn dan what he done when he wuz runnin' roun' here half-naked an' full er mud. I hear tell dat some nights he can't git no sleep, but when he wuz little like you—no, suh, I'll not say dat, bekaze he wuz bigger dan what you is fum de time he kin toddle roun' widout nobody he'pin' him; but when he wuz ol' ez you an' twice ez big, dey ain't narry night dat he can't sleep—an' not only all night, but half de day ef dey'd 'a' let 'im. Ef dey'd let you run roun' here like he done, an' git dirty, you'd git big an' strong 'fo' you know it. Dey ain't nothin' mo' wholesome dan a peck er two er clean dirt on a little chap like you."

There is no telling what comment the child would have made on this sincere tribute to clean dirt, for his attention was suddenly attracted to something that was gradually taking shape in the hands of Uncle Remus. At first it seemed to be hardly worthy of notice, for it had been only a thin piece of board. But now the one piece had become four pieces, two long and two short, and under the deft manipulations of Uncle Remus it soon assumed a boxlike shape.

The old man had reached the point in his work where silence was necessary to enable him to do it full justice. As he fitted the thin boards together, a whistling sound issued from his lips, as though he were letting off steam; but the singular noise was due to the fact that he was completely absorbed in his work. He continued to fit and trim, and trim and fit, until finally the little boy could no longer restrain his curiosity. "Uncle Remus, what are you making?" he asked plaintively.

"Larroes fer ter kech meddlers," was the prompt and blunt reply.

"Well, what are larroes to catch meddlers?" the child insisted.

"Nothin' much an' sump'n mo'. Dicky, Dicky, killt a chicky, an' fried it quicky, in de oven, like a sloven. Den ter his daddy's Sunday hat, he tuck 'n' hitched de ol' black cat. Now what you reckon make him do dat? Ef you can't tell me word fer word an' spellin' fer spellin' we'll go out an' come in an' take a walk."

He rose, grunting as he did so, thus paying an unintentional tribute to the efficacy of age as the partner of

rheumatic aches and stiff joints. "You hear me gruntin'," he remarked—"well, dat's bekaze I ain't de chicky fried by Dicky, which he e't nuff fer ter make 'im sicky." As he went out the child took his hand, and went trotting along by his side, thus affording an interesting study for those who concern themselves with the extremes of life. Hand in hand the two went out into the fields, and thence into the great woods, where Uncle Remus, after searching about for some time, carefully deposited his oblong box, remarking: "Ef I don't make no mistakes, dis ain't so mighty fur fum de place whar de creeturs has der playgroun', an' dey ain't no tellin' but what one un um'll creep in dar when deyer playin' hidin', an' ef he do, he'll sho be our meat."

"Oh, it's a trap!" exclaimed the little boy, his face lighting up with enthusiasm.

"An' dey wa'n't nobody here fer ter tell you," Uncle Remus declared, astonishment in his tone. "Well, ef dat don't bang my time, I ain't no free nigger. Now, ef dat had 'a' been yo' pa at de same age, I'd 'a' had ter tell 'im forty-lev'n times, an' den he wouldn't 'a' b'lieved me twel he see sump'n in dar tryin' fer ter git out. Den he'd say it wuz a trap, but not befo'. I ain't blamin' 'im," Uncle Remus went on, "kaze 'tain't eve'y chap dat kin tell a trap time he see it, an' mo' dan dat, traps don't allers sketch what dey er sot fer."

He paused, looked all around, and up in the sky, where fleecy clouds were floating lazily along, and in the tops of the trees, where the foliage was swaying gently in the breeze. Then he looked at the little boy. "Ef I ain't gone an' got los'," he said, "we ain't so mighty fur fum de place whar Mr. Man, once 'pon a time—not yo' time ner yit my time, but some time—



"He jump like some un done shot a gun right at 'im"

tuck'n' sot a trap fer Brer Rabbit. In dem days, dey hadn't l'arn't how ter be kyarpenters, an' dish yer trap what I'm tellin' you 'bout wuz a great big contraption. Big ez Brer Rabbit wuz, it wuz lots too big fer him."

"Now, whiles Mr. Man wuz fixin' up dis trap, Mr. Rabbit wa'n't so mighty fur off. He hear de saw—er-rash! er-rash!—an' he hear de hammer—bang, bang, bang!—an' he ax hisse! I what all dis racket wuz 'bout. He see Mr. Man come out'n his yard totin' sump'n, an' he got furdur off; he see Mr. Man comin' todes de bushes, an' he tuck ter de woods; he see 'im comin' todes de woods, an' he tuck ter de bushes. Mr. Man tote de trap so fur an' no furdur. He put it down, he did, an' Brer Rabbit watch 'im; he put in de bait, an' Brer Rabbit watch 'im; he fix de trigger, an' still Brer Rabbit watch 'im. Mr. Man look at de trap an' it satchify him. He look at it an' laugh, an' when he do dat, Brer Rabbit wunk one eye, an' wiggle his mustache, an' chaw his cud."

"An' dat ain't all he do, needer. He sot out in de bushes, he did, an' study how ter git some game in de trap. He study so hard, an' he got so erryated, dat he thumped his behime foot on de groun' twel it soun' like a cow dancin' out dar in de bushes, but 'twan't no cow, ner yit no calf—'twuz des Brer Rabbit studyin'. Atter so long a time, he put out down de road todes dat part er de country whar mos' er de creeturs live at. Eve'y time he hear a fuss, he'd dodge in de bushes, kaze he want see who comin'. He keep on an' he keep on, an' bimeby he hear ol' Brer Wolf trottin' down de road."

"It so happen dat Brer Wolf wuz de ve'y one what Brer Rabbit want see. Dey wuz perlit ter one an'er, but dey wan't no frien'ly feelin' 'twix um. Well, here

come ol' Brer Wolf, hongrier dan a chicken-hawk on a frosty mornin', an' ez he come up he see Brer Rabbit set by de side er de road lookin' like he done lose all his fambly an' his friends terboot.

"Dey pass de time er day, an' den Brer Wolf kinder grin an' say, 'Laws-a-massy, Brer Rabbit! what ail you? You look like you done had a spell er fever an' ague; what de trouble?' 'Trouble, Brer Wolf? You ain't never see no trouble twel you git whar I'm at. Maybe you wouldn't min' it like I does, kaze I ain't usen ter it. But I boun' you done seed me light-minded fer de las' time. I'm done—I'm plum wo' out,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee. Dis make Brer Wolf open his eyes wide. He say, 'Dis de fus' time I ever is hear you talk dat-a-way, Brer Rabbit; take yo' time an' tell me 'bout it. I ain't had my brekkus yit, but dat don't make no diffunce, long ez youer in trouble. I'll he'p you out ef I kin, an' mo' dan dat, I'll put some heart in de work.' When he say dis, he grin an' show his tushes, an' Brer Rabbit kinder edge 'way fum 'im. He say, 'Tell me de trouble, Brer Rabbit, an' I'll do my level bes' fer ter he'p you out.'"

"Wid dat, Brer Rabbit 'low dat Mr. Man done been had 'im hired fer ter take keer er his truck patch, an' keep out de minks, de mush-rats an' de weasels. He say dat he done so well settin' up night after night, when he des might ez well been in bed, dat Mr. Man prommus 'im sump'n extry 'sides de mess er greens what he gun 'im eve'y day. Atter so long a time, he say, Mr. Man 'low dat he gwineter make 'im a present uv a cradle so he kin rock de little Rabs ter sleep when dey cry. So said, so done, he say. Mr. Man make de cradle an' tell Brer Rabbit he kin take it home wid 'im."

"He start out wid it, he say, but it got so heavy he hatter set it down in de woods, an' dat's de reason why Brer Wolf seed 'im settin' down by de side er de road, lookin' like he in deep trouble. Brer Wolf sot down, he did, an' study, an' bimeby he say he'd like mighty well fer ter have a cradle fer his chillun, long ez cradles wuz de style. Brer Rabbit say dey been de style fer de longest, an' ez fer Brer Wolf wantin' one, he say he kin have de one what Mr. Man make fer him, kaze it's lots too big fer his chillun. 'You know how folks is,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee. 'Dey try ter do what dey dunner how ter do, an' dar's der house bigger dan a barn, an' dar's de fence wid mo' holes in it dan what dey is in a saine, an' kaze dey have great big chillun dey got de idee dat eve'y cradle what dey make mus' fit der own chillun. An' dat's how come I can't tote de cradle what Mr. Man make fer me mo' dan ten steps at a time.'"

"Brer Wolf ax Brer Rabbit what he gwineter do fer a cradle, an' Brer Rabbit 'low he kin manage fer ter git long wid de ol' one twel he kin 'suade Mr. Man ter make 'im an'er one, an' he don't speck dat'll be so mighty hard ter do. Brer Wolf can't he'p but b'lieve dey's some trick in it, an' he say he ain't see de ol' cradle when las' he wuz at Brer Rabbit house. Wid dat, Brer Rabbit bust out laughin'. He say, 'Dat's been so long back, Brer Wolf, dat I done fergit all 'bout it; 'sides dat, ef dey wuz a cradle dar, I boun' you my ol' 'oman got better sence dan ter set de cradle in de parlor, whar comp'ny comes; an' he laugh so loud an' long dat he make Brer Wolf right shame er himse'f.'"

"He 'low, ol' Brer Wolf did, 'Come on, Brer Rabbit, an' show me whar de cradle is. Ef it's too big fer yo' chillun, it'll des 'bout fit mine.' An' so off dey put ter whar Mr. Man done sot his trap. 'Twan't so mighty long 'fo' dey got whar dey wuz gwine, an' Brer Rabbit say, 'Brer Wolf, dar yo' cradle, an' may it do you mo' good dan it's yever done me!' Brer Wolf walk all roun' de trap an' look at it like 'twuz live. Brer Rabbit thump one er his behime foots on de groun' an' Brer Wolf jump like some un done shot a gun right at 'im. Dis make Brer Rabbit laugh twel he can't laugh no mo'. Brer Wolf, he say he kinder nervous 'bout dat time er de year, an' de leas' little bit er noise 'll make 'im jump. He ax how he gwineter git any purchis on de cradle, an' Brer Rabbit say he'll hatter git inside an' walk wid it on his back, kaze dat de way he done done."

"Brer Wolf ax what all dem contraptions on de inside is, an' Brer Rabbit 'spon' dat dey er de rockers, an' dey ain't no needs fer ter be skeer'd un um, kaze dey ain't nothin' but plain wood. Brer Wolf say he ain't 'zackly skeer'd, but he done got ter de p'int whar he know dat you better look 'fo' you jump. Brer Rabbit 'low dat ef dey's any jumpin' fer ter be done, he de one ter do it, an' he talk like he done fergit what dey come fer. Brer Wolf, he fool an' fumble roun', but bimeby he walk in de cradle, sprung de trigger, an' dar he wuz! Brer Rabbit, he holler out, 'Come on, Brer Wolf; des hump yo'se'f, an' I'll be wid you.' But try ez he will an' grunt ez he may, Brer Wolf can't budge dat trap. Bimeby Brer Rabbit git tired er waitin', an' he say dat ef Brer Wolf ain't gwineter come on he's gwine home. He 'low dat a frien' what say he gwineter he'p you, an' den go in a cradle an' drap off ter sleep, dat's all he wanten know 'bout um; an' wid dat he made fer de bushes, an' he wa'n't a minnit too soon, kaze here come Mr. Man fer ter see ef his trap had been sprung. He look, he did, an' sho 'nuff, it 'uz sprung, an' dey wuz sump'n in dar, too, kaze he kin hear it rustlin' roun' an' kickin' fer ter git out."

"Mr. Man look thoo de crack, an' he see Brer Wolf, which he wuz so skeer'd twel his eye look right green."

Mr. Man say, 'Aha! I got you, is I?' Brer Wolf say, 'Who?' Mr. Man laugh twel he can't scarcely talk, an' still Brer Wolf say, 'Who? Who you think you got?' Mr. Man 'low, 'I don't think, I knows. Youer ol' Brer Rabbit, dat's who you is.' Brer Wolf say, 'Turn me outer here, an' I'll show you who I is.' Mr. Man laugh fit ter kil. He 'low, 'You neenter change yo' voice; I'd know you ef I met you in de dark. Youer Brer Rabbit, dat's who you is.' Brer Wolf say, 'I ain't not; dat's what I'm not!'

"Mr. Man look thoo de crack ag'in, an' he see de short years. He 'low, 'You done cut off yo' long years, but still I knows you. Oh, yes! an' you done sharpen yo' mouf an' put smut on it—but you can't fool me.' Brer Wolf say, 'Nobody ain't tryin' fer ter fool you. Look

at my fine long bushy tail.' Mr. Man 'low, 'You done tied an'er tail on behime you, but you can't fool me. Oh, no, Brer Rabbit! You can't fool me.' Brer Wolf say, 'Look at de ha'r on my back; do dat look like Brer Rabbit?' Mr. Man 'low, 'You done wallered in de red san', but you can't fool me.'

"Brer Wolf say, 'Look at my long black legs; do dey look like Brer Rabbit?' Mr. Man 'low, 'You kin put an'er jint in yo' legs, an' you kin smut um, but you can't fool me.' Brer Wolf say, 'Look at my tushes; does dey look like Brer Rabbit?' Mr. Man 'low, 'You done got new toothes, but you can't fool me.' Brer Wolf say, 'Look at my little eyes; does dey look like Brer Rabbit?' Mr. Man 'low, 'You kin squinch yo' eye-balls, but you can't fool me, Brer Rabbit.' Brer Wolf

squall out, 'I ain't not Brer Rabbit, an' yo' better turn me out er dis place so I kin take hide an' ha'r off'n Brer Rabbit.' Mr. Man say, 'Ef bofe hide an' ha'r wuz off, I'd know you, kaze 'tain't in you fer ter fool me.' An' it hurt Brer Wolf feelin's so bad fer Mr. Man ter spot his word, dat he bust out inter a big boo-boo, an' dat's 'bout all I know.'

"Did the man really and truly think that Brother Wolf was Brother Rabbit?" asked the little boy.

"When you pin me down dat-a-way," responded Uncle Remus, "I'm hleeze ter tell you dat I ain't too certain an' sho' 'bout dat. De tale come down fum my great-gran'daddy's great-gran'daddy; it come on down ter my daddy, an' des ez he gun it ter me, des dat-a-way I done gun it ter you."



FOLKS AT THE FAIR : By Arthur Ruhl

THE early autumn sun had set behind the Colonnade of States and in the growing twilight the crowds were trooping home. Down the terraced steps flanking the cascades and in from the lateral avenues they shuffled in steady streams that met on either side of the Grand Basin and flowed on eastward toward the exit gates. There was a great splotch of white on the western horizon into which the gray army flowed and was swallowed up—the lights of the Pike and the railway terminals blazing against the night. In the other direction—on the western end of the lagoon,

that they look as if they had been brought all the way from the farm. There hangs about the broad vistas of the fair an atmosphere of lunch-boxes and babies. One forgets the other sorts of people in the crowd; it is only rarely that one catches sight of the conventional city face, sophisticated and serene, smiling languidly from rickshaw or gondola. The tall men with the black slouch hats; the lanky boys with their quick, furtive woodman's eyes; the tired, patient women, loaded down with pamphlets and health food souvenirs—these you remember. They give the show its individuality. And there results the entertaining and extraordinary phenomenon of the stately background of a world's exposition across which shuffle back and forth the crowds of a Missouri county fair.

just as a child might beckon to you to come and see some fish in the water that it feared would swim away.

"Did you ever?" she cried. "They're just like ours! Paul sleeps just that way, with his hand like that"—she was pointing with her finger—"and Mabel always does just like that—this foot turned under—see—right—there—that way!"

"That's right!" grinned the big Kansan, leaning over, too. "It's just like 'em! It sure is! That's just the way they do!" You never would have known that the little marble children weren't alive to have seen him look down and talk about them. He had forgotten all about art and about the traction engines, too. As I left the room, the little wife was leaning down with her hands pressed between her knees and her lips parted,



"This one 'ud do for Emma's room"

on the cascades, the hilltop and the statues of the States—day still lingered; there was a bit of clean blue still left in the sky, and far above the sunset, poised between daylight and dark, hung the pale new moon. It was a moment when the real became the unreal, and the unreal assumed a new reality. The crowd, only a moment ago a swarm of prosaic and homely units, suddenly became vast, bizarre, and theatric as it showed vaguely through the trees the twilight and the dust, slow-moving toward the glare of lights. Freed from jarring human notes, veiled in haze and silence, the colonnades and statues and lagoons took on a new stateliness, and the dusk that dimmed their outlines made the palaces of staff more real. The fair had suddenly become illusive and very beautiful, drifting with the daylight into the region of dreams and mystery.

This transmutation was the more impressive because in it the fair had lost its most insistent individuality; because it is not the palaces and the shows which most impress one at St. Louis, but the curious and very human crowd which has come to see them. One starts to view the fair, but one ends in watching this crowd and listening to it. It is, in the first place, strikingly a rustic crowd; the typical part of which has never seen a world's fair before, and beholds this one with a mixture of bewilderment and good-natured enthusiasm. But the farmers—at least those who give the crowd its personality—are not those of New England or the upper Middle West. There is a Southern color about them; they come apparently from Missouri itself; from Arkansas, Oklahoma, and the semi-South. Perhaps the fact that St. Louis itself is a borderland city explains their presence; certainly one gets the idea that, excepting the St. Louis Fair, nothing else but fire or flood has ever driven hundreds of them from their retreats in the tall grass. Everywhere are tall, loose-jointed, lazily-good-humored men with high cheek bones and great black slouch hats. You see them wandering through the halls carrying their satchels with them—they and their two or three tall, lanky sons, and the wife loaded down with health food souvenirs. You see them at noon stretched on the benches and grass devouring slices of home-made bread so huge and thick

The big Kansan and his wife were having a hard time with art. They had begun at the south galleries with the United States exhibit and gone methodically, up and down, through the courses marked Sweden, Germany, Denmark, Russia, Hungary, and Argentina—stopping every now and then while he said, "Why, look here, Jess, haven't we done this one?" and drew himself up to his six feet two or so and stared hard at the pictures to make sure. It is very difficult, you know, to tell. There are so many of them and they look so much alike. And now they had come to France. It was almost time for the traction engines to begin their hill-climbing exhibition on the other side of the grounds, and he, with his own wheat but harvested and threshed, wanted to be over there. It was worse than going shopping with your wife in some great store in town. That would be a sort of joke, and you could laugh at yourself while you endured. But this you ought to like. He had all the American man's respect for those things that he leaves to his wife to bother over and try to understand, and besides that he wanted to please her. She was a little woman, black-eyed, and with a quick, mobile face. She led the way, found everything in the catalogue, and tried to like each one. He tried, too, but it was very hard. He had never seen girls with lavender flesh and vermilion lips sitting on lemon-colored grass. He wondered what "Crepuscule" might mean; the picture didn't help. It looked like so much gray smoke. There was a huge great thing called "L'enlèvement de Cythere"; if he had caught a man with that kind of a face making up to one of his daughters under one of the orchard trees at home, he would have taken him by the scruff of the neck and kicked him into the middle of next week.

Suddenly the little wife gave a quick, happy cry. She was leaning over a marble in the middle of the room. It was of two children, babies almost, sleeping with their arms about each other and their fat, bare legs doubled up in just such-and-such a way. One can't pretend to know what way, but the Kansan's little wife knew. Without taking her eyes from the figures, she called to her husband and to the others that were with them, beckoning rapidly and looking down all the time,



"The fair's the place where you get new ideas"

almost breathlessly, and the big Kansan was touching one of the marble cheeks with a big tanned finger.

"Wake up!" he chuckled. "Wake up!"

SCENE—Oregon prune "demonstrating" booth in Agricultural Hall. Vast horde of able-bodied American citizens and their wives crowding up in the hope of getting a free stewed prune.

JOVIAL PARTY (an "Elk" as you may see from the badge in his buttonhole. Shriner, too. Evidently one of the Jolly Dogs of a small fresh-water town). Am I going to get one of them?

YOUNG WOMAN DEMONSTRATOR (blond, shapely; words can convey no idea of her excessive graciousness; of the girlishness of the baby-blue ribbon tied round her neck; of her staccato, saccharine enunciation of). Certainly, sir; the Oregon prune! Soak-in-water-over-night-and-boil-in-the-morning-without-extra-sugar-for-an-hour-and-a-half. The Oregon prune!

JOVIAL ELK (masticating the prune). Huh! say! All right, ain't it? Oregon, ay?

Y. W. D. (smiling and putting her head on one side). Good, isn't it? That's the Oregon air, sir; the Oregon air!

JOVIAL ELK (surveying Y. W. D. with almost explosive admiration, and evidently trying to think of an appropriately gallant pleasantry). Oregon air, ay? That's what does it, ay? It—er—Oregon—that's—er—Oregon—does it—you—

Y. W. D. (understanding perfectly; smiles ravishingly). Yes, sir! The Oregon air!

MASTERFUL FEMALE VOICE IN BACKGROUND. John! You going to stop here all day? (Softly voice to bystanders). Never knew he liked prunes before! (Fixes Young Woman Demonstrator with withering stare and remarks out of the corner of her mouth.



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(to women standing near). Sweetness per-son-i-fied! I mus' say!"

In one of the great halls there is a German exhibit of interior decoration—room after room worked out like a symphony, the dominant motif hung in portières, spread out on the floor in rugs, built up into tables, stretching itself out to you in the arms of chairs. There are quiet, cloistered libraries in reposeful browns and greens; wainscoted dining-rooms, Gothic-looking and ancestral; Mucha-poster bedrooms, and fresh-looking Dutch rooms, with low windows opening on gardens and brightened by shiny tiles. "Quite artistic, these Germans, ain't they?" as I heard a dowager-like creature murmur after she had swept down the aisle like a battleship, and standing on tiptoe had swept over the others' heads with her lorgnette. Signals of women tramp through these rooms—tired farmers' wives staring through their spectacles as they might at a Sanscrit manuscript, brisk young brides hunting for "ideas." One trembles as one thinks of what is in store for the honest carpenters and paperhangers and furniture-men when these hardy explorers come home.

She was standing in front of a room designed, as you might read in the quaint German script, with a dot over the "j," "for a young lady." She was, perhaps, seventeen, dressed in white, and she had arranged her white veil to hang on either side of her hat so as to shield the profile of her face somewhat like the veil of a nun. There was a certain forward droop to her neck and an almost consciously wistful look about her eyes which would not have been inappropriate in the postess of her class in boarding school. Plainly she had Yearnings and Aspirations and was Misunderstood. The room was in gray and pale blue and silver. The ceiling was of a dull silver, the walls of pale blue watered silk. There was a heart-shaped writing desk so arranged that, when one wrote, one would sit in the very cleft of the heart. There were two little seats in the corner of the room, heart-shaped, too, the dull silver gas fixtures were cunningly wrought into similar designs, and everywhere were hearts deftly worked in, rather suggested than wrought out in daylight. There was a piano in light wood, a melancholy-sweet Mozart, a picture of a young lady, lightly clothed, lying on a couch, her cheek resting on her clasped hands. She was evidently yearning, too. For the rest there was little furniture—rather a sentimental austerity in silver and pale blue.

She stood in front of it—it was open on the front side so that one looked as into a show-window—rapt, entranced, drinking it in. You could see that that was the room which had hovered always on the border of her dreams, illusive and unattainable. As she had studied the helpful-home-hints pages of the women's journals, in all her experimenting with cosy corners, that had been the realization which now and again had revealed itself at moments of supreme imaginative intensity, only, before one could catch and fix it, to fade away. And here it was at last, real as real, to be seen and touched and felt. How had they known—she turned and read the German script and the name of the young designer, and back again to the silver ceiling and the pale blue walls of watered silk, and the mystery and triumph of it surged up in a great wave and overflowed her soul. Two women approached—regular fair campaigners, sharp-eyed, tireless, with souvenirs and sample packages dangling here and there like the equipment of a soldier in heavy marching order. They stopped and surveyed the wonderful room.

"Restful, ain't it?" commented one of them, as you would say, "Good piece of steak, this, isn't it?" The young girl did not turn round, but you could see her start and almost shiver. "Um," admitted the other woman, "this one 'ad do for Erma's room." The young girl whirled round. She didn't speak, but you could understand well enough as you caught the flash of her eyes. "Erma's room? Erma's room! This is my room! My room, do you hear? My room!" And she dropped her veil over her face and hurried away.

SCENE.—Filipino Village; Bamboo stockades, huts built of rushes on the ground and on poles over the water. Tom-toms thumping here and there and the sound of high-pitched native songs. Our little brown brothers in all stages of dress and undress, from the Visayans, singing Florodora sextets in their theatre, men in white flannels and girls in décolleté muslin, to the jovial Igorrotes, who go round absent-mindedly picking up things with their toes like monkeys, and who wear nothing but a breech-clout. The Filipino village is the real thing. When you see tiny, pot-bellied bits of brown humanity, hardly old enough to walk, stand fifty feet away and, with toy bows and arrows made out of bamboo strips and bamboo thongs, hit the penny which you stick in the ground, edge on, you begin to feel that you're seeing life.

TIMOROUS OLD LADY (fingering a quarter, trying to close her ears to the barker, who is addressing her personally, and thinking of all the terrible stories she has heard of those shameless Igorrotes. To present narrator): Be there any ladies in there? (P. N. reassures her and they walk in together. A dozen or so strapping savages are disclosed dancing in a ring.

T. O. L. (looking first over, then under her spectacles, and finally straight through them). Well!

SMALL BOY (dragging mother along by the skirt). Ma! Look at the coons!

T. O. L. (after scrutinizing the dancers as closely as a rigid decorum will permit,

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roughly). They're a—different shade, aren't they?

SMALL BOY (evidently troubled with a similar discrepancy). Ma, are them coons? (Two young ladies of color, in pink and blue respectively, who have been standing on the outside of the circle of spectators, regarding the maneuvers of the Igorrotes with considerable hauteur, pick up their skirts and depart.)

SMALL BOY (desperate). Ma! why ain't they coons?

(Dance suddenly ends; each savage squatting down on his metal drum, which resembles a frying-pan without the handle. Five coins are tossed into the ring, and there is a chorus of "Thank you-ten-cent, Pen-ny-moach-ahhighe-you're welcome," while one previous warrior begins to chant in curious squawky English, "Wa-ay-don-in-ma-heart Ah've-got-a-foolish-fora-you." Spectators adjourn to nearby bar, where Igorrote woman, smoking a large black cigar, is giving an exhibition of native weaving. After being watched in silence for several moments, Igorrote woman takes cigar from her mouth, looks down at the crowd standing below the platform where she is working and takes careful aim.)

She (as partly spectator dodges just in time). Spec-est.

PORTLY SPECTATOR (with rather crusty good-humor). Oh, that's it, is it? Thought you was sick.

(Crowd passes on to bar, in the back interior of which Igorrote woman may be discerned roasting queer-looking lumps of meat on live coals.)

SPECTATOR (joking his thumb over his shoulder). That's dog. Cookin' dog in there.

(Chorus of "Oh's," "Mercy Sakes," "Just think of that.")

WOMAN (one of the kind who makes friends with everybody in the car before the train is out of the city limits. Kneels down and peers into smoky doorway, smacking her lips furiously). My! But I'll bet it tastes good! (No response.)

ANOTHER WOMAN (also peering in). Is that dog?

IGORROTE COOK (grinning). Ya-ya! Dog—a-dog! Mucha cook! Thank—a-you-re—welcome—come—a-lue-morrow!

MAN (in a bored way). Sure it's dog! (At this moment small and melancholy-looking blond pup skulks out of the bar nuzzling a tinorous tail. Chorus of "Oh, they're going to eat him! The little dear! Let's take him away!")

MAN (more bored than ever). Eat him. Eat that! They wouldn't eat a dog like him. He isn't savage enough.

(Tum-tum sounds in distance and entire party hastens in its direction.)

He was sitting on a stool at a tall little table just inside the entrance to the "Palace of Education," waiting for the crowd to come. It was at that fresh hour of early morning when the long avenues and plazas still are cloaked, as it were, in stillness left over from the night, and it is easy to believe that marble-made of stuff is real. There was scarcely the sound of a footstep in the great hall behind him as he spread out a few things on the little table and hummed to himself. He wore a seracuer coat, and he had dark brown eyes and very black hair parted far down on one side and thrown over and down across the other side of his forehead, like that of a young man in an old daguerreotype. Presently they began to struggle in—three or four old ladies, their husbands, satchels in hand, and two or three husky young farmer boys with great tanned wrists showing below their coat sleeves. The young man on the stool scarcely moved or spoke. He just gazed at them, and they drew near, as though he were a shepherd piping to his sheep.

"This here's that little device you've heard so much about," he began. "Threadin' needles without the aid of the eyesight." As he spoke he was running the thread in and out of the needle's eye in a way that made the women folk watch him as though he were a prestidigitator. "Suppose you was tryin' to thread this here needle," he said, "or was threadin' a dam' needle with this here yarn. What would you do? You'd superwax it or turn it over, or maybe bite off the end and jab—jab—jab"—as the young man illustrated this maneuver one of the silent women suddenly lost her suspicion and laughed with delight. "But with this little device—the grandest little device that ever was invented—again he showed how it worked, and the women purred and the men nodded to each other their satisfaction. "I bought one of them yesterday," said one of them reassuringly. The young man talked on and on in his quiet way, with a sort of surprised smile playing about his mouth as the thread went in and out, as though he were saying: "Isn't that fine? It's just as much fun for me as it is for you, you know."

"Try it onct!" he pleaded, holding out the needle to one of the little old ladies. "Try it onct! There—that's right. See the little hook—see how it catches the thread? You wouldn't deceive 'em, lady, now would you? What? No—of course not—you wouldn't deceive 'em."

"I—I think I'll take one," said the little old lady, fumbling in her purse.

"Only one! They're fifteen cents apiece. Only a quarter for two."

"Take two," whispered one of the other women, pulling her by the sleeve. "I'll take the other one."

"Try it onct!" went on the young man, after he had twisted the needle-threader up in a bit of paper. He turned to the men. "Try it onct!" he said, as earnestly as though he were saving souls. "There is

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They sat on the low step just outside the exhibit—two young countrywomen, rather pert-looking and with a suggestion of the town in their clothes—very much bored, talking languidly and chewing gum.

"What's become of Jim?" asked the younger one.

"He's in there," said the other, hopelessly, nodding toward the exhibit behind them. "There's no telling when he'll come."

This was what was "in there": surgeon's instruments and operating tables; row after row of photographs of men and women and children afflicted with monstrous deformities, or in various stages of some loathsome disease; rabbits and guinea pigs in alcohol, partially dissected, so as to show throats attacked by diphtheria, lungs spotted with tuberculosis, and eyes half-eaten out by it; germs magnified thousands of times and drawn on paper; antitoxins and "cultures" of various sorts between plates of glass; wax models of mastoid, appendix, and other operations, with the name of the German surgeon who had exhibited their efficacy attached to them. It was not a place where the crowd spent much time. There were not more than half a dozen people there—one a tall young farmer with a deep, quiet voice, who missed nothing. The German words he could not read, but he knew without reading what everything meant. As he walked slowly along he talked half to himself of what he saw, and his talk sounded some-



"What's become of Jim?" she asked.

what like that running commentary of a surgeon as he operates before his class.

"Well," sighed the young woman, rising and shaking out her skirt. "Hope you've seen enough of that." She was speaking to the tall young farmer who stood in the doorway looking as though he had just been to a football game.

"Great!" he said, stretching up and giving himself a thump with his fists on his broad chest. The older of the young women leaned toward the other as they walked away. "Jim came near being a doctor, you know," she said. "That was before we was married. Guess I cured him of that."

SCENE.—Evening in the "Tyrolean Alps" on the Pike. Tyrolean in native costume jodeling and dancing on the stage. Needy patter of the xylophone sounds above the rest of music. In the glare from the stage can be seen a splashing fountain, Tyrolean village in the background and behind that canvas Alps covered with snow. Crowd standing up near the stage; crowd at the tables eating and drinking beer and growling because the folks standing up are blocking their view and trying to see the show without buying anything to drink. Papa, Mamma, and Florence standing.

FLORENCE. How beautiful. These, you know, Pappa, are the peasant dawns. How fresh and charming. Look at that girl in front—doesn't she enjoy it, though?

PAPA (having done the rest of the Pike, and evidently afraid of being fooled again). Look at the ones standing behind! But, then, you bet they don't let any of their old chromos dance.

FLORENCE. It's so interesting to see these villages, isn't it, Mamma? Just like going to Europe. Now these costumes, you know, are the kind they've always worn ever since anybody can remember, and if we'd go over there forty years from now they would still be wearing them.

MAMMA (listening intently and having in mind, doubtless, her new fall dress). Well—well! Now that's what I call sensible!

(Jodeling and dancing suddenly stop. Tyrolean vanish into the mountain, and "barker" on the other side of the village begins to yell. This way for the scenic railway—the ride through the Alps.)

PAPA (staring at the empty stage). Is that all we get?

(Mamma and Florence are already on their way. Papa follows slowly, examining his pocket-book as he goes. Bumps into another man doing the same. They exchange glances and grin [Sotto voce.] Gee! I've blown in thirty-six dollars already to-night! How about you?)

OTHER MAN (pointing to family of wife and seven children all dashing toward scenic railway, and shrugging shoulders). There goes mine.

(Both grin and march up to ticket office together, the best of friends.)

They were looking at a sofa pillow in a

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P. F. COLLIER & SON, PUBLISHERS
New York, 416-424 West 13th Street : London, 10 Norfolk Street, Strand, W. C., and
The International News Co., 5 Breams Buildings, Chancery Lane, E. C.
Copyright 1904 by P. F. Collier & Son. Printed at the New York Post Office at Second Class Matter.

Vol. XXXIV No. 8 10 Cents per Copy \$5.20 per Year
New York, Saturday, November 19, 1904

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COLLIER'S

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1904



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THE LAST MATCH

DRAWN BY A. B. FROST



MANY A BIG SCHEME for education or philanthropy has less real value than an enforcement of certain laws would have. Any man with a few thousand dollars to spend could enforce the laws which are intended to prevent such corporations—usually monopolies—as gas, electric, and water companies from oppressing the citizens among whom they operate. These are among the most injurious combinations. They are able to extort prices several hundred per cent too high. They pay high dividends on stock which is eighty per cent water. They are often single concerns, monopolies, when they seem to act in competition. The Standard Oil people are rapidly increasing their holdings in such necessities. When we consider the heaviness of the abuse, and the ease with which it could be diminished, there is reason for astonishment that no one undertakes the easy and beneficent reform. The law is clear that all charges

HOW TO HIT
SOME TRUSTS

by such companies must be reasonable. The courts or juries anywhere will decide what is reasonable. Let a man refuse to pay his gas or electric bill, and if it is too high he will be protected by the law. The companies will try to bully him by cutting off his light, but he can secure an injunction which will forbid them to do so. When they learn that he is in earnest, they will try to settle with him privately, making a just rate for him alone. His business, however, if he is seeking an improvement, is to press his case, and to keep the newspapers fully informed, for the whole influence of one such case on the general rate would depend upon publicity. A poor or unknown man who undertook this reform would be accused of blackmail. It is an opportunity for a man of wealth and prominence, and any such man could, at small expense, help the people enormously in their struggle with peculiarly piratical monopolies. There is no wisdom in relying upon legislative or executive officials to do everything for us. Here is a case where a private citizen can do as much for progress as almost any office-holder.

MR. BRYAN IS ASTRAY AGAIN in his latest quest of a practical remedy for the ills that flesh is heir to. His attempt to focus the railroad question on the State governments probably arose in a confused memory of one-time relations of State and nation. Ordinary people to-day have little interest in the division of our country into forty odd geographical expressions, but Democratic politicians can not forget how important State entities were before the war. They vote cheerfully for river and harbor appropriations, and for spending Government money on irrigation in the States, and yet keep some vestiges of their views on relative functions of State and nation. Georgia is in trouble just now over railway rates. Texas is peculiarly severe on the railways, and the only result is to make them do as little business as possible in that State. There are combinations which need restriction and regulation, and as most great businesses to-day are interstate, the National Government is the proper organ for regulating them. "A power has arisen in the Government," said JOHN C. CALHOUN, more than half a century ago, "greater than the people themselves, consisting of many and various and powerful interests combined into one mass." What CALHOUN said in the Senate in 1836 the people are saying all over the country to-day. The safeguard of democracy is that no one

REGULATING
THE TRUSTS

body should have excessive power. The National Government appears to be in particularly good condition for practicing remedies for this evil. The President has come out without equivocation against another term. He has quieted suspicions about personal ambition. He can ignore those politicians who hate him and his higher ways. Mr. CORTELYOU has bound him by no promises. The people believed what Mr. ROOSEVELT said in his angry letter before election. His enemies are discomfited. He is on the top wave of prosperity and power. We expect the trust question, and all other pressing matters, to be handled by his second Administration with wisdom and with courage. One result of the election that ought to improve the whole situation is the commotion made over the source of contributions in the last few weeks of the campaign. England settled a similar difficulty so successfully that, from a condition much worse than ours, a condition in which bribery was the principal aspect of elections, she has secured much greater purity than is found in our country. We ought to find a way, within a comparatively short time, of reducing the importance of money contributions in political campaigns, especially those which come from the vast aggregations which notoriously affect legislation.

THE DONKEY HAS A PROBLEM that is by no respects an easy one. What shall he do to regain the confidence which

the party was wont to inspire in the days before its demeanor led the great cartoonist NAST to identify the organization with the jackass? In those Eastern Democrats who are in every essential like Republicans there lies no hope. In a man like BRYAN, however truly he represents the Democratic mood, we fear there lies no hope, because his mind works inaccurately. He can not seem to attack abuses without attacking safeguards. He seeks to diminish the unjust powers of money by making money bad instead of good, by making it unstable instead of fair and steady. He seeks to introduce his policies, not only by the just method of legislation, but by electing judges on political grounds and shortening their terms, which is a sure way of making politics count more and law less. He is a fuzzy-headed man, although a man of magnetism, power, and purpose. When he has an issue at once reasonable and moral he is very strong. During the convention at St. Louis, Chairman HEAD of Tennessee argued that the HOPKINS delegates should be seated from Illinois, because, although they were fraudulently elected, none of the delegates could stand the searchlight to which the Illinois men were being subjected. Mr. BRYAN's reply to that weakly dishonest attitude, and his whole conduct during the convention, was a relief from the cheap mediocrity of many of the Democratic leaders. It was leagues above the HILLS, BELMONTs, and McCARRENS who finally prevailed, and who divided authority during the campaign with a few newspapers which circulated in Judge PARKER's neighborhood. What is needed by the Democracy is a man as enthusiastic and magnetic as Mr. BRYAN, and as thoroughly convinced of the need of changes, with a great deal clearer head. We fear that Mr. BRYAN is incapable of learning anything. The man who shall take his place as leader of the real Democrats—the Democrats who differ from Republicans—can have little to do with personal adventurers like HEARST or cranks of the kind led by WATSON. He must be at once radical, intelligent, and honest.

FUTURE OF THE
DEMOCRATS

THE TRIUMPH OF LAURIER and his party in this month's Canada elections was no direct expression of feeling either toward England or toward the United States. The Canadians voted on their own welfare. People who think that, because they do not wish to subordinate their own interests to those of the empire, they must therefore be anxious to become part of our country, are merely fantastic. The Canadians are loyal, in a constant but cool sort of way, to the empire of which they are a part; but they are loyal in a much warmer sense to their own home country. Their first wish is that Canada shall be prosperous. They will have no objection to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's tariff schemes if those schemes can be executed without injury to Canada. On that possibility, they keep an open mind. They are willing to have reciprocity with the United States, but applaud Sir WILFRID LAURIER's determination to put Canada in a position to gain as much as possible in any negotiations for reciprocity. Their attitude toward the railway, likewise, was a businesslike calculation of the relation of cost to value. The people have trusted Sir WILFRID and the Liberals because they like the method of pursuing, with clear heads, what is directly and tangibly to Canada's self-interest, and relegating sentiments, for and against England or the United States, to the background, to be considered when they take shape in some question that is tangible. The result in Massachusetts, however, is to be taken as an indication of demand for reciprocity in New England. DOUGLAS undoubtedly won primarily on his strength with organized labor, but he made a thorough and careful campaign of education along tariff lines, pointing out to the people the purely business advantages of certain changes, and his election will do something, perhaps considerable, to further the cause of Canadian reciprocity.

CANADA'S
DECISION

ADVOCATES OF PEACE are addicted to comparisons between the honor of individuals and the honor of nations. They urge that, as men no longer avenge every insult either by mutual pummeling or mutual punctuation with swords or pistol bullets, nations in their ideas of honor are more backward than private individuals. In reality, there is no analogy, and the cause of peace is not promoted by fallacious argument. Nations have a practical reason for being touchy about infringements on what they choose to call their honor, for these are really infringements on their safety and their power. Dueling was indeed an absurd habit, in the last years of its existence, because it rested only on conditions long since obsolete. It was usually a serious and irrational remedy for a slight and artificial grievance. Wars to-day, however, are a real solution, although a

HONOR AMONG
NATIONS



bloody one, of the dominating interests of two nations. A nation's honor, as shown in the protection of its meanest citizen everywhere, rests upon its willingness to fight for its welfare, and is its way of letting other nations know that willingness. It is often carried too far, but it is a reality, of which no strong country to-day will entirely rid itself. If we ever reach the point where arbitration is as adequate to national difficulties as the courts are to private ones, then "honor" will become as obsolete among nations as it is among men, but not till then. Now, although slighter difficulties are composed by arbitration, the most important issues must be fought about; whereas the time for murder, infidelity, and theft to be met, as a constant rule, with private punishment, has long since passed.

THE STORY OF PORT ARTHUR, distressing as it is, has at least the merit of showing what a cargo of heroic virtues the old world still carries. Slaughter has never been more shocking, but bravery has never been more abundant. Never in all history have men shown greater defiance of death than has been shown in the terrible months of struggle for the citadel which has been for years the key to the Eastern situation. We can not wonder at the price Japan would pay for the fortress, since as long as Russia owns that fort the purpose for which this war is fought will not have been accomplished by Japan. If the war should be settled without depriving Russia permanently of the fortress, a dagger would still be pointed at Japan's heart. The control of Korea by Japan would be an insecure defence as long as the strongest position in Manchuria was held by her enemy. Russia

MODERN
COURAGE

needed to hold the fortress for the same reasons that Japan needed to take it. Additional motives for both sides were furnished by considerations of prestige and by the bearing of the Port Arthur situation on the immense struggle further north. The talk about whether all this desperate courage and destruction about Port Arthur has been well invested, therefore, seems to us beside the mark. If the war was to be at all, Port Arthur was a necessity to each of the combatants, and time was an essential consideration to both, especially to Japan. It being something vital, therefore, to their countries' welfare, Russians and Japanese alike have fought for the stronghold in a manner to prove that man still retains the virtues of the bulldog. Effeminacy, for the great modern nations, is an imaginary bogey. Let a danger, as vital as has confronted Japan, threaten Germany, France, England, or the United States, and we imagine that they also would still be found capable of fighting desperately in the last ditch.

BURGLARY INSURANCE IN CHICAGO is said to be the highest of any city in the world. Several companies have lately advanced their rates for that city, for burglary and larceny, without doing so in other places. The frequency with which men are sandbagged, often in broad day, testifies to the general violence of the town and the grotesque inadequacy of the police. An expert from another city, after elaborate investigation, found one policeman who, in his opinion, executed properly the duties of his position. Chicago is the paradise of roughs. The most respectable and frequented streets are unsafe. What makes this condition peculiar is that the population of Chicago is so

CHICAGO
CRIME

enterprising that one would expect it to turn in and put an end to this distressing aspect of the city life, first by purifying the police and then by increasing the number of policemen. Buffalo Bill, starting out to capture the man who robbed him, inviting Englishmen, and telegraphing the advertisement all over America, makes people laugh, as the civilization that he exploits seems extinct and his demeanor smacks a little of the circus. But Chicago reeks with dangers which would do honor to the days of **BRET HARTE** or of **BENVENUTO CELLINI**. The vigorous men of whom the city contains so many, and who have recently done so much toward improving politics, may be expected to rise some day and teach the police the cause of their existence.

TO BE A POOR SPEAKER, as far as oratorical graces are concerned, almost seems nowadays to be an advantage. There are many who believe that businesslike straightforwardness of manner, like the late Senator **HANNA**'s, is more effective in winning votes than is the silver tongue. When people observe **BOURKE COCKRAN** changing with the weather, the art of which he is a master loses somewhat. Persons who dislike Mr. **BRYAN** throw aspersions on the vocal gift, and a man like Senator **BEVERIDGE** seems like a survival from the

golden age of stumps. England has no orators of the class of **BRIGHT** and **GLADSTONE**, although she has many hard-hitting debaters. Men do not practice oratory as once they did. The bar no longer encourages it, for the ablest lawyers are now occupied in concocting schemes and rendering private opinions rather than in addressing either courts or juries. The pulpit draws men of lesser gifts than formerly, and it also feels the public demand for thought and judgment in preference to resounding noise. On the stage diction is declining. All this is rather a pity, for oratory, although easily abused, is a noble exercise, one of the highest forms of expression. It saddens us to think there may never again be a **DEMOSTHENES**, a **CICERO**, a **BOSSUET**, or a **WEBSTER**. Beneficent chance is always with us, but as far as conditions can be analyzed, the race of great orators has about as much hope of revival as the Dodo has.

WHEN MR. MORGAN DECIDED to return his famous ecclesiastical cope to the Cathedral of Ascoli, he did only what an honest man would be expected to do with stolen goods. Incidentally, however, the event freshened the subject of art as seen by the rulers of Italy and the United States. Italy passes laws for the purpose of retaining its ancient masterpieces, and severely punishes the infringement of those laws. We have an elaborate system for making the acquisition of such beauties as annoying and expensive as may be. The Italian Government has an elaborate system for enforcing its decrees against the impoverishment of the country by the sale of irreplaceable works of former centuries. We have an elaborate system for enforcing the art clause of the tariff, along with other clauses, by first collecting declarations from incoming travelers, and then treating their words as perjury and dumping their underwear on the dock. Civilization is a commodity of which the monopoly belongs to no one nation. Aesthetically it does not belong to us.

TWO VIEWS
OF ART

ALFRED AUSTIN AND **J. D. ROCKEFELLER** differ in many respects, as, for instance, in wealth, piety, and ability, but in taste they stand on a level. Mr. **ROCKEFELLER**, addressing a religious class, lauding certain verses and praising the newspapers for publishing them, is as inspiring a sight as **ALFRED** in his latest song. Mr. **ROCKEFELLER**'s verses alleged that, as there is so much good in the worst of us, and so much bad in the best of us, it would be advisable for none of us to comment too harshly on the rest of us. One can surmise reasons for Mr. **ROCKEFELLER**'s admiration, and we think that these favorite verses should appear, something like a refrain, in his biography. Such a work is contemplated. A member of the family consulted Mr. **SIDNEY LEE**, and the eminent editor of the great English dictionary of biography suggested Miss **IDA TARBELL**. We understand that his advice has not been followed. Mr. **AUSTIN**, who happens to put us into the same mood of poetic contemplation into which we are plunged by Mr. **ROCKEFELLER**, is at his best in his recent effort called "Nemesis." Ponder a line like this:

EXPERTS
IN POETRY

"And grafting on thoughts and things that were the things and the thoughts that are."

All one line, too. Here is half a line:

"Than doggedly dauntless yet dauntless more."

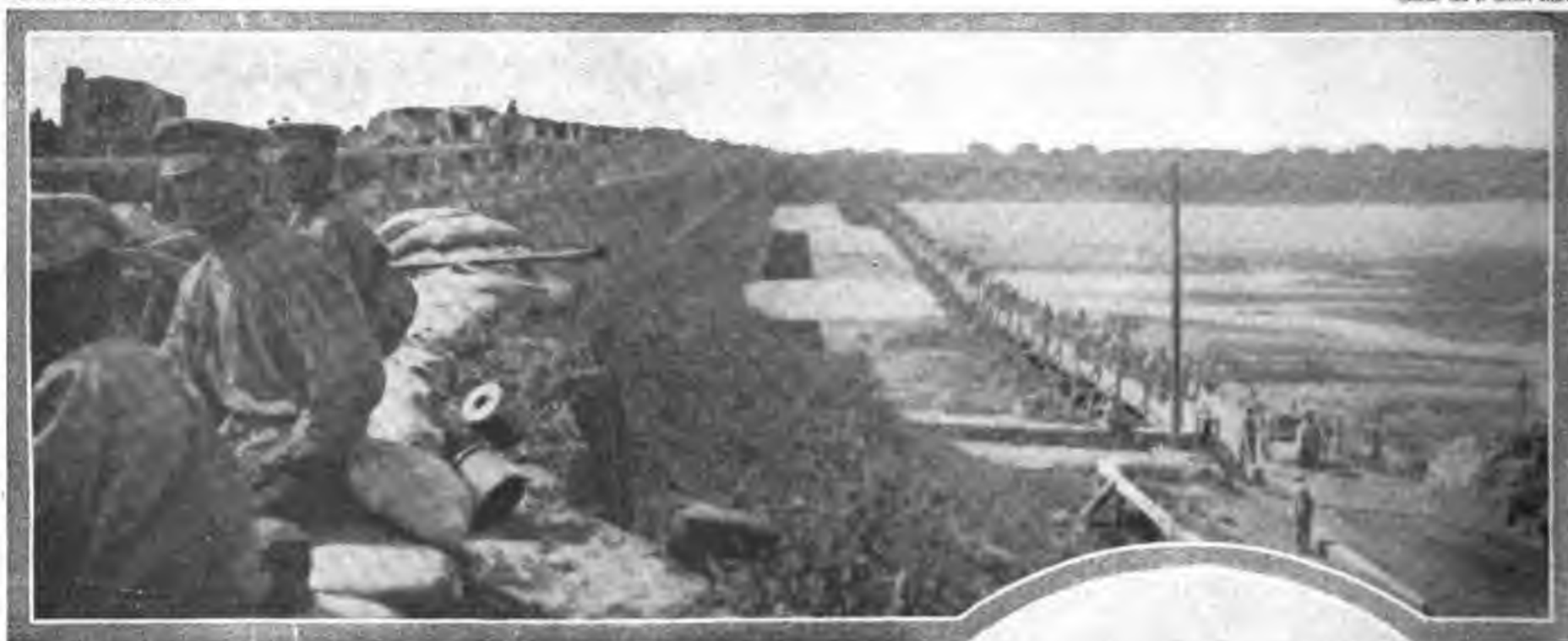
In selecting expert and inspiring producers and patrons of the poetic, the younger **ROCKEFELLER** should not be forgotten, for he does not sleep while his father waves the banners of the muse. An exhortation to the members of his Sunday-school class includes an injunction to "demolish all records" of pious attendance, and includes these verses:

"Who is on the Lord's side,
Who will serve the King;
Who will be His helpers
Other lives to bring?"

That stanza is superior to the poetry of **ALFRED AUSTIN** and to the favorite poem of the elder **ROCKEFELLER**. It ought to be a comfort to us all to remember that in our busy era the goddess has such worshippers as Mr. **AUSTIN** in Great Britain and the **ROCKEFELLERS** in America. Poetry pays, as surely as religion does, not in money perhaps, but in subtle ways. It will be recalled that when the present King of England graciously dined with Mr. **LEE**, he remembered, toward the end of the repast, the purpose for which he was there. He thereupon observed, "I hear you have written a life of **SHAKESPEARE**. That's right. Keep it up. There's money in it."

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES A. J. ARTHUR

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The Russians evacuating from Liao-Yang across the two bridges over the Taihe River

Experiences on the Battlefield of Liao-Yang

By FREDERICK McCORMICK

(REPRINTED FROM THE LITTON PRESS)

Mr. McCormick is an American Associated Press correspondent attached to the Russian army. He has been with General Kuropatkin's forces throughout the Manchurian campaign and was present at the six-day battle of Liao-Yang. On the afternoon of September 2 the staff officers of the Russian rear-guard assured Mr. McCormick that the Czar's forces would not retire until the next day. Consequently the correspondent went to the house of Dr. Westwater, a Scotch missionary, and assisted the latter in caring for wounded Chinese. While thus engaged the Russians fled, the Japanese occupied Liao-Yang, and Mr. McCormick was made a prisoner. Seven days later he was released and went to Tientsin. He is now on his way thence to Mukden to report the Russian army as correspondent. The present article deals with the exciting incidents of this great battle. The story is especially interesting in being written by the only correspondent who was present at Liao-Yang with both armies.

THE Japanese struck the Russian centre at Kao-feng-shih on August 25, twenty miles from Liao-Yang, and it was the operations of the 25th and 26th along the entire south and east line that landed the Russians at the inner positions of their stronghold and base at Liao-Yang. Circling around by the great Feng-Wang-Cheng road, I entered the village of Kao-feng-shih. The road there was spattered with blood. Shrapnel was bursting over the house where I took refuge with a Chinese family anxious to see a stranger not a Russian. The Chinese cheerfully remained in their homes—a Chinese has no place but home. In the street I accosted a blind man who was wandering about with a staff. He said he was "scared" and "knew not what affairs were making." I told him it was war, and of no use to fear, all would soon be over, and he should go back and remain in his house, where he would be safe. Greatly comforted, he thanked me and went confidently back.

The heavy Russian batteries above the roofs of the town sometimes thundered in volleys, sometimes singly; but always a great cloud of dust and smoke went up when the guns recoiled in the dry shale and parched soil of the breastworks—the same permanent works soiled and arid as the now braided, embattled khaki roundabouts of the insidious enemy—the same works which, once discovered by the Japanese artillerymen, remain a stationary target for hours, days, or until wasted under the slow measured fire from the enemy's guns. And now with mechanical precision the Japanese shells fall like trip-hammers upon these batteries, beneath a half-dozen of which I pass. Fragments of shrapnel and other missiles went coursing and swishing



Difficult guides of transport in Manchuria



The sole survivors of a Cossack patrol



General activity among the Russians when the first Japanese shell exploded at the Liao-Yang Railroad Station

through the kowliang, clipping the leaves and tassels, and through the pines above me. I mounted to the infantry trenches, littered with empty cartridges and inhabited by brave, generous, happy-go-lucky soldiers. An officer took me out on the skyline, and naively told me that the Japanese "were right there at the foot of the incline," perhaps three-quarters of a mile away! I remonstrated with him for exposing his position where twenty-five men could have been killed by a single shot had the enemy chosen to put us in target. He thought nothing of that—men are by instinct brave. On the right a company of men sat, under a shower of deadly shrapnel, quietly on the steep mountainside, while out of their midst a slow continuous trail of wounded, lacerated men worked its way and seemed to trickle down the little water-course to the rear. The tentacles of death are fastened there. But the men calmly light their cigarettes while the Conqueror waits among them! As I leave the path a captain tells me of the progress of the battle and says, "Until now victory is with us." How often had I heard that thing! It is one of the tragedies and is of the same with the remark of another officer, "We always defeat the Japanese, but afterward we retreat, why, I do not know."

Five minutes later, as I leave the gully, a shell bursts just behind me and a man is buried there, under the waving kowliang. The enemy are shelling the Russian approaches. Shells continue to drop in

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES F. WOODMAN. COURTESY, NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY



Russian transport
wagons rushing
to cross the
Taitse River



Loading cannon
on flat cars at
Liao-Yang. Photo-
graphed to the east



The flight from Liao-Yang: Russian infantry struggling along the railway toward Mukden

the roadway. In a crevice at the side a small hospital squad has finished dressing forty-nine wounded. I was now on the right flank and came upon a division of cavalry under General Griekoff, who with his staff was resting under a tree in a village. They were anxious to know the last word from the battleground, with what intense interest their faces plainly showed. One Logan-looking man seemed the most earnest and intelligent. I repeated what I had been told a couple of miles back, well knowing that they knew the truth. Wounded men in litters now took up most of the road. In one place I was stopped for a Japanese, and my hair examined to prove or disprove my identity. The retreat came that night. The Japanese began their last bound, and, by the time I filed my despatches at the telegraph office, the Russians that last "retirement" which brought both to what had been looked upon by the world as a final battleground.

The place where the battle was fought lies under the eyes of the spectator as he stands upon the city walls, and if he take his horse he may traverse it in the saddle, as I did every day for six days, over an arc of fifteen miles. To me the battle of Liao-Yang begins with the debouching of the Tenth Corps into the Liao-Yang plain from the Anping road. It was a scene which no witness can forget. This army, always beaten, had fought a retreat of three days from Kung-chang-jing, where it was attacked simultaneously with the attack on the army at Kao-feng-shih. The Japanese watched



Wounded Russians in box cars being taken to Mukden

it pass out of the hills at Heiao-ton with throbbing hearts. I am using my diary, apparently illegible—a puzzle almost, from "pot-books," signs, and wonders, the inspiration of the line of communications, the trench, the open field in retreat and defence, and every reality of the battleground.

The Eastern Army also—that of the luckless and unhappy Keller—had fought itself back to the plain through the great Feng-Wang-Cheng road. But the spectacle, the embodied agony, was perched like a raven upon the banners of the Tenth. Suddenly I came upon the immutable, the ever-present line—that of the wounded—struggling, downcast, threading itself through the transport—that sanguinary miscellany of the field and of martial vagrancy! Among the crowd passing at the moment was a Greek follower whom I had helped to a recovery from dysentery, and I hailed him in a way not to attract attention.

"Where have you been?"

"Great battle," he replied. "Have had great battle—me have fear, have fear speak Anglis?"

This speech conveyed little more than the state of feeling with which Americans and English were regarded, especially at the moment. Debouching like a great flood just unconfined, the army spread fanlike upon the already saddened and sodden plain. One nucleus alone arrested and held my attention. Arms full of kowliang were being carried back and flung into a steep-banked, deep, muddy,

REPRODUCED BY JAMES A. HENNING. DRAWING BY HENRIE HENLEY



The Russian transport wagons receding toward Yantai.

and treacherous watercourse. On the further bank, pouring around both sides of and through a village, came the Red Cross cart, the soup wagon, the ammunition limber and piece, the tarantass, the transport wagon, precipitating themselves at two places into this silo, and plunging like mad through mud, water, and raw ensilage. From the bank momentary orders from a general, anxious faces, cries of "Bravo!" from a whipped but a willing soldiery, and there a crowd of nurses aghast at the scene and troubled for their wounded moaning in the limbers. Next a burial party interring a line of dead on the banks of the Taitse, and in the rear a great field of baggage wagons, blocked, their wagoners turning hurrying looks backward, where the rear-guard can be seen scarcely a mile away taking its position on the last friendly hill!

At this point the day following I rode out to see the position—the last hill was gone! Ropoff of the Tenth hailed me and asked if I was not afraid. He had nearly been killed by his own people on the outpost position a few days before. We were standing at the rear-guard battery, which fired a few shots and hurriedly left its position in the kowliang while we were talking. Going out past the guard, we discovered the Japanese scouts on the hill facing and withdrew. It is the 26th! There has been battling all the time. But now the awestruck native, cowering on the ancient city walls to which he is forbidden, sees with his own eyes the burst of shell. The storm has gathered and it begins to break. The skies and earth seem to exude battle. But turn to the southeast, to the Meng-chia-fang road, where the day's work will be done. We pass the mouth of the great Feng-Wang-Cheng road. Here, too, a file of carts of the blood-red cross tumbling over the stones, led by a sister who is not thinking of the Volga—the moaning is too loud for that! There is the

Frederick McCormick and the Japanese officer who took him prisoner.



sound of the guns at Wang-pao-tai, just up the gorge, and orderlies going up and down. An officer hails me, but before I can answer a Cossack rushes by—"See, see! the Cossack!" He has the gold cross! le croix d'or! It was at Chiu-Lien-Cheng"—and both are off!

Chiu-Lien-Cheng! Kin-chow! Wafangow! Motien-ling! Shi River! Tashichao! Simucheng! Kao-feng-shih! Anyang! and now—Liao-Yang! Legions of crosses, but can they make one victory? Two hundred crosses of the Order of St. George given to Mischenko's men before the battle of Kao-feng-shih, but will they save Liao-Yang?

The next road is ours. It winds through the kowliang, and as it approaches



A Russian general's carriage on the retreat from Liao-Yang.

Chiao-fan-tun it becomes a little gorge where, in the crevices on this side and that, the doctors are working. The immutable file is there, the lost baggage, the heavy litter, and the blood-marked trail. This is the village behind whose stone-built cottages the artillery horses wait out the days and the nights while the guns do their work on the hills above. They sleep like soldiers in their harness and through the long hours they stand on guard. A shell drops into a house crowded with native women and children who have sought refuge there; few escape. But no matter, they are Chinese! The Russian censor only laughed when he read it in my despatch. They are Chinese!

As I leave the position and go back down the little valley, the Eastern Army has come out of the Feng-Wang-Cheng road, and is swinging around to the south to the Meng-chia-fang road and centering at Shi-chang-yu and Chiao-fan-tun. The staff is inquiring for the camps, the officers are inquiring for the staff, and the staff again is inquiring for troops. There are three peaks above the village that are under hot Japanese fire, and the rifles are going. The hospital corps in the sunken road has had a hundred and forty-nine wounded. The dead are still on the ridges or in the enemy's lines. From Shi-chang-yu and Ta-shih the Russian guns are throwing shells into the Meng-



Wounded Russians lying by the roadside in the broiling Manchurian sunshine.

chia-fang road and it is toward evening. Passing up the slope to the west toward Ta-shih, I come directly under the shells chasing each other through the upper air. The Japanese infantry have been closing up in the valley of the South road, and the Sixth Siberian brigade, falling back, flows past me and files over the foothills. The tired officers speak pleasantly and interestedly to me as they come up with their men, and move behind the three peaks to receive the enemy if he attempt to rush the position at night, which it is nearly certain he will do. All day Stakelberg has stood under fire on and around Shou-shan, a solitary high hill overlooking and commanding the city. The military balloon is in the sky behind Ta-shih batteries, and as I pass it is being hauled down, and I arrive in time to see the officers, who have been sitting about a table appearing to be engaged in a very strenuous enterprise, get up and go to meet the aeronauts, carrying their notebooks as they go. As the sun goes down the cannonade ceases and rifle-fire goes merrily and consistently on, extending along the west to beyond the railway.

The city, which up to this moment has not been without its military prodigals, is deserted of the military idler and the uniformed voluptuary. At the last breakfast in the foreign hotel before it closed, but one officer, a young lieutenant, was there, en passant, to ask me with great anxiety if they had been able to hold their positions during the past night.

August 30.—The guns begin along the whole southeast and south at dawn, and the long steady roll, which is the proof of many guns, proclaims that it is

to be a great day—or a mean one. A Russian correspondent overhearing the substance of this remark made to the waiter—it was a day when all classes were one—namely, that there was a great battle, accepted the familiar tone for the open sesame, and assured me without apology that I had spoken the truth, and added

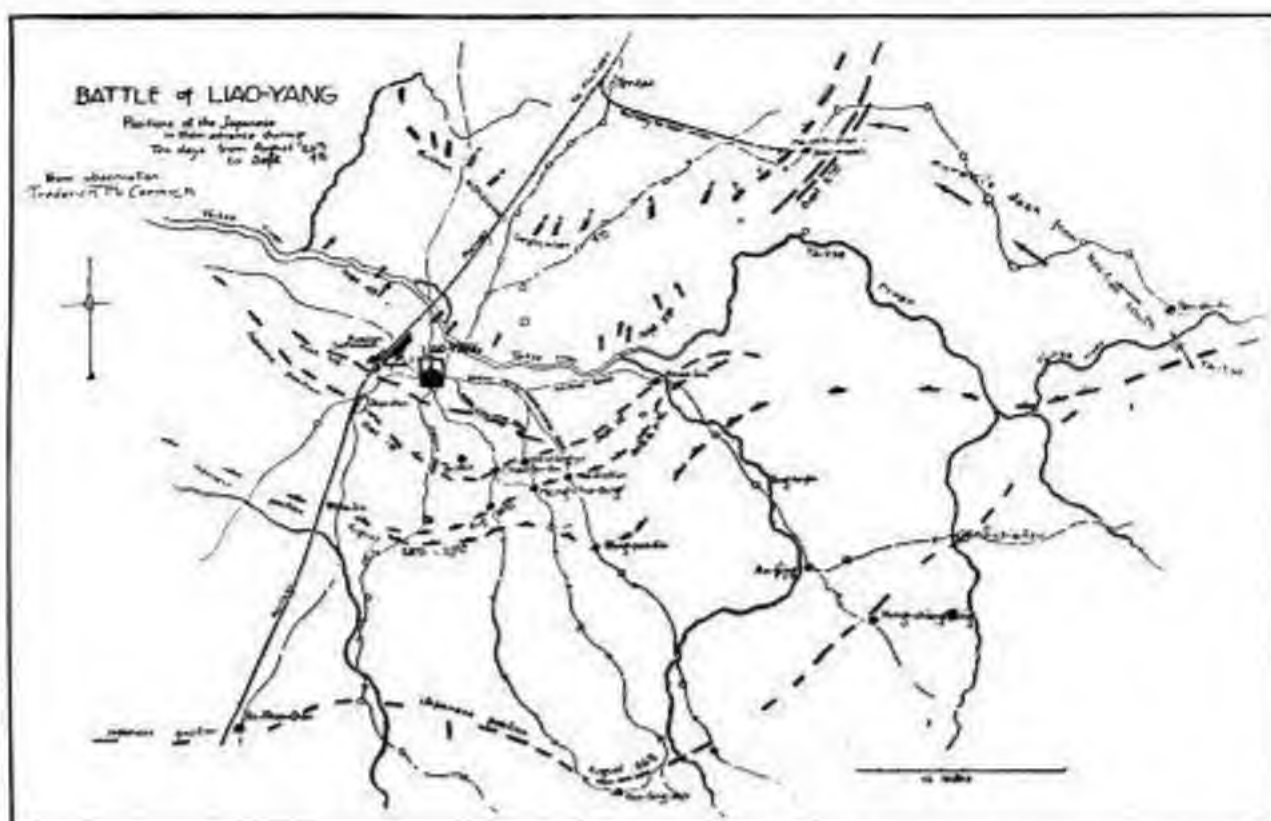
correspondent, with his field-glasses on the table before him, goes on writing a despatch, but what he is telling his people, who can say? Leaving nothing undone of our usual habits, we order breakfast, which we eat leisurely to the unbroken roll of the guns, and fully, and then repair to our several habitations to arrange for the disposition of our baggage.

9 A. M.—Refurnished saddle-bags and holsters and went into the street. Crowds of Chinese on housetops and eminences watching the distant battle. Order throughout. Clear bright sunlight.

10 A. M.—Staff and other military tenants leaving settlement with all baggage. Foreign attachés taken under escort to railway bridge north of the city.

10:30.—Hailed from top of west gate of city by camp follower of the Feng-Wang-Cheng road, who shouts down at me gleefully, "Heh you do? You go see big battle, hey? You come back here? Good-by." These vagrants of the market-place, these waifs of the bloody trail! by what devious ways they move and by what providence are judged, by what darkness and what light, throughout what crowded city or lonely field they flourish—who can say!

10:45.—All fences about settlement removed to allow free passage of military wagons and troops. Servants neglected are cooking over fires built against the houses, sending great black stains up the brickwork. Red Cross hospital, which yesterday preempted the little "square" opposite the station, contests with the helter-skelter and the mud a few feet of space at the gate where to receive and tend its wounded. (Continued on page 25.)

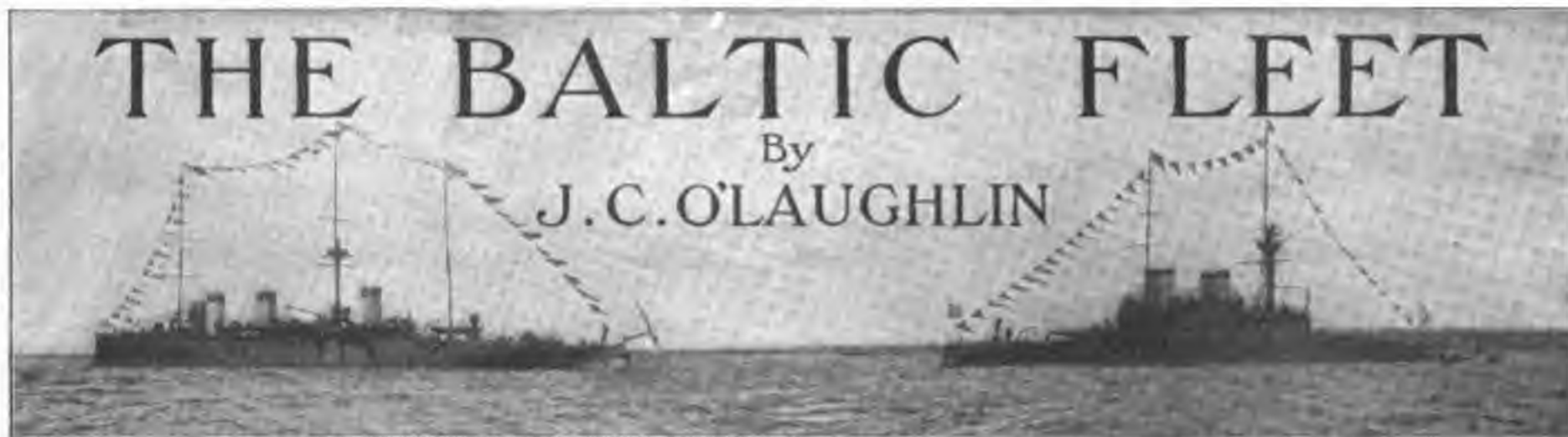


Map of the operations about Liao-Yang, August 25 to September 4

that it was very possible the Japanese would be in Liao-Yang before nightfall!

The tension can not be mistaken, yet all is quiet. There is no danger of the battle getting away from us now, and all prepare deliberately for terrible things just ahead. Two more Russian correspondents come in and sit down with the young lieutenant. One of them was afterward shot through the breast! The first

moved to allow free passage of military wagons and troops. Servants neglected are cooking over fires built against the houses, sending great black stains up the brickwork. Red Cross hospital, which yesterday preempted the little "square" opposite the station, contests with the helter-skelter and the mud a few feet of space at the gate where to receive and tend its wounded. (Continued on page 25.)



The whole world keenly appreciates the importance of the operations of the Baltic fleet. If it defeat the Japanese navy, Russia will gain control of the sea. If it be defeated, Russian strategists believe that ultimate victory must fall to Japan. For some time Admiral Rojestvensky had under consideration the advisability of taking Mr. O'Laughlin on his flagship, but in the judgment of the Emperor this was considered impolitic. So far as any one can know, Mr. O'Laughlin is informed of the fighting condition of the fleet, the methods to be observed to transfer it to the East, and the strategy to be employed against the Japanese.

REPRODUCED FROM THE COLLECTOR'S EDITION

VICE-ADMIRAL ROJESTVENSKY, commander-in-chief of the second squadron of the Russian Pacific fleet, placed his hand upon my arm. "The squadron," he said slowly, as if measuring his words, "will go to the Far East. There should be no doubt on that score. It will make every effort to wrest command of the sea from the Japanese. If we succeed, a prompt termination of the war will follow; if we fail, our army will continue the struggle for victory."

It was with no light appreciation of the heaviness of the task set for him to do that Admiral Rojestvensky began last spring the creation of the squadron which, under his command, is now en route for Port Arthur. Day after day I visited his office in the Admiralty, a long, rambling yellow building, which overlooks the Neva River, and found him poring over the plan of his prospective campaign, or talking with naval constructors or line officers who were supervising the construction of the ships which were to form a part of his fleet. Frequently he would go to the shipyards and inspect the progress made upon the vessels, scrutinizing with the eye of a hawk the work done upon the machinery, the character of which will determine quite as much as the guns whether Russia shall completely vanquish her enemy. When not attending to these details, he might be found devoting himself to the question of the training of the men who were to serve under him. The men were called into service as far back as last April. The Gulf of Finland was frozen at the time, but they were drilled in the ways of the sea, as far as that was practicable, on shore, and they were constantly trained in gunnery. Fine, strong-looking fellows they were, well set-up, earnest, not particularly intelligent-looking, but quiet, and aware, from what was told them by their officers, and what they deduced from the exploits of the Japanese navy, of the absolute

necessity of attaining a high degree of skill in order to combat their enemy on anywhere near equal terms. This feeling of respect for the Japanese permeated the entire complement of the squadron, Admiral Rojestvensky setting the example by his unstinted praise of the dash and bravery and efficiency of the sea branch of the enemy's service—an appreciation which did not extend to the military arm of Russia until later in the war.

Admiral Rojestvensky began the organization of the Baltic fleet, or, as it is officially designated, the Second Squadron of the Pacific fleet, with a keen understand-

ing of its importance both to Russia and to the world. Of the ships which he was to command, one first-class battleship and one protected cruiser only were ready for action. The others were in various stages of completion, and, under ordinary circumstances, could not be gotten ready before the coming year. He desired to get the squadron in commission in June or July at the latest, in order to proceed at once to the relief of Port Arthur. Unfortunately, the delays, heart-breaking in his case, which every shipbuilding nation knows, occurred. The battleship *Emperor Alexander III* was the first placed in commission at Cronstadt, and then, in slow succession, followed the *Borodino*, *Kniaz Suvoroff*, and finally the ill-fated *Orel*, all of the same type. Emperor Nicholas visited the shipyards and exhorted the men to greater efforts. But Russian ability and ingenuity were not adequate to the quick work which the Emperor and Admiral Rojestvensky sought, and it was not until the last of September that the fleet began the preliminary maneuvers before starting on its voyage to Port Arthur.

Emperor Nicholas made his final inspection of the fleet in the harbor of Reval. The car which conveyed him from St. Petersburg also carried the Empress and the little Czarevitch. For several days before the journey was made, the car had been carefully heated until it was at the exact temperature which the physician to their Majesties deemed advisable in the interest of the health of the baby. The presence of the heir to the throne was unquestionably inspiring to the officers and men of the squadron. It was the Emperor's way of



The Battleship "Orel"



The Battleships "Borodino," "Alexander III," and "Kniaz Suvaroff"

making them understand that they were to fight not only for him, but for their future sovereign. His Majesty also announced that upon them solely depended both the relief of Port Arthur, which is the pressing desire of the throne and the Russian people, and the final defeat of Japan. He impressed upon them the necessity of preserving their ships and of keeping them in such condition that they would be able to meet the enemy upon the best possible terms. And then, with the noise of the imperial salute ringing in his ears, he blessed them and fervently wished them godspeed.

When the squadron left Reval, it proceeded to Libau, and then began its historic voyage to the Far East. Before leaving Russian waters, Admiral Rojestvensky had given unmistakable indications of his strong characteristics as a commander-in-chief. At Reval, many of the wives and sweethearts of the officers gathered in the expectation that their husbands and lovers would be given plenty of shore leave. The admiral issued an order forbidding absence of officers from the ships, particularly at night. He made frequent inspections at one and two o'clock in the morning, ordered mimic torpedo boat attacks, signaling by flags, lights, and wireless telegraphy, and otherwise put the ships through their paces. During the maneuvers, preliminary to the final departure, he exercised the ships in various battle formations. The inefficient officer stood no show in the squadron if he came under Admiral Rojestvensky's eye. They told of him in Reval and St. Petersburg that three officers, who had failed to show themselves thoroughly cognizant of their duties, were detached and sent ashore, their places being filled by their juniors. Nevertheless, in spite of this summary discipline, two transports ran aground when the squadron was leaving Reval.

If Admiral Rojestvensky is such a capable officer, if such determined efforts have been made to enforce strict discipline in the squadron, why is it that the regrettable destruction of British trawlers in the North Sea occurred? Admiral Rojestvensky has been accused of drunkenness, of inexcusable, criminal carelessness, of wantonly seeking to force Great Britain to war, in order that Russia might escape the humiliation of defeat at the hands of Japan. It may be interesting to know that I have never seen Admiral Rojestvensky take a drink, and only rarely smoke a cigarette. This is his reputation. American naval officers, who know him, speak of him as I speak of him, in terms of the highest respect. It may be taken for granted that he was not drunk when the trawlers were fired upon; I doubt if he knew of it until the guns roared, though he must shoulder the responsibility. It must be remembered that before the fleet sailed, information had reached the Russian Government that Japanese agents were fitting out launches with torpedo apparatus, with the intention of destroying the Russian ships and thus making their mission a failure at the outset. It should also be remembered that the hopes of the whole Empire are centred upon the five modern battleships under Admiral Rojestvensky. He must take every precaution to guard them against injury or destruction. I think it will be found that the officers who opened fire upon the trawlers reasoned in this way: It is far better that we should sink one or two trawlers, and have the Government pay indemnity for them, than that those trawlers should turn out to be Japanese boats and torpedo one of our battleships. Officers of the American navy do not forget that during the blockade of Santiago the American squadron began one night a terrific bombardment of what were believed to be Spanish torpedo-boat destroyers, but which subsequently turned out to be a railroad train running along the beach.

Rojestvensky's Promotion

Russian officers also recall this incident, and ask why Rojestvensky and his captains should be charged with inefficiency any more than were Sampson and his officers in 1898. Since the North Sea incident, it has been published that the Emperor, in order to show his approval of the sinking of inoffensive fishing vessels, has promoted Admiral Rojestvensky to the grade of Vice-Admiral. As a matter of fact, the promotion occurred before Admiral Rojestvensky left Russian waters, was in the natural order of seniority, and it was known months ago that he was to enter the next grade as soon as a vacancy occurred.

The fleet under Admiral Rojestvensky's command is made up of seven heavy battleships, eight cruisers, with four auxiliary cruisers, ten transports, and ten torpedo-boat destroyers, making in all a total of thirty-nine ships, every one of which is in as good condition as could be expected from Russian yards.

It is true that in some of the battleships the machinery was "skimped," and this with the knowledge

of technical officers, though not with the knowledge or consent of Admiral Rojestvensky. It is also true that it was necessary to place cement in the hulls of some of the ships in order to steady them, the effect of which is to increase the displacement of the vessels, and make their speed less than originally designed. But generally, the ships are in reasonably fair condition, and the battleships and cruisers will be able to reach the Far East. A rendezvous has been provided there where the ships will have their machinery put in order and the final touches will be placed upon them before they move northward to offer battle. Where that rendezvous is, not more than half a dozen men know, and in view of the vital importance of keeping the information from the Japanese, it is unlikely that it will be made public.

The strategic campaign of the Baltic squadron began when it sailed from Russian waters. Rumors were current in St. Petersburg that Admiral Rojestvensky proposed to go via Cape Horn, but they were absurd. It can not be too strongly impressed upon the world at large that Russia is seeking first of all the relief of Port Arthur. It is conceded to be impossible for Kurapatkin to advance southward rapidly enough to accomplish this. The Baltic squadron must therefore proceed to the Far East with all possible speed. To go via Cape Horn would mean that a distance of eighteen thousand miles would have to be covered. To go via the Suez Canal would mean a reduction of the distance to twelve

been placed months ago with English firms, and German steamers, loaded with this fuel, being conveniently distributed.

At this moment, the Baltic squadron is divided, part steaming toward the Suez Canal and part around the Cape of Good Hope. A junction will be effected in the Indian Ocean, and the united command will then push on first to the rendezvous, where final repairs and a general overhauling will be made, and where it is expected that the two armored cruisers, *Rossia* and *Gromozol*, and the protected cruiser *Bogatyr* will be in waiting. The three last-named ships are to-day at Vladivostok. It may here be interpolated that these ships will not go to sea to run the risk of being captured or destroyed by the Japanese fleet until they make their dash to join Admiral Rojestvensky. The latter sharply criticised Viceroy Alexieff for separating the fleet in the Far East at the beginning of the war.

Loss of the Vladivostok Ships

He appreciated the grave strategical error which was then committed. With Admiral Makaroff, he urged that, the mistake having been made, the division at Vladivostok be kept within the harbor until the Baltic squadron should arrive, when it would make a valuable reinforcement to that command. But when Makaroff was blown up in the *Petropavlovsk*, and Alexieff resumed direction of naval operations, the division was again ordered to sea. In a few days the *Bogatyr* ran ashore and was nearly lost. Then, when Skrydloff arrived at Vladivostok, he had to make some excuse for his presence in the Far East, and he sent the *Gromozol*, *Rossia*, and *Rurik* to sea with the result that the *Rurik* was destroyed. Admiral Rojestvensky's squadron is especially weak in armored cruisers. It has only two ships of this class, and they were originally laid down almost twenty years ago, though they have since been reconstructed. The Japanese have eight modern armored cruisers.

The instruction sent by the Emperor to Rear Admiral Wiran, commanding the fleet at Port Arthur, is to leave the fortress the moment it surrenders and offer battle to the Japanese navy. He is to concentrate his fire upon two of the enemy's battleships, and attempt

to sink them or at least damage them so badly that they will have to be laid up for a considerable time for repairs. The Japanese have to-day only four battleships, having lost the *Hatsuse* and *Yashima*, and eight armored cruisers, and the removal of two battleships from their line of battle would be most serious. If Port Arthur should hold out, and Russian officials believe it will, Admiral Togo can not safely raise its blockade, but must take up a position between Korea and the Shantung Peninsula, in order to prevent a junction between the Port Arthur fleet and Admiral Rojestvensky's command. If he meet Rojestvensky first, he must destroy him and then turn immediately toward Port Arthur and engage Wiran, who will at once attack. If Wiran is the first to begin an action, Togo must finish



Arrival of the Baby Czarevitch at Reval before the departure of the Baltic Fleet

him and then encounter Rojestvensky. In other words, the Japanese fleet will be forced, unless Port Arthur falls, to fight two actions within a few hours of each other, one with an inferior and the other with a fleet at least its equal in strength. Togo can not afford, as he did in the battle with the fleet under the command of Admiral Witgeft, on August 10, to engage at long range, in order to save his armorclads, and to send in his torpedo boats at night in the hope that they will destroy the enemy. He will have to make short, quick work of one squadron, so that he can at once turn and confront the other. The task of Admiral Rojestvensky is monumental, but that of Togo is proportionately large. The one that wins must be hailed as the greatest sailor of modern times.

And I can only say that Rojestvensky will do with his whole soul everything that it is possible for him to do.

And I can only say that Rojestvensky will do with his whole soul everything that it is possible for him to do.



The "Groznoi"—Type of the Destroyers with the Fleet



Metrenthin passing the ball to Fisher for an attack on Yale's line during the Yale-Columbia game

OUT-OF-DOORS

IN THIS DEPARTMENT, OUTDOOR LIFE—THAT IS, SPORT IN THE BROADER AND MORE GENERAL SENSE—WILL BE DISCUSSED AT FREQUENT INTERVALS DURING THE AUTUMN ATHLETIC SEASON

IT is characteristic of the comparatively slight regard that is set nowadays in the East on comparative scores in football, that this week's game between Harvard and Yale is the "big game" of the year. Harvard was outplayed, outpunted, and outgeneraled by Pennsylvania three weeks ago; Yale was beaten by West Point. Princeton was beaten by Annapolis, and the Navy men in turn were defeated by little Swarthmore. If scores meant as much in the East as they do in the Middle West, we should have at the end of each season half a dozen little colleges claiming—and on paper rightly so—the championship. As it is, the Harvard-Yale game—except to the immediate adherents of Princeton—is the "big game" of the year, and the quality of football displayed there, and the team which wins or doesn't win, has almost as little to do with the case as the oratorship of the contenders or the fact that Leander always wins has to do with the spectacle at Henley.

We were especially reminded of some of these differences between Eastern and Western football at the time of the recent game between Chicago University and Northwestern. That game was played in the third week of the season, on the same day that the big Yale team was sleepily allowing the cadets to trounce it disgracefully to the tune of 11-5. No one suspects for a moment that Yale could not have prepared an eleven that would have defeated West Point that day. But it was too early in the season to bring the Yale eleven to top form. And hence, although no New Haven undergraduate enjoyed particularly the experience of defeat, it was accepted philosophically and with full confidence that the team would redeem itself later on as the time drew nearer for the "big" games. Now in the West it is quite different. Michigan and Minnesota are generally reckoned the strongest teams out there, but they are not playing each other this year, and as for the others of the so-called "Big Nine," everybody will play nearly everybody else, and several of them will doubtless claim the championship. As a Chicago man said to the writer just before the Chicago-Northwestern game: "You have one or perhaps two 'big' games in the East; out here all our games are 'big' games." It certainly looked like it. Early as it was in the season, every Chicago paper had a page or two given up to the game that day, and most of them had cartoons on the front page. There were dotted diagrams of the relative lengths of the punts of Mr. Johnson of Northwestern and Mr. Eckersall of Chicago. There were interviews with the captains and trainers, and in parallel columns the latter stated that their men were fit for the fight of their lives, and would score so-and-so many points in all if they made such-and-such a score in the first half; precisely as before a prize-fight each rival pugilist announces that he is certain to win, and speculates optimistically on the number of rounds. On the streets, men who had never seen a college talked about the game with the same enthusiasm that the same sort of men in New York would talk about the Giants' new pitcher or the hard luck of Jimmy Britt. The two elevens were spoken of probably less often as "Chicago" or as "Northwestern" than as "Stagg's team" or "Hurly Up" Yost's team." After Chicago had won the game, fakirs met the crowds pouring out of Marshall Field with "Eckersall calendars," got out in honor of Chicago's wonderful little quarter-back. One shudders to think of what the state of mind of the average Harvard quarter-back would be who should find that enterprising Philistines were selling calendars containing his photographs to the crowds as they passed from Soldiers' Field. He would probably buy

and burn the whole edition and retire to Abyssinia for a season, until the episode had been lived down and he had recovered from his embarrassment. In other words, in the Middle West, where college sentiment and college social tradition are not so firmly established into certain fairly definite forms, football belongs to the general public in a way that is not true of it in the East. The game is the thing. The aim of every team is not only to win, but to win by the biggest possible score in each game, so that at the end of the season that team may claim the distinction of having scored a greater grand total than any other eleven in the West. Eligibility rules and the amateur status do not mean as much at Chicago or Minnesota or Michigan as they do at Harvard or Princeton or Yale. The individual players are, even more than in the East, gladiators rather than university men. A big game in the West is less a social event than in the East, but by the same token it arouses a correspondingly greater and really quite extraordinary enthusiasm in the general public and among those who are not college men.

Tactical Methods of East and West

The idea of running up as big a score as possible in every game is typical of this enthusiasm for football *per se* in the Middle West. Chicago defeated Northwestern 32-0. Although the season was still young and there were plenty of hard games ahead, and although Northwestern was plainly beaten after the first

but we should rather like to have had the Harvard back-field present at that game, if just to see how much work men can stand without being coddled, even in the third week of play. On that same day the total number of points scored by the four "big" victorious elevens—Michigan, Chicago, Minnesota, and Wisconsin—was 389! The total scores of the four corresponding Eastern teams—Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and Pennsylvania—for the same day was 84. After the games of November 7 had been played, the total scores for the season for the leading Eastern and Western teams were as follows: Harvard, 91; opponents, 11 (eight games). Yale, 196; opponents, 20 (nine games). Princeton, 181; opponents, 22 (nine games). Pennsylvania, 170; opponents, 4 (ten games). Michigan, 543; opponents, 10 (nine games). Minnesota, 668; opponents, 12 (ten games). Chicago, 378; opponents, 11 (ten games).

We should like to have had not only the Harvard back-field, but every other back-field in the East, present at the game, to see punting that was something more than the work of schoolboys, and it would have been instructive to many and a pleasure to all to watch the punting of Eckersall of Chicago. While the teams were warming up before the game, Mr. Eckersall stood on the fifty-yard line and punted repeatedly to one of his colleagues who was at the goal posts. Not in the whole game did he fizzle a punt, and the ball sailed through the air with scarcely a twist—like a shell out of a gun. The only trouble with Eckersall's punting during the game was that it was too long, and the ball repeatedly rolled behind the post line and was brought out to be kicked off when, had it been a bit shorter, the Northwestern man who caught it might have been downed ten yards or so further back. The punting of Colton of Northwestern was also extremely good, and both men kicked better than any one we have seen this year in the East. Besides punting so excellently, Eckersall kicked two goals from the field, and he ran back kicks and drove his team as Daly or Dibblee used to do. No Eastern quarter-back at that time in the season was up to the form exhibited by Eckersall in the Chicago-Northwestern game.

Northwestern took its defeat by Chicago so seriously that after the game Dr. Walter Dill Scott, professor of psychology at Northwestern, attempted to explain the disaster on psychological grounds. Dr. Scott said that the result of the game did not prove that Chicago was stronger than Northwestern physically, but that its mental state was superior. On the first kick-off the brutal Mr. Parry of Chicago made an attempt—which very nearly succeeded—to "knock out" Quarter-back Johnson of Northwestern. Mr. Johnson happened to be an all-American quarter-back, and he was the most important individual of the team. His groggy condition in the first half completely changed the emotional state of the Northwestern gladiators, the "error," as the X-scientists say, of fear eclipsed the hope that was in their hearts. From being an all-American quarter-back, Mr. Johnson, who happens to be an Indian, was metamorphosed into a frightened amateur. His nimble strategy became sluggish. His limbs lost their cunning. The Chicago team was correspondingly elated and strengthened. On top of this Mr. Eckersall kicked an unexpected goal from the field early in the game. The psychological state of joy succeeded to that of mistrust in the minds of the Chicago players. Doubt gave way to certainty. And there you are. Joy conquers sorrow; hope conquers fear. Spirit is mightier than matter. Who shall say that football is not a consistent accompaniment of the broader education and the higher life!

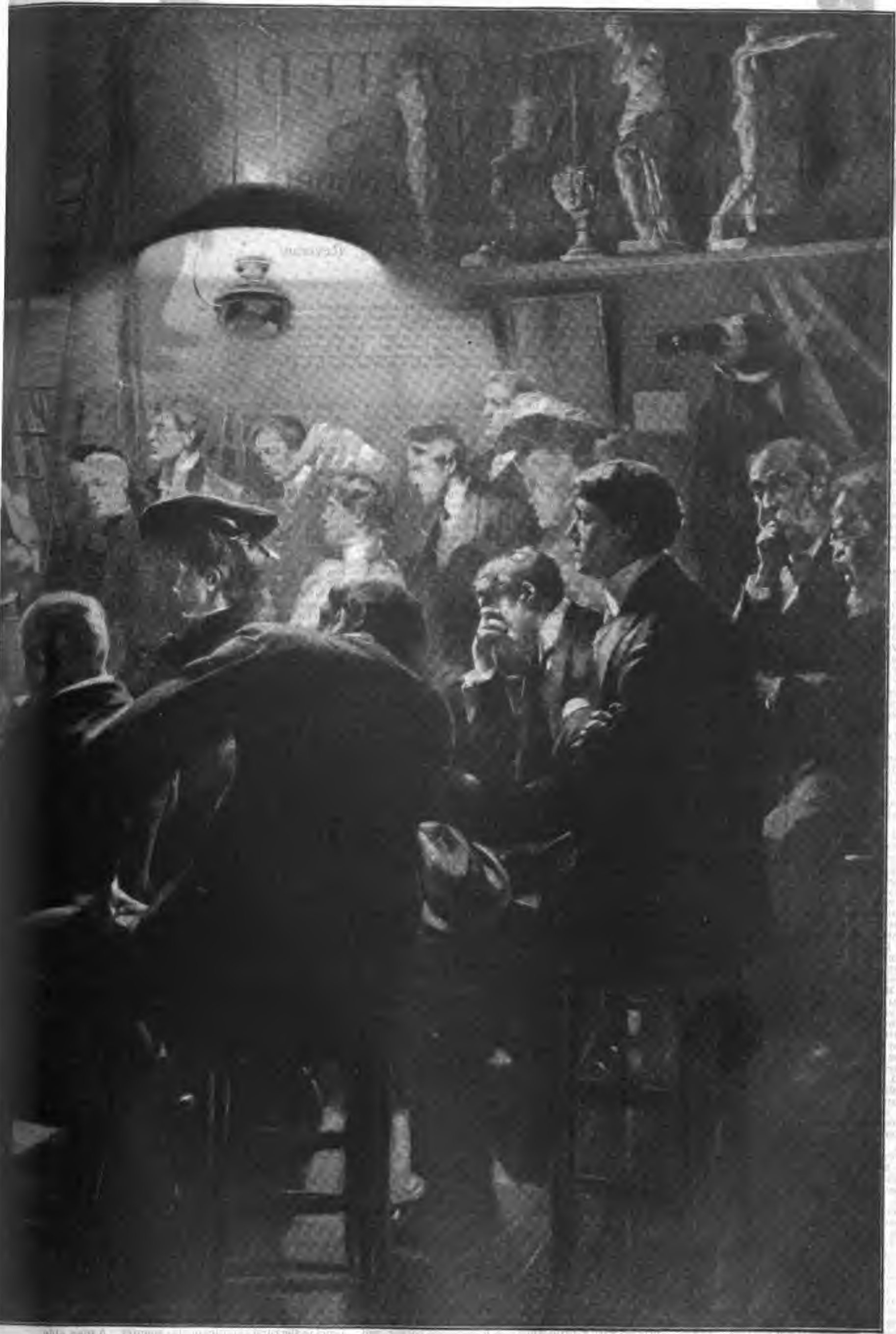


Watching football in summer clothes—The recent California-Oregon game at Berkeley

twenty minutes of play, the Chicago varsity men were kept in the game until the very end of the second half. There was no let up on them. To one used to seeing the Harvard and Yale varsity back-field made up of substitutes just as soon as the game is well in hand, it was odd to see a star half-back like Bezdeck of Chicago slammed into the line again and again, when his knee plainly was hurting him severely, and when a chance wrench might put him out of play for the rest of the season. The difference was that the Harvard captain under similar circumstances would be thinking only of having his star half-back in top form on November 19, while to the Chicago captain it meant as much to beat Northwestern on October 22, and beat her badly, as to win any of the other games of the year. From the Eastern standpoint, this handling of star players as Spaniards handle their horses in a bull-fight—patching them up after they are half slaughtered and sending them into the fight again—is not good tactical football,



A THANKSGIVING GATHERING OF



CAN STUDENTS IN A PARIS STUDIO

STAIGNE



OUR IMPORTED CRIMINALS

By BROUGHTON BRANDENBURG



I.—Naturalization Frauds, Smuggling, Counterfeiting, Revenue Evasion, and Padroni Bankers

What two years ago was termed "a wave of crime" has settled in an appalling tide. The morning witness of Europe threatens to give a new and dreadful color to our public morals. Meanwhile the police stand helpless and baffled, before-aided daylight murders, kidnappings for ransom, blackmail and extortion, and kindred outrages. Secret Service men, special Treasury agents, immigrant inspectors, and district attorneys are kept on constant station in an effort to cope with the downpour of the criminal classes of Europe. Slipped as emigrants to the United States by their thousands. This is the first of a series of three articles by a practical expert on aliens, who seeks his information by living and working with aliens on both sides of the Atlantic. The second article will be titled "America Europe's Feline Colony," the third, "The Truth About the Mafia."

THERE are sixty-five thousand fraudulent or defective citizens' papers in Greater New York, seventy thousand in Chicago, and something less than a million on a conservative estimate in the United States. Few of the holders of these have been prevented from exercising the franchise in this year's Presidential election, and considerably more than half of them will never be detected, even with a revision of our poor helter-skelter system legislated to fit the conditions of 1892.

Fraudulent naturalization is the widest field into which alien criminals have put their energies, and they have reaped such a harvest that United States District-Attorney General Henry L. Burnett in a conversation with the writer not long ago termed it "of the calibre of an international conspiracy." It is the work of the Irish politician established in this country with the ready villany or ignorance of the new-come Hebrew, Italian, Hungarian, and Syrian to assist him. But the day of the Irish ward boss wanes. The potato famine in Ireland that gave America the cogs for machine politics have their latter-day parallel in the Italian *torrente* and *latifonda*. In eighty streets south of Houston Street in New York, which were solid banks of Irish voters for "Big" and "Little" Tim Sullivan ten years ago, and where Tammany was a religion, the Italians from the impoverished south of Italy have forced their way, and this year's election has beheld the interesting spectacle of "Big" Tim fighting with tooth and nail to keep Frank L. Frugone, the Italian editor of the "Bollettino della Sera" or "Evening Bulletin," from going to Congress in his place. Said Jim Connors of Buffalo, after the last primaries, "I see I've got to learn to talk Italian and Polish if I want to run things here much longer."

Little general attention has been paid to these frauds till in the last few months. While making investigations of conditions in European sources of emigration in 1903 I informed Washington of wholesale traffic in naturalization certificates on the other side, and was met with astonishment bordering on incredulity. Last February the Department of Justice awoke to action, and at this writing one Assistant District-Attorney, Joel M. Marx of the Southern District of New York, has the creditable record of over three thousand aliens caught with fraudulent certificates. But he is the head and front of the movement in the United States. Elsewhere disclosures and prosecutions have been hardly more than the result of partisan politics, and little has been done to open up the vile systems involving counterfeiting, perjury, forgery, and other crimes, or to formulate a new propaganda to meet the exigencies of the case.

The developed method in "bum" papers, as they are called in official circles, is most entertaining. In Cincinnati the simple German plan was to allow any man to vote and in general behave as a citizen when he had become sufficiently Americanized for one to notice it. In the "Over the Rhine" district there are hundreds of the best sort of citizens, numbers of them officeholders present and past with honest records, who have never dreamed of taking out even first declaration papers. But that is not iniquitous, strictly speaking, when compared with St. Louis, where somebody had been very neglectful if election day came around and there was a German immigrant in the city arrived since the last election who had not been "naturalized" and made ready to vote. I have absolute in-

formation on which to state that there are nearly fourteen hundred men in St. Louis who hold or have held naturalization certificates which purported to have been issued by one clerk of the County Court in one evening—a week's job if properly done.

The first "bum" papers, where the fault lies in the papers and not in the misconduct of the court itself, were obtained by political gang leaders in the large cities sending to court some benchman who may have been native born or have had first declaration papers and genuinely naturalizing him. A man with a short name was usually selected for reasons soon to be seen. The next day another man who was known to the clerk, perhaps had a pull with him, would be sent to ask for one or more duplicates of the first man's certificate, alleging loss, desire to send for passport or to file with attorneys in adjusting a claim in a foreign estate. These duplicates would then have the name erased with acid and the name of a man whom it was desired to "naturalize" written in by a clever penman. But this was too slow, and acid leaves traces.

The Trade in Citizenship Papers

The next step came about through the gangsters becoming aware of what courts were difficult and what were "easy." Very soon clerks were induced either through money or political pressure to prepare a large number of blanks in the morning and have the judge

licans by first intention. The men who make a practice of selling "bum" papers learned that Westchester had an "easy court," and, describing to raw immigrants the fine jobs awaiting any man who held a citizen's paper, they would tell them that they had a "pull" with the county officials in Westchester, and were willing to exercise it at \$15 or \$20 per effort. Personally conducted naturalization parties were a daily occurrence. The clerk, however, got only his \$2.50 for special decorations. Tammany men who had been paying a schedule of \$8 each for papers thought it cheaper to send candidates for the franchise to Westchester County, and a very funny thing came about. The channels in Westchester being Republican, all the men sent up from New York were "naturalized" as Republicans, not Democrats, and, not understanding any too much about the whole procedure at best, have largely remained true to their instructions at the time they got their papers. Scores of Italian and Hebrew "bum citizens" have been found in the past few weeks in New York who are avowed Republicans, but whose papers were paid for in Westchester County by Democratic money. In Butte, Montana, eleven thousand Slavs were shipped in to work in the mines some weeks before election, and the clerk of the court telephoned up to the boss the next day to please send down the list of names as soon as possible, as he wanted to get his work out of the way to go on a little hunting trip.

The picturesque nonchalance with which one St. Louis gang operated is nearly as bad. City Marshal is a valuable electoral office in St. Louis. Thomas E. Barret was running for it. John P. Dolan of the Democratic City Central Committee was his next friend. Frank Garret was a policeman who boarded with Dolan. John or Giovanni Barbaglia, a *padrone* banker and President of the North American Italian Club, was a Democratic Italian leader of great power. On October 12, too late for naturalized citizens to be registered, Barbaglia told Barret that he had two hundred more newly arrived Italians up on "Dago Hill" and could he use them? The next day Barbaglia received two hundred signed citizenship certificate blanks from headquarters, and not being able to read or write to a commendable degree, gave them to his wife to fill in. She used brilliant violet ink of the sort not used in courts of record, and wrote in a scratchy little feminine hand. The combination attracted attention even in St. Louis, and the men named are doing five years each.

The all-counterfeited and forged paper at this writing can be told by one of two things: a slight dimness in the printing of the eagle at the top, or the fact that in the seal the hilt is left off the sword of justice. It is odd that the best counterfeiters will leave some tiny trace, will overlook some little detail, but it seems to be as true

as murder will out. Another instance in the portion of this narrative devoted to counterfeiters proves it.

In Buffalo, the method most in vogue among the Italians and Poles seems to have been for a man to get a clean shave, and though he might have gray hairs and had not been in the country long enough to speak three words of English, swear he landed before he was eighteen. Impersonation is the most common method of fraud in the rural counties of this country. A man able to pass the examination will go before the court and get out the papers in the name of the man for whom they are intended.



A FORGED NATURALIZATION PAPER

This document is wholly counterfeit and a forgery, but looks so much like an original paper as to defy detection except by experts. This forged paper was taken by Secret Service agents from Antonio Siranni of 14th Avenue and 86th Street, Brooklyn. He had bought it of another Italian for \$6.50. The signature of the Clerk of the Court is but a clumsy imitation

get them all ready for filling in. Half of them would be used on genuine applicants and the other half, with the name so or blank, would be passed over to the gang. John W. E. York, Deputy Clerk in the United States District Court, Southern District of New York, supplied papers for \$5 each. A little variation of this occurred in the case of the clerk of the Westchester County Court, White Plains, New York. He had blanks printed with a little American flag in each corner, and charged \$2.50 extra for "specially decorated certificates." The thousands of Italians in Westchester County took to these with avidity. They were Repub-

In many cases the papers are defective rather than fraudulent. I have had brought to my notice in the past month, while investigating some phases of this matter, at least twenty instances of inspectors allowing men to register on first declaration papers, and thousands of men are voting on them in this nation to-day, and do not know any better. Anthony Suffert of 128 Lincoln Street, Flushing, New York, voted twenty-five years without naturalizing. But this is not at all surprising, when a judge will naturalize a Chinese and the Secretary of State will issue a passport to him. This colossal blunder was made in the case of Tom Lee, "Mayor of Chinatown." A Richmond County judge naturalized him under his real name of Wung A Ling, and he subsequently got a passport personally passed on and signed by the Secretary of State. Not long ago a judge in Elizabeth, New Jersey, naturalized a Chinese named Eng Fang Poos in all innocence of both parties. Quantities of defective papers I have examined, and inquiries made of the holders have convinced me that the majority of the courts that issue few naturalization papers do not know how to issue any properly. A judge in Evansville, Indiana, thought the applicant should undergo a physical and mental examination, and called in a doctor and a school-teacher. Many judges demand ability to read and write English and to repeat the Constitution.

"Bum" Citizenship Mills

But such amusing mistakes will work little harm. The great outrage against the native-born, who should rightfully consider citizenship in the United States a most precious heritage, is the political fostering in immigrant centres of citizenship mills. These are saloons, banks, restaurants, etc., whose proprietors are political gangsters, and gradually form cohorts of their fraudulently naturalized countrymen around them. The Federal authorities in New York are alive and awake, but are limited in funds and help. The Department of Justice rouses slowly. Thanks to General Henry L. Burnett, Joel M. Marx, and others, the stamp is put on such places as A. Cardone's saloon on Elizabeth, between Spring and Prince Streets, "Grand Headquarters for Bum Citizens," where hundreds of papers have been distributed; Nicolini's, Corner Spring and Mulberry, both rallying points for the Sullivan hosts, and the latest mill, Natale Stamili's place, One Hundred and Ninth Street and Second Avenue. Nicolini was one of Sullivan's election district captains. Just the day before these lines were written a letter came to me from a correspondent in Naples informing me that a man from Caserta had sent home for his three brothers and asked them to hurry, as he wished them to reach South Boston in time to register.

At other times and in other places I have thoroughly exposed the traffic abroad in American citizens' papers, both genuine and fraudulently obtained. Naples, Fiume, Palermo, Messina, Hamburg, Bremen, Antwerp, Rotterdam, Amsterdam, all have their little shops near the docks where emigrants embark where the papers are bought and sold. Agents in the United States are constantly engaged in collecting citizens' papers and passports and forwarding them to Europe. They are put to three uses.

Men desiring to escape military duty buy a certificate and passport with altered name and description, and represent themselves as American citizens. The Italian authorities force genuine American citizens to serve their term regardless. The government won a big test case, the Schipriano affair, some years ago. A man who has been in the United States and has gone home for a visit, or has been deported and wishes to get back without going to Ellis Island, buys papers and walks off the steamer at the dock. Only by courtesy of the steamship company is he even put on the manifest, and the only check the immigration authorities have on him is the hurried examination the boarding inspector makes aboard the ship. Even with such limits the boarding inspectors take a "bum" citizen into custody from nearly every ship, and I praise rather than condemn their work. The third and most common use is to victimize and swindle emigrants. Hun-

dreds of papers, some only first declaration papers, just so they have a seal, are sold to peasant emigrants in the ports by sharpers, who assure the emigrants that with such documents there is no danger of being denied admission at Ellis Island. I have known papers to be bought for \$4 and some to cost \$200. They are never presented here, however, unless the emigrant is obli-



A typical bank, money exchange, and notary's office. In institutions of this kind are kept the earnings of ignorant immigrant workers. Inaccurate accountings are made to them at stated periods, when absurd charges are also made for postage, letter writing, etc.

nate, for after the ship has sailed a confederate of the gang—sometimes a fellow passenger, but usually a member of the ship's crew—will find means to inform the emigrant that his paper is no good and he will be arrested if he attempts to use it. The confederate will offer the emigrant a few lire or marks for the paper, saying he can collect it as rebate from the sellers, and the emigrant usually gives up the paper and swallows his dose.

It is not impossible for this country to be plunged into war some fine day on account of fraudulent citizens' papers. Not only in many parts of Europe, but in all the principal business centres of the West Indies and Latin-America, where the peace is uncertain, will be found Syrians and Jews who pass as American citizens. There are several gangs of Syrians who make a regular business of obtaining by impersonation naturalization certificates for wealthy Syrian and Hebrew merchants who want American gunboats to protect their business interests. Not long ago, in Hayti, when gunboats were called for, the men who wanted them were Syrians who had never been in the United States more than long enough to change ship in New York. The "easy court" for the gang that furnished these papers was in Hartford, Connecticut. A notable arrest in this connection occurred on August 17. Habib J. Affak, a Syrian merchant of Hayti, secured "Hartford" papers and on them a passport from Washington, but Secret Service men got on his trail, and he was taken from a circle of wealthy and aristocratic friends on board the *Prinz Wilhelm II* when just about to sail. He did not even know where Hartford is. Wealthy Armenians are paying as high as \$1,200 for papers which will give them American protection when the Turk is in a nasty humor. That is record price.

Europe Laughs at Our Barriers

If the alien perjurer, counterfeiter, and forger has the excuse of political assistance and incitation in the matter of fraudulent naturalization, he certainly has none in the present flourishing systems of smuggling goods and immigrants—both highly profitable fields of endeavor. In the early days of my investigations on the Continent, I was astounded to find that it is commonly understood all over Europe that any man who has been denied admittance to the United States, as a criminal, anarchist, or person of loathsome and contagious diseases, need not despair if he has enough money to fee the smugglers. They laugh at our barriers. These are some of the devices: Leaguings with the officers of small sailing ships or steamers touching at small American ports to fail to manifest immigrants or to enroll them as members of the crew; direct bribery of American officials at small ports; smuggling over the Canadian and Mexican borders, etc. The latter method is the easiest and most popular. It is the best way for families. Said an official high in the Treasury Department to me the other day, a man who knows the game from twenty-five years' experience: "I can lead a drove of elephants covered with electric lights across the border undetected in a thousand places." Two and three years ago,

excellently organized bands of Jews and Syrians were smuggling immigrants across the Canadian border from Vermont west, but under the administration of Commissioner of Immigration Frank P. Sargent and the generalship of the American Commissioner in Canada, Robert Wachthorn, a large force of inspectors was stationed at the Canadian ports and border points, and arrests and prosecutions to the number of two or three hundred followed. A Jew named Louis Feighner was bringing diseased immigrants over the North Dakota line in wagonloads of twenty. He was arrested and indicted, but under secret pressure the grand jury rescinded its action and he is free and operative to-day. Convictions are difficult to get. The fight to cork up the Canadian border is still going on, and, thanks to the co-operation of the railways, the smugglers are abandoning their efforts and going to the Mexican border. For years a thin stream of undesirables has been trickling over the Rio Grande, but in the past eighteen months only has it become alarming. While in Italy, I found emigrants who had been denied permission to embark at Naples going north to Hamburg and Bremen, to sail for Vera Cruz, and notified the American officials. In the past few weeks Commissioner Sargent himself has been compelled to go to the Mexican border to organize the forces, to stop the procession into Texas, Arizona and New Mexico.

High Tariff Increases Smuggling

The high American tariff affords a rich opportunity to the Italian and Syrian of seacoast birth, with whom smuggling is a birthright, and the temptation is too great for the Jew. The customs officials have more trouble with Jews ten times over than with any other class, but in the other crimes of aliens—murder, blackmail, counterfeiting, extortion, etc.—they have little part. They will risk their property, but not their liberty. Constant vigilance does not quite suffice to keep pace with the clever operations of the organized bands. Few of the immigrants have more than the allowed \$100 worth of goods on their arrival, and, knowing this, the bands of smugglers turned to the immigrants when they found that the customs officials were making so many seizures of goods smuggled in by the officers and crews of steamships.

I had the pleasure some time since of detecting the latest development in their clever operations. One day on the Hamburg-American dock I saw two cards lying where some immigrants had been sitting waiting to go to Ellis Island after being taken off the *Patricia*. I picked them up and saw they bore two sentences, one in German, one in Hebrew. The one in German read: "Before you sail go to see Anton Masser, on the New Market, for advice and a beautiful present." It had a suspicious look, and, being on the watch for frauds, I took them to a knowing friend on board. He informed me that for several trips he had seen a few of these cards among the emigrants and surmised somebody was distributing them in limited numbers among the crowds before they came on board ship at Hamburg, and that there was some game behind it. The Hebrew was the same as the German, I found. A tedious investigation developed nothing until through a correspondent at Antwerp I learned that the same cards were being used there. Following his tips to New York, the whole story came out, and I advised the special agents on Ellis Island. The game is this: An emigrant receiving such a card and having spare time before sailing goes wandering to the indefinite address of the New Market, and when he comes to the marketplace, probably with the card in his hand, he is approached by a stranger who asks him if he is looking for Anton Masser. The emigrant says that he is, and the stranger replies that he works for Anton Masser and will show him the way. The emigrant is then led to the back room of a tobacco shop, where he is intrusted with from ten to forty pounds of the finest Sumatra tobacco, the quantity depending on the smuggler's judgment of the risk, the cleverness of the emigrant as an agent, and the capacities of his baggage for concealment. The emigrant is paid then and there, and told that if he is apprehended on the docks there will be a man there to "shut the inspector's eye." Ar-



A. Cardone's saloon on Elizabeth Street, between Spring and Prince Streets, New York, is the "Grand Headquarters for Bum Citizens," the home of the "get-American-citizenship-quick" crimes that are of the calibre of an international conspiracy.



"Nicolini's Corner" in New York is a fountain of fraudulent citizenship. Nicolini is a lieutenant to Timothy D. Sullivan, one of the Tammany captains. In this famous saloon new immigrants are promptly made citizens and their votes delivered to order.

arrangements are made for the taking up of the tobacco by the smuggler's American partners at the emigrant's final destination in the United States. The man in the market-place only approaches those emigrants who he thinks are worth bothering with. The tobacco is placed more frequently in dirty clothes in hand-baggage and cheap perfumery is spilled inside, while a chalk mark is put on the outside to assist the man who is to be on the docks. This man is usually a member of the ship's crew or an employee on the docks. Tobacco is given only to those emigrants whose destinations are New York, Boston, or Chicago, apparently in order that it may be collected easily. The quantity of Sumatra which has entered this country by this scheme can only be conjectured, but now the smugglers must find another way.

The Secret Service men have tied up all the native-born or Americanized counterfeiters in America to-day so thoroughly that there is little to be apprehended from them. Those who are not in prison are under constant surveillance, and every honest engraver who is capable of turning out a high-class plate (there are very few) is also closely watched every hour of the twenty-four. It is from the imported counterfeiters that all the bad money in this country to-day emanates. Every load of immigrants brings more of various calibers. Palermo, Naples, and Fiume ship some choice specimens. One gang of Austrians and Hungarians came to grief the 22d of October last, through a tip given by United States Senator W. Murray Crane of Massachusetts. Some one in New York was buying very fine paper from his mills of the kind used for money. He notified the Treasury Department. Chief W. J. Flynn and his men took the trail and located a plant at 1275 Union Avenue, New York City.

Paper, notes, plates, and press were found. Louis Glatt and Meyer H. Klein, restaurant men, Barnett Bleir, Nathan Grubert, and Simon Goldfischer, were arrested. Glatt and Bleir had copper plates in their possession when arrested. The plan seems to have been to make thirty or forty thousand dollars' worth of 20-kroner notes, hide the plant, and circulate the money through the money exchanges of this country. Bleir was brought from Austria, the Secret Service men say, to do the engraving. Chief Flynn says the notes would have defied detection. Some of the men concerned are of the first water of Austrian money-makers. How did they get passports to leave Austria and enter the United States undetected?

A Dollar that's Not a Dollar

One evening I was sitting with an Italian friend in a restaurant, and we were discussing American laws and restrictions, at which he was very much inclined to scoff.

"Did you ever see a dollar that is not a dollar?" said he. I shook my head, and he rolled across the table to me a silver coin. It seemed to me to be a dollar. I examined it with every care, and getting another from the cash register compared the two. They were exactly alike in weight, sound, color, milling, and all. At last I got them confused, and only my friend was able to point out which was which.

"That is what we call a Palermo dollar," he said. "Do you remember some years ago that Western silver miners were caught taking about seven million dollars' worth of silver into the Nevada City mint, and having it turned into money without being recorded? Well, that is just what is going on in Palermo to-day,

with variations. Silver is bought in San Luis Potosi, Mexico, or thereabout, shipped to Paris, then to Palermo, and minted with reasonable privacy. The dollars are jumbled with stones to nick them and laid in greased clay, then come over here in third-class baggage for distribution. They cost about forty-three cents and defy detection, except that the nicks are too similar, and it is said that the M on the neck is not quite deep enough, and the L in Pluribus is a thousandth of an inch crooked. You know every counterfeiter makes some little mistake. Here are two keepsakes. They are the first Palermo dollars. They were made by Palermo men in New Orleans, and the metal was from 5-lire pieces. Their date is 1891. See how they are worn. They were all right at first, but they seem to have been too soft. Some time I will get you some dollars fresh from Palermo."

This man is not one of the counterfeiters. He merely knows what many know. I obtained the coins made in New Orleans from him, and later, in a house in a street that is all Sicilian south of Fourteenth Street, saw several hundred Palermo dollars just brought by an immigrant lad on his way West. I have submitted two sample 1902 coins I obtained to experts, and they defy detection.

Evasion of the internal revenues and license fees of all sorts is a fine business and a rare amusement to our aliens of criminal bent. Treasury Department specials are constantly on the alert in a vain effort to keep pace with the new schemes laid to evade the law. The Bohemian and Hungarian cigarmakers and the Syrian cigarettemakers are the worst offenders. They buy domestic tobacco direct from the farmers, and often the Government never gets one cent of revenue from it, coming or going. (Continued on page 29.)



LENA KLEINBOWER'S VACATION

By
EUPHEMIA HOLDEN

Illustrated by MAY WILSON PRESTON



EXCELLENT women are apt to be plain. That does not mean that all plain women are excellent, nor that all pretty women are not. Merely it has happened to come within my observation that women whose distinguishing feature was excellence often had plain faces. It may be I was thinking only of Lena Kleinbower and seeking to deduce a principle from an example.

Lena has rugged features, ragged teeth, china blue eyes, and a wealth of truly beautiful golden hair. Admitting that comparisons are odious, the hair is rather a drawback, yet Lena gets satisfaction from it, and she is the one who needs reprisal.

When Lena first came to us as maid, she was so speechless we did not discover she stuttered. If those were tactics to cover her defect, she belongs to that talented company who by silence acquire reputations for genius. Later I came to believe that she had been in a place where the mistress talked a great deal about the servant problem. At least Lena acted surprised when we said pleasant and encouraging things to her.

Three months ago we left the abiding place of many stairs and many cares, and came to nest in the "Eyre," christened by mother the poetical who has a genius for naming babies, kittens and flats.

Just as one forgets pain when it is gone, so we have forgotten the weary weeks when we looked at flats all day, compared their disadvantages in the evening and dreamed about moving at night.

Having settled on the least disadvantageous, we find it is the ideal. We are happy in it—and what could one ask of a flat more than that? We are still content to reach home by an elevator, to have stars and sunsets and chimney-pots for neighbors—things of beauty which never gossip, sing, or give dancing parties.

To live above the world has been the ambition of philosophers since the world began, but few of them first took the precaution of leasing a fifth floor flat with four exposures. It is a great help.

Émile Souvestre, who wrote "An Attie Philosopher," had to climb for his point of view. Stairs would take the optimism out of any one except a man like Souvestre. He had such heights of soul within that neither heights without nor poverty or loneliness could destroy his abounding love for humanity.

Vacations in our family are like

the fox and geese puzzle. For some reason—a perfectly arbitrary and inexplicable one—certain combinations of us are never left together. Therefore, when I had had my trip, mother had almost finished hers and father was waiting for a later date for his, I suggested to Lena to take her three weeks. Lena was willing, and the day of her departure brought mother back, full of woods, poetry, and fresh breezes.

Mother has that rare Christian virtue said to be disappearing among American women, the virtue of being a good cook. Indeed, in our family it has disappeared between mother's generation and mine, for my masterpieces are chocolate fudges and prune meringue, and I deal in nothing but masterpieces.

It is quite fortunate we have mother in the family, since such stress is now laid upon food as the basic principle of moral character and success in life. The epigrammatist who said that the stomach was a cross field cut to a man's heart was thought to have made a rather radical statement. Nowadays good food has come to be reckoned as a royal road to a powerful national life.

We have reduced our work to a system. It consists in washing all the dishes and clearing up the rooms

right after breakfast, and doing just as little as we can the rest of the day.

It is not scientific, but it is very comforting. In fact, we are quite convinced that having to wash dishes three times a day is what drives girls into the factories.

When we had thus worn the daily routine into grooves, a spirit of wild adventure prompted us to take a trial trip in laundry work. The exact stimulus came in this way:

On the bargain counter I found dirty and crumpled a white linen dress of exceptional value. On the same day in logical sequence came an invitation to ride in a double-barreled, bright red automobile. Of course, I had nothing to wear but my linen gown, having forgotten what had previously preserved me from destitution and the comment of my friends.

Mother and I attacked the affair valiantly. It took much time, many hot irons, and continuous red faces, but it ended in triumph.

As I jumped into the automobile, crisp and satisfied, I suppressed by main force a wild guffaw of delight. Unfortunately, I did not cover the wake of the emotion. My partner in the rear seat was a Very Grand Person, whom I had never met before. He had been a war correspondent, and had performed feats of daring and "scooping" which made people's eyes pop out when they heard about them. I was surprised at his singularly mild and prepossessing appearance. He gave the impression of being almost human. This judgment was confirmed when I felt two keen dark eyes fixed on me and a voice of command muttering: "Tell me the joke. It is no use denying there is one."

At first I refused absolutely, though something in the twinkle of the eyes told me it would not be wasted. Strangely enough, I found that no alternative was offered, so I quoted with proper solemnity: "Let not your back neighbors know what your front neighbors have seen. An hour ago I was ironing my gown on the porch. Suppose my back neighbors could have been my front neighbors and seen the family slavey step into a four thousand dollar touring car, and sit beside a famous man. Isn't it the contrast that makes life worth living?"

When he laughed, I realized for the first time that he was famous. It was the most extraordinary, delicious, and manly sound I had ever listened to. It really is not fair that some people should have power to comprehend even the simplest suggestion of humor.

I was scrubbing, or rather wiping up—for we are blessed with hard wood—the floor in father's room, and found myself glowing with the exercise.

"Every bit as good as golf," I mused, "or rowing or horseback." For obvious reasons I did not say these things aloud, but they set me thinking.

Why couldn't scrubbing be made a popular sport? Under existing conditions scrubbing is a virtue and must be strictly its own reward, and virtue is often



Mother and I attacked the affair valiantly, it took many hot irons

slow in getting around with the premiums. If it were a little quicker there would not be so many discontented women.

After scrubbing, there are no smiling men in duck and flannels waiting around to congratulate you, no cool drinks on the clubhouse piazza, no feeling of festa or glimpses of fame and glory.

By my plan this would all be changed. The costume, ravishingly becoming, would consist of a cross between a golf suit and the pink dress, silk stockings, and white cap of the stage housemaid. Trial matches would take place in private houses, and contests in ballrooms or public halls. The trophies would be silver pails and gold-tipped mops. Not only would the nation be cleaner, but the contestants would feel virtuous as well as distinguished.

Besides, what a promise of comfort would the man have who married the Woman Champion of the International Scrubbing Tournament!

Just as I had finished these thoughts—and the floor—I heard the postman's ring at the door. I hurried to open it, as the postman is a good friend of mine, and I do not like to keep him waiting. Opening the door, I thrust out my hand. Instead of the letters I expected a man gave me his card.

It was the War Correspondent!

I gazed with horror at my rolled-up sleeves. I felt dazedly for the streaming strands of hair that drooped from my head. Then he laughed, and I was able to recover sufficiently to courtesy.

"In stories," I said apologetically, "when a girl is caught in a predicament like this, she always succeeds in passing herself off for the maid. Kindly believe that I am merely Mary Ann."

He agreed to do so with alacrity and understanding, and then I confided my scrubbing scheme to him.

Of course, it was the only thing he could do, but he spoke up with a gentlemanly promptness that was delightful. He said it would be an unquestionable success, provided scrubbing was as becoming to all girls as it was to—I don't remember the words.

The great trouble with the War Correspondent is that he has such a beautiful way of phrasing things that you almost believe he means them. It is very confusing.

Love in a cottage with roses over the door sounds delicious. The drawback is the lack of steam heat, hot and cold water, a gas range, and a porcelain tub. Then if you add these to the roses you have either a suburban residence or a city flat.

There might be worse things than love in a flat, provided the flat were sufficiently high up.

Of course, there are flats and flats, and the latter are usually apartments. They cost thousands a year and glisten with plate glass, velvet carpets, lace curtains, and marble. The elevator boy wears buttons and the



I was able to recover sufficiently to courtesy

janitor sends his children to a private school. Such things as these have nothing to do with young love.

But there are flats like ours. They cost a few hundred a year.

The elevator groans and wheezes and is frequently out of order. Our buttons is a little colored girl with a clean cotton frock and two gold teeth in front.

Yet if a girl were careful not to marry a man too big to be kept in one, there might be some very happy days, months, even years, in such little perches.

The washerwoman ironed all the towels and handkerchiefs, and left a large tablecloth. I can not deny it was cleverness on the washerwoman's part, but it gave me rather a bad quarter of an hour when I looked at its wrinkled surface.

I had been busy all the day, and probably would be the next, so I determined to go at the ironing right after supper. I registered a vow as daughter of the Republic and descendant of a Scottish clan, that before I slept that tablecloth should be smoothly laid away.

Barely had the first stream of perspiration run down my face than I heard the groan of the elevator and a ring at the door.

Father smiled when he came to tell me a gentleman wanted to see me.

Of course, it was the War Correspondent!

Despair gripped my soul. Was he always to find me drudging and hot and ugly—or must I send him away?

For even disregarding my vow to finish the tablecloth, I could not get to my room to dress, as it opened off the parlor. In cataloguing all the joys of an apartment, one is at times forced to mention its disadvantages.

Suddenly I remembered my confession in the auto-



It was in our hot, tucked-up, dear little kitchen, with the pans and egg-beaters leering at me

mobile and his laugh, then I thought of his approval of my scrubbing scheme, and with a mighty resolution taken I turned to father.

"Tell him," I said, "that I'm in the kitchen ironing. If he doesn't dare venture he'll have to go home."

I might have known no fighting man would refuse such a challenge.

He came. He roared with laughter. He handed me hot irons and spread clean newspapers on the floor. At intervals he mixed cold drinks and helped me fold the cloth when it was done. Between duties he sat on the kitchen table and whistled ragtime, while I accompanied him with my iron.

"Oh, dear me," I cried, overcome by the complete domestication of so noble a lion, "what would the Associated Press and the Crowned Heads and the Other Man say if they could see you now? 'Lo, how are the mighty fallen!'"

"Do you know," he replied earnestly, "I haven't had any home since I was a child. And I doubt if I ever sat on a kitchen table and watched a girl iron. A lady makes poetry of the commonest task."

I had given a Great Person a new sensation.

When the cloth was laid away we went out into the cool darkness of the porch.

I may live to see many lands and many wonders of sea and mountain, but never will I forget that hot city night on our own back flat porch, with the window-box, the icebox, and the boiler peering from their corners with unmistakable friendliness.

A soft breeze came from the river. Mysterious backs of houses were pricked by faint lights. Roof tops melted into a darkening sky, and the moon rose over the water, shedding a silver path on its restless surface.

Far off lay the city, its chimneys, towers, spires, and skyscrapers glowing in the whiteness of the moonlight.

He told me tales of other lands, of adventures and escapes that left me fascinated, breathless, marveling. Then we speculated, theorized, and discovered until the lights in the houses disappeared one by one, and we found it was long past calling hours.

Lena came back to-day and we welcomed her in. We were glad to see her plain face and shining hair, although her three weeks of vacation have meant much to mother and to me. In the ordinary run of our busy lives we sometimes do not pass beyond the first stages of acquaintance for weeks together. But in "the trivial round, the common task" we found opportunity for philosophy, gossip, comparison, and reminiscence.

The individuals who oppose the advancement of women have never come in contact with one whom the three K's did not satisfy. The women they knew held their affections by good pies and darned stockings. They never had a mother who understood their ambitions and half-defined dreams, a mother who could toss her mind back into her own youth and laugh understandingly at the follies, whims, and fancies that riot illogically through a child's brain.

"When are you coming back?" mother inquired of Lena. "We are ready at any time." Lena's face broke into smiles that furrowed and eddied and covered it all over.

"I not come back," she giggled and blushed, "I get married."

"Lena Kleinbower," I expostulated, "you said he was your cousin."

"I lied," replied Lena forcefully, if not elegantly.

This pseudo-cousin is a good-looking young German, a stone contractor, who wears immaculate checked trousers and a white yachting cap.

Doubtless Lena will soon be bowing to us from her own carriage—not the hauling wagons either.

"Oh, dear, oh, dear," I sighed after Lena had departed, "we are so lucky in marrying off the back part of the house. Just think of Josephine and Beatrice and Martha and Georgina and now Lena. The front of

the house is growing old and spinsterly, but nothing nice like a stone contractor happens to her!"

Mother, undiscouragedly optimistic, quoted:

"There never was a goose so gray,
But some day, soon or late,
An honest gander came that way
And took her for his mate."

We are going to have a dinner party. Not alone because it is my birthday, but also because we are anxious to display our new accomplishments to a select few who appreciate novel entertainments.

Though I am twenty-four, all the guests at my party, barring one, will have seen forty-eight.

The perfection of housekeeping would result from a lighthouse system of inspection. Then every drawer, closet, and cabinet would have to be in order all the time. Lacking an inspector, the best thing is a party.

We had a day of it scouring and straightening. One of the virtues of a flat is that, having no place in which to store things, you are forced to dump them into the paper barrel.

We polished the silver and took down the china with the green wreath around it that Great-aunt Somebody painted when she was the only woman who was painting china in America.

This is a brief suggestion of the things we did, both useful and ornamental.

The table looked very pretty, with its centerpiece of drawnwork over red and a vase of red carnations. The lamp had a new red shade, and the candles on the mantelpiece threw a soft and softening light on the faces about the board.

On the whole, the dinner went off very well. There was plenty of good talk to fill in the spaces when I could not get up and around as quickly as a fairy god-mother or a first-class butler. The food tasted as though a lady had cooked it. The guests seemed to think so too, and, after all, how much people eat is the real proof of the feast.

When it was done through to coffee and nuts, when lingering arguments were brought to a truce, most of us trailed back to the sitting-room. We trail because the hall is too narrow to admit of companionship.

I waited a moment to attend to some detail, and so did the War Correspondent, the guest who was not forty-eight. I can not tell how he maneuvered it, he has terrifying skill at that sort of thing.

"I am going into the kitchen," I said severely.

"Why, so am I! What a curious coincidence."

"You can't; it is piled sky high and no one's allowed."

"You have forgotten the night we ironed."

Of course, he went.

"Do you mean to say that beside all the other things you can give dinner parties with your own hands?" he demanded as the swing door closed behind us.

"No, I can't, it was mother."

"Mother didn't wait on the table looking so sweet and doing it so well. I could hardly—"

"I didn't either—let's go back," I interrupted rudely.

"You did that and more. Dear little birthday girl, why do you struggle? Didn't you know from the beginning it was useless?"

"But I've known you only three weeks," I gasped.

He smiled quietly.

"Does it seem so to you? It seems to me—always. I think I have traveled the world over only to come back to the starting place to find you waiting for me."

Oh, War Correspondent! Is it your wide experience in journalism that has taught you how to say the right thing—always?

I protested that it was nothing but the dinner that put him in that frame of mind. I assured him I wasn't really domestic, and that it was only a series of unfortunate incidents which made him think me a good housekeeper, for I knew what he was looking for. It wouldn't be fair for me to marry him under false pretences.

When I had finished my oration he laughed, that famous laugh which always undid me. He said I made a great many speeches merely for the sake of making them—which is perfectly true.

I had dreamed of love coming to me in a beautiful country, with a glistening beach and the ocean sounding in our ears like a trumpet call to life; far off the mountains from which soft breezes blew.

Instead, it was just in our hot, tucked-up, dear little kitchen, with the pots, pans, sieves, graters, and egg-beaters leering at me from the table.

I had dreamed of winning love by means of intellect and character.

Instead, it was just by scrubbing, ironing, and

waiting on the table. No matter how much he laughs, I shall always be sure that Lena's vacation was responsible both for her fate and for mine.

Also I had dreamed of a man, noble, generous, humorous, and distinguished—and my dream came true.

All of which shows that it does not matter where love comes, nor how, so long as it does come into every heart, to abide and to grow as the years move cheerily along.



"I get married"

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□ □

Should a Boy Play Football?

by WALTER CAMP

Mr. Camp, who is recognized throughout the country as one of the leading authorities in matters pertaining to amateur sport, is frequently asked by anxious parents whether it is injurious for their sons to play football. He has had so many of these letters to answer this year that it has occurred to him that it might be interesting and of value to publish an open letter expressing his convictions in the matter. He therefore addresses the following open letter to all mothers who are concerned as to the advisability of permitting their sons to take part in the game.

DEAR MADAM—I have your letter asking whether you should give consent to your son Edward's playing football. I dislike very much to put myself in the position of adviser on such a matter, that is, at least, in giving a definite answer without putting you in possession of all the facts. If you will pardon, therefore, a somewhat long letter in place of a direct "yes" or "no," I think I can give you facts from which you may reach a definite conclusion for yourself.

In the first place, I do not believe that any boy should undertake it who is not physically sound. You or your family physician at any rate can tell you more exactly about this in the case of Edward than I. Taking for granted that he is all right in this respect, I will endeavor to lay before you, first, the disadvantages, and then the advantages of the sport so far as I have seen them here in my connection with the University.

First, as to the disadvantages. The American boy as well as the American man certainly leans to excess in almost everything he undertakes. It is in the blood, and the ambition to succeed is such that it sweeps away anything like caution. Probably Mr. Brown, the boy's father, sometimes plays thirty-six holes of golf when eighteen would be better for him, and undoubtedly Edward's older brother, on those Saturdays you write me about, when he goes off to play tennis, plays five sets when three would be wiser. Possibly, if you will permit me to say so, you yourself often realize in the performance of your social duties that sometimes you are burning the candle at both ends. As I say, it is simply in the blood and enters into football as it does into everything else. Probably if Edward's father and Edward's brother and Edward's mother all possessed more of the English phlegmatic character, they would take things in greater moderation and undoubtedly live a year or two longer. Your son will be like the rest and overdo his sport.

And again, there is a chance of physical injury outside of the kind referred to above. That is, men do get broken arms, broken legs, sprains, and contusions of various kinds due directly to the violent personal contact of the men in playing this game. Edward may be at any time the one to receive the injury, but it is fair to say that the percentage of those suffering any permanent injury has been shown to be exceedingly small.

Again, if Edward is a high stand man, it is pretty certain that his stand will suffer somewhat on account of the time and attention devoted to the sport. If he is a low stand man this would hardly be the case, owing to the efforts and the pressure brought to bear upon him by his captain and his fellows to keep him up to that average which is necessary to secure the permission of the faculty for him to take part. I am inclined to think also, if his stand is in the middle of the class, that during the football season itself, especially the last two or three weeks of it, his record in scholarship would go down. The excitement of the main contests is great, probably far greater than would be advisable if it were possible for such things to be regulated to just a satisfactory pitch. It is likely also that such small holidays as Edward may be able to secure and pass with you during the fall will be given to his team, and you will, therefore, see less of him. When you do see him, I fear also you will find his interests so absorbed in football as to make you feel jealous of the attention he devotes to it.

To sum up, the disadvantages are that he will undoubtedly play more football than is reasonably good for him. His nerves will be somewhat overwrought under the considerable tension of competition and rivalry. He will probably receive some minor injuries, and may possibly receive a serious injury. His studies will receive less attention, and his family will also suffer in that regard. This, as it seems to me, sums up what one may call the disadvantageous side.

On the other hand, his career in the University will be far pleasanter for him if he should be successful in doing well at football; his acquaintance with his fellows be wider and more agreeable; and, provided he comes through without serious injury, he will

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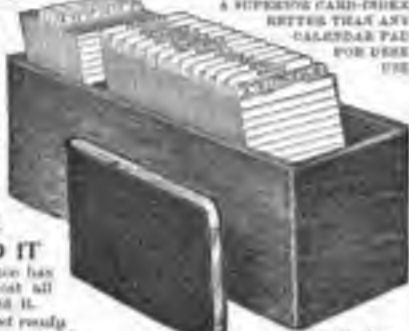
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every hillock against the repeated assaults of the Japanese. The echo of bursting shrapnel, always the terrifying shrapnel, was fierce; and the battle now moved on with the regularity and precision of a machine. The combatants were now so close at this point that the guns seemed to hug. Shells from the unseen Japanese guns were fanning the muzzles of our battery right at the top of the little pass separating Chiao-fan-tun from Meng-chia-fang, while on the opposite hill a Japanese, so close that I could make out the outlines of his cap—shoveling up shale to make a shelter or a gun position—wriggled like a salamander in a fire so hot that it seemed to pare off the entire crest of the hill as a wave rolls flotsam up a beach! The upper part of the man's body, moving like a pump-handle, disappeared, appeared, disappeared throughout the afternoon in a spot where it was incredible that anything could live. One gun alone was doing the work, sending shell after shell in such rapid succession that they broke like the thong and cracker of a whip, encircling the hilltop and whisking its crest away!

After watching this marvelous spectacle for two hours the firing began to increase on the west. It was now five o'clock. As I went over the long low hills constituting the inner battery position opposite the south wall of the Chinese city, I was surprised to find the ridge deserted. But the batteries were now concealed at the foot of the hills behind in the kowliang; and the whistle and howl of the shells was still so vicious as to make the flesh creep. It was cloudy and growing into half-light of evening. Looking back, I could plainly see the lurid flash of the guns where I had taken tiffin near the mouth of the Feng-Wang-Cheng road, and a sudden wish possessed me, a longing to be with the brave commander through the night. Here I passed the engineers on the last little knoll, removing debris where they had dug trenches that were never used. They had stepped aside to allow wounded to pass. These I followed down the crooked road into the kowliang, into the gloom and the night of the relentless kowliang. Soldiers burning with fever cast away their shirts, and between two companions hunched back it along the slimy track, their arched backs and bandaged chests kneading and hugging the steel, the clot and the fever in their vitals. Oh! but war is sweet! Better they were solitary on the ghostly peak, rigid within the deserted trench, quiet on the silent ridge, or cold-fared and puddle-choked within the dark kowliang, than to wander lost to their death that night!

The Battle at Night

For some time, in front, the long line of hills leading away from Shan-shan were flowered with explosions like a diffused volcano. In the half day, half night, now the fire, and now the fleece of the bursting shells leaps into view. Quick, Agatha, over the hill, out of range, out of sight of an enemy whom nothing escapes! But it is only to feel that to dodge a bullet here is but to meet the missile there. But the mare is only human, and she seems to know, as she knew when, a few days later, we gave the slip to our Japanese captors. We passed a battery in the kowliang—the blue, purple, green lights of the kowliang—long tongues of flame licking the blades toward us. Under the grewsome light and before the grewsome spectacle Agatha never flinched.

The battle line lengthened on the south and west as the Japanese, who kept up an insidious rush through the south valley all day, replacing the lost with reserves, plunged with indomitable determination into the charge. The Russian line is swept back—all but the little garrison, which will not surrender. There were men there who never surrendered. Some were swallowed up in the enemy's lines. Some came back in litters, and one, passing through the compound of the Scotch missionary, Dr. Westwater, sang, as he was borne along with his arm gone, of the glory of Kuropatkin. Four days later, when I was a captive in the Japanese lines, I learned what became of this brave little garrison, of whom scarcely more than a half-dozen escaped. All the world now knows how they were bottled with sandbags in a gallery of one of the trenches, and their lives spared by their gallant captors when they had been completely conquered.

At seven darkness closed the contest, and in my despatch concerning the day's work (among the very last despatches sent out of Liao-Yang) I was obliged to say that it was not possible at that hour to know the significance of the day's fight. This proved true, for reasons which made the morrow a memorable day. In the night, Mischenko was detached from the extreme right and despatched fifteen miles northward to oppose Kuroki, who in his dash for the Russian rear had arrived in front of the last Russian hill position east of Yentai. This night of September 1 was one of terrible suffering for those soldiers of the rearguard whom no aid could reach. It had been growing damp in the kowliang, and a great storm which had been gathering throughout the afternoon broke over the battlefield just as the cannon stopped. Across and through this three or four miles of kowliang plain the maimed and wounded wandered, lost in the serpentine roads, wrenched about in the slippery paths, caught in the sloughs and ditches—brave, whipped but unconquered men, doing the will of the Czar.

The order of the battlefield on the evening of this day was approximately as follows: Stakelberg was still facing Oka, on the railway and to the west of the railway, his right flank, after Mischenko was detached, left to General Griekoff. On Stakelberg's left, facing Nodzu, was Ivanoff with the Eastern Army, and on the left of this the Tenth Corps, facing Nishi. Ivanoff had his headquarters in the village of Ta-shih, but now moved back to a point east of the native city where he had two pontoon bridges in his

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Three miles to the south the Japanese were moving grandly over the low hills that had been the Russian innermost battery position. It was a long distance, but I could plainly see, and was the first there to discover, first a battery, and, in the breathless moment that succeeded, a company of infantry skirting the artillery works, open order; then another leaving its men and officers strewn over the slope, but coming grandly over the ridge and into the kowliang below. At this point and on this occasion one battalion lost every officer, and led by a corporal, was taken and entrenched near Ta-shih, where Ivanoff's headquarters had been a few hours before. This I learned from the column commanders themselves, after I had been taken in their lines. It is such feats as this which make the Japanese army of superior metal. If for each soldier to do his duty makes the army invincible, as some great generals have averred, then the army of the Japanese, which has proved itself capable of doing its duty, may claim to be one of the very best.

By this splendid advance the Japanese gained the plain in front of the last Russian intrenchments, and throughout that night not a soul slept in that city without the ever-present realization that the Japanese were slowly creeping up on the defenders. And dawn proved that the defenders had slowly fallen back before the encroachment.

The battle now developing along the east, I proceeded at daylight across the Taitse and along the railway to the north. At 7:30 Kuropatkin's train went north and stopped at a way station a third of the distance to Yentai. A long line of battle developed along the east, and for perhaps five miles the shells could be seen bursting over the crests of the lower hills. Artillery continued to move in that direction. The greatest miscellany of travel lined the road. Rickshaws carrying personal effects, canteen stores, furniture, were interlarded with civilian refugees on all sorts and conditions of animals and vehicles. Hospitals at all points.

Toward evening I arrived in front of the battle line. Two regiments were retreating as I came up along the railway leading to the coal mines. At the instant we came under sharp rifle-fire, and in the same moment the regiments received orders to go back. The Russians, all but beaten, had discovered that the army of Kuroki had spent its force after three days of fighting without rest, and they quietly held their ground until reinforcements were brought up. Fighting continued at this point two days later, but the Russians succeeded in making good their retreat to the Hun River. The battle, which raged here with great sacrifice and desperation on both sides, closed at sundown with the two armies occupying virtually the same positions with which they had begun the day.

Champagne, Always Champagne!

That night I was lucky enough to be the guest of a transport officer in the rear of the army, and to my amazement he solemnly opened champagne! Whether it is the devotion of the Russian to champagne—champagne for breakfast, champagne for lunch, and champagne for dinner—that makes him a good retreat, I do not know, but I am convinced that champagne in any case comes first, let retreat come when it may.

Late at evening I passed through Yentai on the railway.

It was now evident that Kuroki's rush for the Russian rear had failed. The following morning, September 3, I again turned south to find what was to be the fate of Liao-Yang. A long line of transport and everything attaching to a great army still poured along the several roads leading to Mukden. Parallel to the railway the road was a hundred yards wide, and as I approached closer to Liao-Yang hundreds of coolies were seen engaged in making a graded road as though to secure the artillery of the rearguard a safe retreat in case of rain. Where the Commander-in-Chief's train was waiting, a field hospital filled with wounded occupied a large space beside the track and was receiving additional wounded from the hills on the east and from the kowliang on the west. An officer here told me that Mischenko had reported the repulse of Kuroki and his retirement and had recrossed the railway with his cavalry and artillery division to take part in a big infantry attack now being made. This officer said that the war was now to be decided, but I could not make out whether he regarded his own people as beaten or the Japanese. I suppose that his statement was identical in class with those many ambiguous remarks which one hears at all times among Russians or any other people under the same circumstances.

I could now see a great smoke arising from the Liao-Yang settlement, and I knew that the stores which it was impossible to remove were being burned, perhaps the settlement itself. Three miles north of the city I met an American photographer, who told me that he had heard cheering in the kowliang west of the railway, and supposed the Russians were making their infantry attack. Liao-Yang looked to him like a city of the dead, and the zone bordering the Taitse, he said, was under fire. Urging me to take the low road next the railway embankment, he rode away.

The plain bordering the north bank of the Taitse was the theatre of a scene such as one never may see except in the rearguard of an army. In this zone of fire camp-followers were lounging about with their spare horses for the guns and baggage. Baggage wagons went bounding and rattling along, half-filled with stores looted from the shops in the city and the settlement. As these wagons neared the little camps along the road, they whipped up their horses to a run to save their cargo from these half-soldiers,

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(And this is addressed to the gentleman who is now reading it.)

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half-outlaws, not forgetting to throw a few handfuls of lump sugar or biscuits to the outlaws as a compromise. Along the east, leading north from the Taitse for a couple of miles, the battle spluttered—a line of shells bursting along the ridges, while in the foreground beside the road there were being buried those who were destined to be among the very last of the Liao-Yang dead. Liao-Yang was now the rear of Kuropatkin's great army of approximately 180,000 and the front of a Japanese army of equal number. But the appearance of the place at noon—especially the presence still of two large pontoon bridges in the river—reassured me, and I went into the city, entering by one of the numerous breaches made by the Russian engineers. Just inside it was sunny and quiet, and here I met three officers who smiled in an uncommon way and bowed extravagantly. But this conveyed no idea of the terror along the south wall at the same moment. There the rear-guard was streaming through the gates under Japanese shell-fire which carried away the tower of the main gate, battered the semilune walls, and struck death and amazement among the Chinese, scores of whom began to pour into the native Red Cross refuge and into the mission at Dr. Westwater's. Where the Russian rear-guard moved, in and around the walled city, the Japanese kept up a continuous fire all afternoon. With the approach of evening and the arrival of the maimed and dying in baskets, rude litters and on foot, at the mission, and the soldier-wounded, the night promised to be more terrible than ever. Cannonading was heard in the north, and at sundown there was a revival all along the battle line. The staff of the rear-guard commander declared their determination to hold the city until the next day. They had lost 11,000 men, but against all odds the city would be kept until morning. But, as at other places, this staff reckoned without their host, for at eight o'clock they were driven back, the tide of battle was swept north and was but faintly heard in the distance, the Japanese were in possession of the gates, and I was a prisoner!

I have stated that the opposing armies were approximately 180,000 each. But it is not possible to confirm this. Indeed, the would-be authorities on both sides vary as much as a hundred thousand in their estimates! I merely, therefore, make a general statement, based upon my own judgment, willing to concede to the reader the privilege of balancing mine with the official statements, which are doubtless worthy of consideration. Upon the estimate made above, it is safe to say that the losses were 10 per cent, and I believe the official despatches from both sides bear this out in substance.

The story of the Russian Army of Manchuria from Ping-Yang in Korea to Mukden is one of falling back, and, looked upon in this light, the achievements of General Kuropatkin are worthy of consideration and credit. The evidence seems pretty conclusive that the Russian army has generally been beaten by an inferior number of troops. Looking at the contest in front of Liao-Yang with a desire to appreciate the efforts of both sides, it appears in some respects to have been one of the greatest. Certainly six days of more or less constant artillery duelling over a battle line from ten to twenty-five miles in length, under such difficulties of transportation as the Japanese surmounted, must stand as an achievement. The results are that Kuropatkin fought a hard and creditable battle, and that the Japanese, though defeated and disappointed in their aim, yet won a glorious victory.

OUR IMPORTED CRIMINALS

(Continued from page 20)

It is brought into their factories, no record is made of it in their sworn statements, it is made up into cigars and cigarettes, and sold in small packages to (illegally) stamped boxes. The number of alien tobaccoists and saloonkeepers in the United States is enormous, and one out of every four will refill boxes if he gets the chance. Arrests are constantly being made, but have little effect. In every large city in the country cigars are peddled in the foreign quarters on the street by men carrying shoe-laces, collar-buttons, etc. Their customers are not Americans, but aliens. The officers only catch offenders by accident or through some tip sent in anonymously for revenge. The Italian employs the vendetta, the Jew and the Syrian the anonymous letter to the specials.

A gigantic parasitical growth is the *padrone* or *galeone* bank system among the Italians. Far more extended than the naturalization frauds, and not a tenth so easy to apprehend in misdoings, yet with an effect highly inimical to the best interests of this country, they form a field for years of study in themselves. Nothing of the romance that pertains to the smuggler and counterfeiter hangs about them. Their atmosphere is an intensely sordid one, for their main achievements are compassing the wide-open violation of the contract labor law, and squeezing from the honest Italian laborer an astounding percentage of his hard-earned pay. They are abusing the wage standard, by standing ready to furnish large corporations with an unlimited supply of good labor at a few weeks' notice. They are preventing tens of thousands of our best Italian immigrants, the sturdy peasants who come here to work, from remaining to be good citizens, by inciting or forcing them to return home, in order that they may round out their profits by selling them tickets home. Their operations have such multiplicity and variety that a given description is difficult to apply cor-

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rectly to any two of them. There are many padroni who are not bankers, there are many bankers who are not padroni, but the majority are both. A sample routine with one man is this:

Giacomo Petruccio of Avellino, thirty years old, a peasant with a wife and three children, receives a letter from a cousin in Newark, New Jersey, telling him that if he wishes to come to America he has a friend, a banker, who will lend him the money and find him work. Giacomo, having heard the stories of America, makes haste to reply that he is willing, and the next letter from his cousin brings the passage money or an order for a prepaid ticket. The letter tells Giacomo to allow no one to know that he has work promised him, and to come "recommended" to the cousin. On arrival at the home of his cousin in Newark, New Jersey, Giacomo finds that his labor is already sold to Pietro Gonsalvo, the banker, and the cousin informs him that the banker is his *padrone*, as the dialect has it, or is his protector and employer. Temporarily he labors in some excavating work, where the foreman is one of Gonsalvo's men, then one day he is called to the bank and told that whereas he has been earning eighty cents a day he is now to earn a dollar and ten cents, and is to work on a railroad. With his cousin and others he joins a gang of hundreds in charge of one of Gonsalvo's men, and they go to a camp in Pennsylvania, where a mining spur is being built. His mail is all addressed in care of the bank. If he is as illiterate as most of his kind, the bank writes his letters. Incidentally, it saves his wages, giving him so much for spending money. It is safer for the bank to have the money, he is told. He never knows how much the banker draws for his labor on pay day. Often in gangs, where the men get the envelopes direct, the banker's men at once collect them unopened. At the end of a limited length of time the banker renders Giacomo an account, in which he finds he has performed ninety days' labor, when he is sure it has been ninety-five. He is charged \$1 for postage, \$3 for letter writing, \$40 for food, wine, and beer, \$6 for clothes, \$5 for doctor's attendance, etc. If he protests, he is told he can go elsewhere to work if he wishes. If he weakens, he is henceforth completely in the power of the *padrone*, and takes what he gets. When he has saved \$100, let us say, the banker forwards it home for him and charges a percentage. Gradually Giacomo awakens to his situation, but the astute banker shifts him to another gang and raises his pay and advises him to send for his wife and children. Out of Giacomo's own money he "advances" him the tickets, and at the end of three or four years in this country Giacomo may have all his family here, and a credit of \$300 or \$500 with Gonsalvo. Suddenly Gonsalvo gets short of work. He advises Giacomo to go back to Italy, as hard times are coming in America, and Giacomo and his family buy tickets of Gonsalvo, clear the books, and return to Avellino. A fresh "greenhorn" takes Giacomo's place. During this period the banker has been taking from five to forty per cent of Giacomo's rightful earnings directly, according to his cupidity, and half as much more indirectly by overcharging for services and maintenance. The great railroad, which has been using Giacomo's labor, keeps in close touch with the banker because he can furnish the labor at the desirable price. Often the banker has a trusted man who goes over once a year and enlists several hundred new men, but coming to America at the instance of a relative is the safest way of evading the contract labor law and getting the poor peasant enmeshed without arousing his suspicions. Sometimes the poor peasant interrupts the programme by burying his clasp-knife in the banker's body, then the banker has been "killed by the Mafia."

Recommendations

To Pacify Naturalization and Guarantee it in Future.—Issue writs from United States District Courts to all naturalized citizens in each district, to show cause why their papers should not be revoked. Establish a card index from these procedures of all aliens entitled to naturalization, and issue new certificates countersigned by holder and containing his physical description, crossed by seal to prevent alteration. Extend present card index of arriving aliens to all unnaturalized aliens in the country, and compel semi-annual reports to United States Commissioners of residence and occupation. New certificates should be issued by United States Commissioners instead of minor courts.

To Stop Smuggling of Immigrants.—Examine for admission to the United States in European home communities, extend the card index, and compel aliens in the country to show certificates of admission at semi-annual report.

To Stop Goods Smuggling.—Devise a system where inspector and passenger do not meet, and deport immigrants caught smuggling.

To Stop Counterfeiting Among Aliens.—Deport criminals on European records developed in extending card index, and deny admission on same to new criminal immigrants.

To Stop Revenue Evasion.—Increase penalties and deport after conviction and service of term.

To Break Up Padroni System and Contract Labor Importation.—Examine for admission as recommended above, with care as to destination and intentions, and deport padroni under new Federal legislation.

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A GHOST STORY BY

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This is a very modern ghost and it appears in very modern surroundings. It is a kindly ghost, too, and it helps out the hero of the story. Mr. Chambers is never more at home than when in the realm of the occult. In this brilliant story he quite sustains his reputation.

The Soul of Nicholas Snyder

THE STORY OF A SAILOR LOVER BY

Jerome K. Jerome

This tale is in a rather new field for the author of "Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow." Mr. Jerome drops his broadly humorous style and in this picture of Holland life writes almost a fairy story—the story of the love of a sailor and his young sweetheart.

Simple Folk

STORIES OF LIFE-SAVERS BY

F. Hopkinson Smith

Real men and real heroes, the men that the author has known at the life-saving station on Naukashon Beach, are told of in these stories. They are the sort of yarns that a man enjoys reading when comfortably housed and seated in front of an open fire.

A Christmas Sketch

WRITTEN FOR COLLIER'S BY

George Ade

The author of "Fables in Slang" has devoted himself almost exclusively to play-writing since he became the most-talked-of American playwright. His "College Widow," now running in New York, is the most complete of the season's metropolitan successes. Mr. Ade's humor and good-natured sarcasm, written in the form of a literary sketch, has therefore the interest of a novelty, and may be awaited with corresponding curiosity.

Home for the Holidays

A FULL-PAGE DRAWING BY

A. B. Frost

A scene true to the life of thousands of homes at the holidays is depicted by Mr. Frost,—a country boy just home from school or college is telling his astonished and delighted parents about the athletic glories of his alma mater.

Other Illustrations

WILL INCLUDE PICTURES BY

Charles Dana Gibson

Frederic Remington, Walter Appleton Clark, Jessie Willcox Smith, Harrison Fisher, C. M. Relyea, and W. Granville Smith. Maxfield Parrish has painted the cover for the Christmas Number, which will be reproduced in colors.

THE HOLIDAY SEASON IN COLLIER'S

OF the many attractive features to be presented in Collier's holiday issues one of the most important is the beginning of the new series of "Raffles" stories—the first tale, "Out of Paradise," to appear in a special "Raffles" Number on December 10. It was at our request that Mr. E. W. Hornung

consented to write ten more adventures of the Amateur Cracksman, and the new series promises to surpass in excitement and interest the earlier collection,—which, by the way, also started in Collier's. The illustrations by Cyrus Cuneo are in thorough sympathy with the humor and spirit of Mr. Hornung's narrative.

ALTHOUGH we have given up serials, we have not been able to resist publishing three-part stories, especially when the stories are so good. We have two of these

for early use: "The Blood is the Life," by F. Marion Crawford, and "The Burglar and the Blizzard," by Alice Duer Miller.

Mr. Crawford has done nothing more virile or intensely interesting than this ghost story, the characters in which are taken from the peasant life of a remote village in Calabria. All the superstition and passion which runs riot in the veins of these semi-barbaric people is depicted with splendid color and dramatic force.

The Five Christmas Numbers

WAR and the heats and wrangles of the campaign have lately held pretty uninterrupted sway in the pages of Collier's. The holiday season is upon us now and it is high time that we sought fresher fields and became a bit more cheerful. We are going to try hard not to print any war pictures or war news in the five holiday numbers of Collier's. Instead of war there will be short stories—sparkling and cheerful, suited to the holiday season. Instead of war pictures there will be drawings, some reproduced in color, by the best known American illustrators. Nearly every American author and illustrator of the first rank will be represented in these five Christmas numbers. Other periodicals have one special Christmas number. Collier's will give its readers five of them.

LIKE most of Mrs. Miller's work, "The Burglar and the Blizzard" is a tale of very modern people and places every one knows, or at least knows all about. There are but three characters—a worldly bachelor, his former college classmate, recently turned second-story worker, and the innocent and charming sister of the latter. The character drawing of the ill-assorted trio is capital, the dialogue is as good as Mrs. Miller has ever done, and the situations are as unique as they are humorous.

MR. Dooley" will join with George Ade and Booth Tarkington in the themes of lighter vein, and Oliver Herford will pursue the adventures of his Persian Kitten in further verses of the "Rubaiyat." Jerome K. Jerome will contribute a story called "The Soul of Nicholas Snyder." It is almost a fairy tale, describing the love of a sailor and his young sweetheart. The Sherlock Holmes stories and the Agnes and Egerton Castle series, already begun, will be continued.



Illustration for "Out of the Depths," drawn by Walter Appleton Clark



Illustration for "Raffles," drawn by Cyrus Cuneo



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The Curtain Lifted at Last on the Private Lives and Secret Intrigues of the French Court

The Courtiers and Favourites of Royalty

A Few Sets at Less Than Half Price

The private lives of Madame Du Barry, Josephine, Marie Antoinette, Madame Pompadour, Louis XIV., XV., and XVI., and their contemporaries impress the backstairs-and-kitchen-grounds side of French Court History. And where so much was set about with secret designs, and where so little was done above board; where double counsels dictated treaties and appointed ambassadors; where statecraft was practiced and laws were made in private dining-rooms; it is impossible to comprehend the curious events of that period without knowing the intimate details of these underlying causes. "Cherchez la femme" (seek the woman) was the key to the understanding of relations between governments and the rise and fall of ministers of State and Church.

The Battle opened so easily and closed so tightly that the penning of personal memoirs which laid bare the secrets of the most scandalous and profane regime in the history of the world was a very serious matter. Still some of the most influential courtiers and favorites have told the real facts about their own lives as well as those of their fellows with frankness and abandon that have never been matched. Madame Pompadour's favorite phrase, "After me the deluge," expresses the speculative-sage attitude of the time.

Some of these memoirs were secretly hidden, until after their authors died. Others were confiscated by the police, and burned by the common hangman in Paris. Under the authority of Dr. Leon Vallee, Librarian at the National Library of France, the twenty volumes of these memoirs have been gathered, translated, and illustrated.

The undersigned has secured a few sets of these personal French Court memoirs, from a limited restricted de luxe edition, limited up to only a few dozens a volume. Through a mistake at the library, they were bound in American Morocco instead of French, and will be sold to the first buyers at an exceptionally low price, less than half their price, upon monthly payments if preferred.

A booklet describing the edition, together with price particulars, will be sent you if you send the inquiry slip at once.

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"Sherlock Holmes is the liveliest of all the games which have become popular fads. The game is laughter and excitement from beginning to end, and while light in its nature, is becoming as much of a rage as Ping-Pong in its prime."

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"Society, always on the lookout for unique diversions, has seized upon the new card game, Sherlock Holmes, and the simple fun-making game already claims in hundreds of thousands of devotees."

—Boston Herald.

In the Sherlock Holmes Game all play at once and there is not a dull moment from start to finish. It is a light, bright, catchy card game which everybody likes. It is now the largest selling game in the world.

This game is made by Parker Brothers, of Salem, Mass., New York and London—the makers of Pat, Squire, Bid, Flinch, Ping-Pong, and many other famous games. It is sold by Department Stores, Stationery and Sporting Goods Dealers everywhere. The price is fifty cents; gold edge, seventy-five cents.



IDIOTS VOTE IN NEW YORK. This is no joke. It is an illustration of the importance of ballot forms. The feeble-minded, who could not manage a Massachusetts ballot at all, are as good as anybody in New York. In 1900, when McKINLEY and ROOSEVELT were the Republican nominees, we happened to enter into conversation with an idiot friend, who may as well bear the name of JERRY. Handing him a sample ballot, we asked him how he intended to cast his vote. He made a cross under the eagle, and, in spite of attempts to confuse him, insisted that he was voting the Republican ticket. "Who is running on that ticket?" we next inquired. "TEDDY and MATINNY" (McKINLEY), he replied. "What is TEDDY running for?" "Oh, TEDDY, he run for President." "And what is McKINLEY running for?" JERRY thought a moment. "MATINNY running for Mayor, ain't he?" Continuing our instructive intercourse, we asked him if he approved of trusts. He did, and we asked then what he understood by trusts. JERRY smiled. "When you go to the store, you get trusted," he replied. JERRY, in our opinion, is in many respects a typical New York elector—an extreme case, perhaps, but illuminating. As an unfortunate human being he has our sympathy, but on general principles of government should the ballot not be arranged to meet the requirements of a somewhat more intricate intelligence?

SOCIALISTS MAKE GOOD COPY. The DERS vote has put them in eruption. Our mail from them is gunpowder, spice, and ginger. One quotes from a newspaper man the following emphatic opinion: "The business of the New York journalist is to destroy the truth, to lie outright, to pervert, to villify, to fawn at the feet of Mammon, and to sell his country and his race for his daily bread. We are the tools and vassals of rich men behind the scenes. We are the jumping jacks, they pull the strings and we dance. Our talents, our possibilities, and our lives are all the property of other men." We reprint this declaration because it will give acute pleasure to all readers who share the opinion, while to others it will be what Mr. GILBERT sympathetically calls a source of innocent merriment. Another Socialist, naturally hopeful since the election, quotes JOSH BILLINGS: "Don't snub even your poor relatives. They might get rich." We ought not to have fun with the Socialists, because they might get into power. However, if they do, they will not, so we are assured, suppress this paper. Probably they will buy it up and have it conducted by the State. The State will make the machinery, set the type, manufacture the white paper, breed the artists, dictate their subjects, employ the writers, and outline the arguments. The result will be one long, sweet song, and all the journals will keep the tune. "Just as I told you once before, son, you had better read up a bit on Socialism," another cheerful post-election reader advises us, and he thinks the Socialist reading we have already done has begun to work. "I can see that you are coming, and I have hopes for you. I will wager my bull-pup against your bootjack that such an editorial as yours, entitled 'In the Woodpile,' in this issue, could not have been knocked out of you with a rock-oak club twelve months ago." Perhaps by the time DERS is President, and COLLIER's is run along with coal fields and hat factories by the Government, we shall have absorbed enough of the inspired doctrines to retain our editorial position.

WHAT MR. ROOSEVELT WILL DO after 1908, although not a matter requiring immediate solution, seems to interest a large number of persons. The recurrent rumor that he is to be President of Harvard seems to us less suited to the telegraphic sections of the newspapers than to the humor column. Harvard, like the colleges generally at present, seeks advertisement, but would hardly go so far as this step would imply. Mr. ROOSEVELT makes an excellent President of the United States, but for the Presidency of Harvard he has no obvious qualification except notoriety. We have a much better plan for him than that, although it will probably receive the approval neither of him nor, roughly speaking, of anybody else.

Why should he not again be Governor of New York? JOHN QUINCY ADAMS did some of his best work in the House of Representatives after he had been President. It is a cheap idea of dignity, and one peculiarly unsuited to a Republic, that approves the position that an ex-President is too hallowed an object to be useful in a lower office. Mr. ROOSEVELT, we believe, is going to make a splendid record in his second term. The sweeping victory which will probably injure his party will improve his own disposition and point of view. After a high success in his last term as

President, it would be an inspiring, profoundly republican step, for him to go on with public work. The reason that Governor of New York is what we should like to see him become is that his abilities as an executive are greater than his abilities as a legislator. In the Senate, or in a diplomatic post, he would not be at his best. As Governor of the Empire State he would do an enormous amount of good.

THE AVALANCHE OF BOOKS printed in our day to some people seems unfortunate. We do not feel this burden heavily. True, nobody has time to read them all, but nobody has ever been able to hear all the talk with which the world is flooded. Books are but talk in binding. Mechanical processes having improved, and common schools increased, more talk is bound up to-day than formerly. A book is of far less importance in the public mind to-day than a newspaper was a century ago. The book to-day is easier to make than the newspaper was in 1800. We throw it away with less concern. It is difficult to select the best books from so large a mass, but it is also difficult always to hear interesting instead of heavy or vacuous conversation. We do not grieve for lost pins, unheeded words, or worn-out horns, stoves, or tambourines. That we still look upon a book as something which ought to be immortal shows merely the persistence of ideas when the conditions from which they arose are long since dead. For our part, we find trouble enough in the structure of this universe, without stopping to waste regret over the submersion of a certain bulk of bound-up talk. The world has never stopped revolving to listen to the observations of any of its creatures, whether those remarks were wrought on papyrus or shrieked into the wilderness.

WHY IS IT THAT CLAIRVOYANTS, who can give others information about the future course of stocks, do not themselves acquire fabulous wealth? Or rather, to put the question accurately, is it not odd that so many apparently sane human beings are found every year to trust palmists, clairvoyants, get-rich-quick schemes, and friends who give them sure things on horse races, markets, and politics? The utter absence of the sense of fact and evidence seems to be one of the most persistent human traits. The dupes who imagine they understand the stock market, or who pay five dollars for a clairvoyant's opinion of the future, are after all on a level intellectually with the horde of trained editors who, thousands of miles from the scene, give such precise advice to generals in the field. Innocent of military training, ignorant of the number and quality of troops engaged, without knowledge of geography, lacking, indeed, every kind of information on which a conclusion should be based, newspapers all over the world have been busily telling KUROPATKIN, OYAMA, KUROKI, TOGO, and STOESSEL precisely what to do, and freely deciding their faults and merits. The Delphic oracle, looking around for men who restricted their convictions to what they had sufficient reasons to believe, would find them as rare to-day as in the time of SOCRATES.

THE KAISER IS ORIGINAL in more ways than one. In spite of his unrivaled respect for himself and all his ancestors, he promulgates the doctrine that a man shall not be punished for *lese-majesté* if he can prove that, when he made the unappreciative utterance, he was drunk. Progressive Germans, who wish their sons to be untrammelled in their thought and speech, will teach them to look freely upon the wine when it is red, or the beer when it is brown. Reports from China say that tea shops in Peking all have notices posted up that the frequenters are to avoid the discussion of political questions, including the topic of coolies sent to South Africa for British business purposes. Perhaps China will sometime reach a stage of intellectual emancipation which will enable her to excuse such discussions wherever all the disputants are drunk. Similar excuses might be made for the press representatives in Asia, according to whose accumulated despatches the Russians have lost 860,500 soldiers killed, 1,850,000 wounded, 95,500 captured, 261 battleships, and 1,898 torpedo boats and destroyers, while their opponents have lost 1,040,000 killed, 1,490,000 wounded, 131,000 prisoners, 49 battleships, 84 cruisers, and 692 torpedo boats and destroyers—this calculation not including any of the soldiers put out of action in front of Port Arthur except the 60,000 killed. Chefoo has a bad reputation for veracity. Perhaps it is not to blame. The intoxicating beverages there may be abundant and of superior quality.

OUR IMPORTED CRIMINALS

By BROUGHTON BRANDENBURG

II.—America: Europe's Felon Colony

What two years ago was termed "a wave of alien crime" has settled in an appalling tide. The growing millions of Europe threaten to give a new and deplorable color to our public morals. Meanwhile the police stand helpless and baffled before blooded daylight murders, kidnappings for ransom, blackmail and extortion, and kindred outrages. Secret Service men, special Treasury agents, immigrant inspectors, and district attorneys are kept on constant tension in an effort to cope with the deluge of the criminal classes of Europe shipped on emigrants to the United States by their Governments. This is the second of a series of three articles by a practical expert on aliens, who seeks his information by living and working with aliens on both sides of the Atlantic. The first, published last week, was entitled "Naturalization Frauds, Smuggling, Counterfeiting, Ransom, Begging, and Pauper Beggars," the third, to be published in the issue of December 10, will tell "The Truth About the Mafia."

THE sublime ignorance of this nation of the flagrant social impositions put upon it by Continental Europe is matched only by the misinformed and irresponsible attitude of Continental Europe toward the actual conditions of American life. It is apparent, y the popular belief on the Continent that "in the wilds of the sparsely settled United States the European criminal overflow, by coming in contact with raw nature and fighting the battles of the pioneer," will become clarified and normal. They know not the wrong they do us, nor do they care. That is the doctrine of criminologists with reference to penal colonies. It has worked successfully in Australia, New Caledonia, and Java, just as it did in Virginia two hundred and fifty years ago. It is not operative in this country today, and we are breeding nests of vipers in our foreign quarters as a result. So widely scattered are these plague spots that as yet we are not blinking an eyelash. When the leaven begins to work and spread will come the trouble. The outrage is not old, nor does it at present affect more than one-fourth of the country. We are busy thinking of other very important things, and have no adequate sources of information. It would be a poor patriot, however, who, having in hand the convincing proofs of actual conditions, did not sound the high alarm.

Russia, Austria-Hungary, Italy, France, Greece, and Turkey are officially permitting, sending, assisting, and forcing thousands of their worst criminals to the United States as emigrants.

This startling statement, which should bring every true American to sharp attention, I propose now to prove.

It will first be necessary to show that criminals or suspects can not get to the United States in numbers without being permitted and assisted, then to give specific instances showing how criminals have emigrated, and lastly data to show they are here.

In Russia, a Pole or Jew wishing to emigrate must make a time application for a permit and passport, which must bear the signature of the local executive officer of the district who has at hand the applicant's complete record in the criminal and civil registers. In Austria-Hungary any man wishing to leave the country must get a passport signed by the chief of police of his district, who has every means, both of knowledge and record, of telling whether the man is a criminal or not. In Italy any man wishing to leave the country must secure a certificate of birth from the secretary of the commune in which he was born, and, on presenting this to the *questor* or district chief of police, who has a complete record of the man's civil, military, or criminal life, a passport is issued to him. Without it he can not buy his tickets nor go on board a ship.

The laws of Greece and Turkey are closely similar. In all these countries they are sharply enforced, Italy and Russia being very severe in the matter. A man can not purchase a railroad ticket beyond the border without a permit or passport, or both, and any steamship ticket broker selling a passage to a man without a passport is liable to a very heavy fine and imprisonment. The police *vize* or issue all the passports, and the police inspect the trains and stand at the steamship gangways looking at each man's papers. Therefore, if a criminal leaves the country he does so by the permission and assistance of the police, except in the cases of a few runaways. In each of the countries named no officials are nearer to the seat of government control than the police. Any continued attitude of the police is an attitude of the government's interior policy.

Any person who reads the daily papers need not be told that alien criminals are here in numbers. It requires but a few statistics to convince any logical mind.

Last year 47 per cent of the crimes in Chicago, with a 19 per cent foreign population, were done by aliens. For the past five years the increase in alien crimes has been about 3 per cent a year in proportion to the alien population. In New York last year 175,871 persons fell into the hands of the police, and of these 84,101 were foreigners, in a city whose daytime population

is but 28 per cent foreign, and in which there are 350,000 Jews, who are loath to have dealings with the police, so the percentage must be still further reduced. The last report of the United States Attorney-General shows that of the convicts in federal prisons one in every seven is an alien. Also, that proportionately two aliens escape conviction where one native goes free, owing to the difficulty of getting evidence. Here again deduction must be made on account of the Jew. Of the 1,482,000 Jews in the United States, only three are in federal prisons and only seventy-nine have appeared in the last year in federal courts. In this connection it might be mentioned that one-seventh of all the Jews in the world are in the United States, and all but a handful of these have come in the past twenty-seven years. The annual immigration averages for the past several years nearly 40,000, and the natural increase by birth is 11 per cent. Inspector McClusky, New York's noted detective officer, says that though the Jews are not in high criminal percentage, they are regardless of law, and 80 per cent of the limited number of clever thieves are Jews.

Foreign Criminals in Our Prisons

Of the insane criminals in Danvers State Hospital, New York, 60.40 per cent are of foreign birth and foreign parentage, and of the native born, where both parents are not foreign, 4.02 per cent on the paternal side and 2.68 per cent on the maternal side were foreign. Of the 6,308 inmates of New York penal institutions two years ago, 2,187 were foreign born, 3,847 of foreign parentage, and of the accessions since that time 60.4 per cent have been of foreign birth and blood. On the 48,724 Bertillon cards of New York State persistent criminals aggregated since 1896, the largest and best equipped system in the world, nearly 41 per cent are shown to be of foreign birth and 59 per cent of foreign blood. Scores admit that they are glad to be in prison because they can be maintained while they learn to read and write English, and learn a trade at which they can later earn from \$15 to \$20 a week.



THE NOTORIOUS ASHLEY HOUSE IN ST. LOUIS

Under this roof in the "Bloody Fourth" Precinct live five hundred families of foreigner nationalities, and there is traffic enough to support five saloons on the ground floor. There is a fight every hour of the day in some part of the building and arrests are frequent.

In Massachusetts, New Jersey, Connecticut, and Pennsylvania a parallel average is struck. In Illinois a few figures from the last report of the warden of Joliet are startlingly significant. With a 6 per cent foreign population in the State, 21.67 per cent of the 1,227 prisoners were of foreign birth and 32.29 per cent of foreign blood.

These figures calmly considered are appalling. Columns more equally convincing can be adduced. It would be nonsense to suppose that even half of these

crimes are first offences. The prison statistics prove the reverse. Opinions of the greatest criminologists say that only one crime in four where a conviction is obtained is a first offence.

Since the criminals of the Continent can come to America only by police, which means official, permission, desire, and assistance, and since they are shown to be here in mighty force by our criminal statistics, it is demonstrated that the states of Europe are making of the United States an inexpensive and convenient felon colony.

The foregoing propositions are generalities, and need the illumination of concrete instances. Of those which can be given here, some came under my personal observation in my investigations in the past three years, some were related to me on responsible authority, and others have been reported to me by agents employed for the work.

In 1894, the conditions of Akka, the town of the Syrian penal colony, were very troublesome to the Turkish authorities, and it was decided to thin out the most dangerous malcontents. During the next two years nearly two hundred of these were released, and, though few of them had any money, the means was supplied to ship them to Holland and then to the United States. Three years later six of this exquisite lot were involved in the forging and sale of naturalization papers from Hartford, Connecticut.

Two highwaymen, ex-members of the old Morra band, are living in Brooklyn to-day. On the 27th of September, in the Reclusario at Florence, their old chief, Nicola Morra, once the terror of the uplands of Apulia, passed away as the last of the classic brigands who wore the peaked trombone hat. He was serving a sentence for killing De Nittis, a member of the Chamber of Deputies. When the band was broken up the two men now in Brooklyn served their terms in prison and then came to the United States, sailing from Naples. When a letter conveying the news of the death of Morra reached the one he went to the house of the other, and they got gloriously drunk, parading up and down the quarter and boasting of their records and the glories of their dead chief. Everybody but the police knew they were brigands.

In the gang of Bronx counterfeiters captured by Secret Service men a few weeks ago were three men who had criminal records in Austria, and investigations have disclosed that other criminal friends were about to join them in the United States.

Of thirty-two French women questioned in New York and Boston since October 1, twenty-three have admitted that when arrested in French cities on charges of prostitution they have been released on promise to come to the United States.

England is having the same trouble with imported criminals that we have. At the time of the last Victorian amnesty, some hundreds of prisoners of foreign birth were released on condition that they leave the country, and the last prison congress was informed that four-fifths of them had gone at once to America.

Michael Rago, who was shot and killed by Rosa di Pietro on October 3 in New York, was a bad man who had committed various breaches of the law in the southern part of Italy, and was generally feared in all the Italian quarter. He had been suspected of numerous evil doings, but had not been convicted of any. He came to his death while trying to force his attentions on the wife of one of his neighbors. In the trial, testimony was adduced to show that he had two wives, and was living with a third woman at the time his career was terminated.

Three Polish saloonkeepers in Buffalo, whose places are the scene of constant ructions, and are the headquarters for bad gangs of young Poles, are men with black records from Warsaw.

Here is the latest of the commendable efforts of a Hungarian named Pesca, whose residence is at 5 Prince Street, New York. Something more profitable than his old occupations he has found in the real estate business among his fellow countrymen. He sent his wife Mathilde home to Hungary with her two little girls, Elina, aged four, and Enrichetta, aged one, for a visit

to their grandmother. When they were on their way back, Pesca sent a letter to the Ellis Island authorities saying his wife had consumption and should not be allowed to land. The doctors found no trace of any pulmonary trouble, and a relative of the poor woman got her into the country by proving that she had lived here the requisite seven years.

In Cincinnati about the 1st of October there was a man named Stefano from Santa Teresa, Sicily, who is a most desperate murderer and assassin. About three years ago he shot and killed his own father over a trivial matter and took to the mountains. Now he is in the United States, a valuable addition to our body social.

A brother of Rudolph, the Galician bandit, having served two terms in prison, one of them in the salt mines of Dartofana, came to this country in 1901 and set up a saloon on Maxwell Street, Chicago. He sold out after a number of escapades, and the last trace I have of him comes from Butte, Montana, where he had committed a number of robberies.

A letter from a justice in Manitoba informs me of the recent appearance before him of a Buffalo Italian employed by the Canadian Pacific Railway, who had been sentenced to twenty years for murder in Italy, but after a short imprisonment was released with others on condition that they emigrate.

The World's Worst Men Among Us

Somewhere at large in this country is Nicola Saba, a Syrian bad man, whose record is claimed by informed Syrians in New York to be of the worst. He is twenty-seven years old, five feet six inches tall, is very light in complexion, with curly brown hair and mustache. He had a friend, Micale Ezzi, who had been in this country some time. Ezzi was known as a gambler and general cutthroat. He obtained employment in "Jerusalem" at the St. Louis World's Fair, and secured work also for Saba and sent for him. The two were leaders in frequent disturbances. On Saturday night, October 29, in a quarrel over thirty cents lost by Saba in a gambling game, Saba seized Ezzi and held him with one hand while he shot him dead with a revolver held in the other. He escaped and is still at large.

The owner of one of the largest *padrone* banks in the West Side Italian quarter of New York is one of the men who while officials of the municipality of Naples plundered the treasury until the national government had to step in, take entire charge of the city's affairs, and keep the reins of government in hand until credit and order were established. Now his underlings do his dirty work in the *padrone* business for him, and some of his capital is in use in backing three or four vicious Italian resorts.

Scores more might be mentioned, and the use of the proper means of obtaining information would easily develop a list of thousands of dangerous alien malefactors in New York City alone. These samples are not much worse than the average.

Of the relative viciousness of the criminals from the several countries, considered with the numbers of their race in the country, it is difficult to say anything that will generally apply. Conditions are constantly varying. Among themselves the Italians are the most vicious and dangerous. Their crimes of violence rarely extend outside the limits of their own people, but their stroke is deadly, swift, and certain, and witnesses of crimes are exceedingly reticent because they are afraid of a vengeance from which the Irish and German police of American cities have shown themselves absolutely unable to protect witnesses. In some parts of Italy, where the police are corrupted, witnesses are just as reticent. For arrogance, lawlessness, and predilection for debauchery, the Hungarians and the Poles are noteworthy. The Poles are the most coldblooded assassins of all our aliens, and human life is held almost as lightly among them as with the Chinese. Chief O'Neill of Chicago has a particularly bad band of them to handle. He says unhesitatingly that the young Pole who has been in this country long enough to be fully American-

ized is the most dangerous specimen of humanity he has ever encountered. Ruined in principle by socialistic and anarchistic traditions and literature, and fired by Jesse James literature and Theodore Kremer drama, he is defiant, reckless, and altogether bad. The car-barn murderers, who killed men and officers without a quiver, were the three worst criminals of this day in America. Several of the men shot down by them were killed without any necessity. No sooner were they hanged than another trio of young Poles began to imitate them, but were caught up quickly. Three young men, supposedly Poles, entered R. E. Wolf's large jewelry



"BIG FRANK'S" SHANTY AT BREWSTERS, N. Y.

Forty Italians working on the Sodom Dam lived here and in another shack. "Big Frank" was their padrone. One night, a few weeks ago, three young Italians walked boldly in, killed "Big Frank," shot his two cousins, took \$1,100 from the padrone, and escaped.

store November 10, displayed and fired automatic pistols, as did the two preceding trios, awed a crowd of hundreds, and escaped with \$2,000 worth of jewels. Now the police are paying more attention to the breaking up of budding criminal gangs among young Poles and young Greeks in Chicago than to any other feature of their work. Despite all this pressure and precaution, Chief O'Neill declares that the future is full of trouble.

In St. Louis the Greeks are not numerous, but have shown very vicious tendencies. The Italians have given the most trouble. One day last August I was informed that two Italians in a restaurant at 226 Elizabeth Street, New York, had been overheard talking the night before of the killing of a man named Benotti by another named Serviana. My informant gathered that it was a gang murder of some sort, and that these two men were of the number who were anxious for Benotti's death. A telegram to St. Louis brought a reply that there was no man by the name of Serviana under arrest there. Not long since I was in St. Louis looking into general alien conditions there and found a prisoner by the name of Marie Emile Sirven, who was awaiting trial for the killing of Carlo Benotti on the 2d of last July. The police opinion at the time was that "Sirven," who claimed to be a Hollander, had come from Pekin, Illinois, inspired by jealousy over a woman and had shot Benotti. A careful investigation of the circumstances shows that "Sirven" entered Benotti's saloon at Ninth and Morgan Streets that Sunday afternoon, drew a revolver and shot Benotti, who fell at the end of his bar and died. "Sirven" shouted, "There are others to die," and rushed from the place, to be arrested in a few seconds more by Sergeant Quinlavin, the veteran of the "Bloody Fourth" Precinct, who chanced to be near. The young lawyers appointed by Judge Taylor to defend "Sirven," when his trial comes on in December, are said to have decided to endeavor to show that Benotti was engaged in procuring, and that he and his associates had victimized "Sirven's" sweetheart, and given her into evil hands—the object being to show strong provocation. Friends of Benotti hinted to me that at a Sicilian bank in Chicago would be found the fountain head of the causes leading to Benotti's death.

Counterfeiting in Chicago

There are several such, but information in gang matters is not to be had for the asking by a stranger, and I turned to that wonderful source of information on alien criminal matters in Chicago, Inspector John Wheeler of the Desplaines Street Station. At the first mention of the name Serviana, he opened up the Chicago end of the case. Serviana and another man were arrested four years ago for counterfeiting in Chicago. They were backed by powerful secret influence and plenty of money and went free. Serviana swore vengeance on the informers. He was not Bertillonized, so that it remains for the Chicago and St. Louis police to prove that "Sirven" is Serviana, and tell the true story of the murder of Benotti in the Four Courts this December.

Other crimes of aliens which are significant, and indicate what we may expect in the future, are the following, all of which have been given such publicity by the newspapers that their mere mention is adequate for the purposes of this article: The series of murders done in Connecticut by Gershon Marx, sentenced to hang next January 29; the brutal murder in Brooklyn in August of George F. Abbott, the aged miser junk dealer, and his helper, Henry Van Buskirk, by the

young Swede Carl Johnson; the shooting in Cincinnati a few weeks ago of Mrs. Maud Cohoon, young wife of a wealthy Southerner, by Carlo Sugannani, a bellboy; the shocking attack, murder, and concealment in a park pond of Mary Murphy, the little daughter of Michael Murphy, in 1903, a deed for which a Chinese was arrested with strong circumstantial evidence against him; the murder of Mock Duck, in New York, in October; the robbery of Patrick Fowcey near Pleasantville, New York, by unknown Italians; the several attempts of Swedes to wreck Brooklyn Rapid Transit trains, the assault and robbery of Michael Naughton, a keeper of Ludlow Street Jail, New York, by unknown Hungarians, these crimes occurring recently; the many murders and outrages by Poles, Hungarians, Slavs, and Italians in the Cripple Creek troubles; the murder in Harlem of Antonio di Leo and shooting of Dosa di Parma, Giuseppe Firoito, and Giuseppe Roggio, September 14, by Antonio di Carlo, in a quarrel over five cents; the street fusillade between Alfredo Lattiere and Giovanni Cantoni, September 24, at the corner of Canal and Centre Streets, New York; the hold-up of the carriage of the paymaster of the Consolidated Gas Company, Astoria, Long Island, by three unknown Italians, resulting in the killing of Leroy Williams, the driver, in September; insurance frauds alleged to have been perpetrated by Francisco and Firino Copparelli, disclosed in September; murder at Vancouver of John Spittal by John Kay; killing of Foreman Dean in a swamp, near Rochester, New York, by Italians a few weeks ago; shooting of John Murray by Italians at White Plains, New York; supposed murder of young John Nichols in September at Mamaroneck, New York, by Italians; the blinding of David Shapiro on Elizabeth Street, New York, in broad daylight in a busy crowd by unknown Roumanians; these and many other cases.

European Criminals Easily Escape

It will be noticed that there is no mention of the Benardetto or "barrel murder" in New York, the stinging Riverdale murders near Chicago, the Bagnasco disfigurement case, the Caligostro Bank murder, the daring murder of John Domando, and the Mannino kidnapping case. These and others I hope to consider in the article which deals with the so-called Mafia.

It is in the tragedy at Brewsters, New York, that there is typified to the highest degree not only what this country has to fear from our imported members of the predatory class, but the foolish and futile attitude assumed by the sheriffs and police in all such cases. An alien criminal of daring and resource can commit a bold crime and escape two times out of three in any part of this country, where not one native out of ten would be so fortunate. There must be a reason. Events at Brewsters tell the story plainer than any argument.

On Thursday night, October 6, a large party of Italians, nearly all Sicilians, were gathered in the two miserable shanties jokingly called by them "Albergo di Francescor" where "Big Frank," as he was known, *padrone* for the men employed by Clifford Beckwith on the Sodom Dam contract, housed and fed his men. One house was of frame, a toolshed in size and finish; double tiers of wooden bunks served as beds. The other house was of tarred roofing paper, also fitted with board bunks made from scrap lumber. It was a typical *padrone* camp, the like of which there are thousands in this country to-day. The cooking was done over a camp-fire built against a stone wall. In one corner of the house was a support for beer kegs and a box with a padlock on it for wine and cigars. There were but four chairs in the camp.

The day had been pay-day, and "Big Frank" and his men were making merry. In the middle of a song the door was flung open and three young men appeared. Two cousins of the *padrone*, father and son, rose to bar the way, but the newcomers pushed by them, walked up to "Big Frank" and demanded half of all the money he had. He refused, but parleyed to gain time, as he was unarmed, and his cousins had slipped out to get arms from the other house. One of the men asked for



WHERE DAVID SHAPIRO WAS BLINDED

This spot at the corner of Spring and Mulberry Streets is where Jews trade with Italians. Shapiro was standing by his wagon at midday, August 30, when he was seized and a corrosive mixture smeared over his eyes. In a few days he was blind. No report was made to the police.



THE MIDDLE TENEMENT

This is the middle or rear tenement of the so-called "House of Blues" in Mulberry St. It is in such tenements as this that the alien criminal gangs congregate; here they commit such crimes as counterfeiting, forgery, and even murder. Police investigation is almost impossible.

a drink, and another calling to a startled laborer in the crowd reminded him that three weeks before the three had been at the Dam for half a day. The *padrone* turned to draw the drink close by the door, and the youngest of the three, putting his revolver to his victim's back, shot him dead. The other Italians fled the house. The murderer was calmly taking a roll of \$1,000 from a bag hung around the dead man's neck when the cousins rushed in, opening fire. For a few seconds there was a sharp fusillade. At the end of it the two cousins lay in their own blood on the floor beside the dead man, and the robbers rushed from the shanty, two of them supporting the third.

There was a slender youth in the crowd who saw the bloody work and ran two miles to the village to tell of the tragedy. He was unable to speak English, and for some time no one took the trouble to find out what he was trying to tell. Italians began to pour into the village. Among them were the three desperadoes. The townspeople were terrified. The news reached Joe Colombo, an Italian employed at the Tilly Foster mine, a young man who has been in this country fourteen years and is thoroughly Americanized. He hurried to

the scene. The village was in a panic, and of all hands the only man who stood by his guns was Joe Colombo. He quieted the villagers, the police were notified, and Deputy Sheriff Harry Lewis and posse began the hunt for the men, who had now vanished. The two wounded cousins were hurried to the hospital in Danbury, Connecticut. Henry Wells, a young attorney, was first to their aid. From that minute to this the officials who could have caught the bandits have been "on the lookout," and probably will be for some years to come.

Easy Escape of the Brewsters Murderers

Joe Colombo, who knew what should have been done, raged in vain over the matter. He begged to be allowed to go at once to New York to try to track the men on tips he had got from the Italians of the village. One of the men he knew by sight. He was assured the men had "gone toward Danbury and the Danbury police would get them."

In a day or two it was learned that Colombo had been right. The three men boarded a train for New York at Brewsters Station, made their way across the city

to Brooklyn, and when nearly under cover the wounded man succumbed. Two policemen thought they were helping home a drunken man and paid no further attention. Later that night an Italian was found shot, hanging over a fence in a dying condition. He refused steadily to tell his name, or where or how he received his wound. The day after the murder, one of the three desperadoes reappeared at Brewsters, observed the "speed" of the pursuit, and under the very noses of the officers frightened the Italians into silence by threats and went away. When Joe Colombo told the officers this they laughed at him. In twenty-four hours one would have thought a plague had smitten the spot. When I visited what had been the scene of busy activity, it was absolutely deserted. All the Italians had gone from the entire vicinity except a few in the village, who were trembling for their lives, as the bandit who came back left word for all to go, in order to scatter evidence. Joe Colombo has ignored all warnings. He is going to stand by his guns, and says that if he ever sees one of the band he will drag him back to Putnam County by the nape of the neck just "to show the peoples all us guineas ain't bad." (Continued on p. 24)

RUNNING THE BLOCKADE AT PORT ARTHUR

HOW LIEUT. CHRISTOFOROFF BROUGHT OUT DESPATCHES FOR KUROPATKIN AND PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S

CHIEFOO, September 25.
NO military operations known to history ever offered greater opportunities for individual exploits than the present struggle for the possession of Port Arthur. Nor have the sturdy sons of Dai Nippon and the children of the Little Father been slow to embrace them. Your Japanese fights fiercely, but dies calmly. He came out to die. And your Russian also can die, but he dies snapping his fingers in the enemy's face and with the contemptuous smile of racial arrogance mocking his conquerors. A Russian of Port Arthur seldom lacks the chance of running his thumb over the razor edge of death, for always there is the blockade, and despatches, and a watchful enemy ever ready to afford a short way out of the world to the bearer thereof.

All of which has to do with the manner in which the photographs presented to COLLIER'S readers in this issue came to hand, in which connection we present the likeness of Lieutenant Christoforoff, of the Narva Dragoons. Lieutenant Christoforoff drifted smilingly, carelessly, indolently, into Chiefoo from General Kuropatkin's headquarters three weeks ago. Few people knew it. His smile was boyish and his eyes laughing. Afterward, when he came back with a decoration from General Stoessel, we knew that he was carrying despatches and that his smile had been at death and fame, equally to each. It was a fling of the dice. A junk moves with the wind, but it is no warship. If discovered, there was Dalay and the military court and an enemy's judgment on a spy. But the dice rolled otherwise as they sometimes roll for the brave, and a humble junk bumped its blunt nose safely on the sands under the guns of Liaotishan.

In Port Arthur the messenger stayed two weeks, during which time he collected a few photographs as a personal present to General Kuropatkin. Such of these as he thought it wise to spare he lent COLLIER'S correspondent to copy. A Chinese photographer and scant time for work are not conducive to the best photographic results, but these photographs at least have the value of being the latest of the very few which



LIEUTENANT CHRISTOFOROFF

This officer of the Narva Dragoons left Chiefoo in disguise, threaded his way through the Japanese blockade on board a Chinese junk, made his way into Port Arthur with messages, and returned safely.

have come out of the fortress since the war began. A week ago General Stoessel's reports and despatches, together with soldiers' letters and other matter, making a bundle weighing eighty pounds, were handed to

Lieutenant Christoforoff, and again he placed his life in the hands of Fate and started. This time he had two companions. One was Lieutenant Prince Radzivil, who had won his decoration earlier by entering with despatches, and Mrs. Anna B. Kravtchenko, an Englishwoman married to a Russian naval officer.

Both Prince Radzivil and Lieutenant Christoforoff were disguised as civilians when they began their perilous voyage. It was eight o'clock in the evening, and a fair wind blew toward Chiefoo. The first line of the Japanese blockade, a line of battleships, was passed without incident. Then the moon went down, and a new danger presented itself in the shape of the searchlights which the Japanese cruisers in the second line of blockade use ceaselessly. The junk changed its course in hope of avoiding the rays of the searchlights, but often it seemed that they must surely be discovered. Once the light grazed them, but still it missed, and then the anxious passengers were glad that the moon had hidden itself. Danger, however, had not yet passed, for presently a junk containing a Japanese crew appeared off their port quarter and headed for them, but it was an even chance, and the fugitive junk drew steadily away from her slower pursuer. At six o'clock the following morning, after a night spent with nerves at the breaking pitch, the passengers thought fate at last had overtaken them, for a ship was seen heading straight for them. By her look she was a Japanese, and the Japanese generally mean business. In hope of being passed unnoticed as an innocent craft, the two men concealed themselves below, while Mrs. Kravtchenko crawled under a mass of dirty rags and blankets on deck. Some of the Chinese passengers then curled up with their heads and bodies practically covering her, and for an hour she endured an atmosphere that often seemed like to suffocate her. Mrs. Kravtchenko is still in bed here as a result of her experiences. And, after all, the ship turned out to be a hospital ship of the Japanese, and paid little attention to the junk.

And so this lady and Stoessel's despatches and COLLIER'S photographs came through the blockade.

WE left Port Arthur on the evening of the 2d of September at eight o'clock, with a good wind and bright moonlight, and about half-past nine to ten o'clock our great danger presented itself in the shape of the first line of battleships of the Japanese blockade and we were compelled to change our direction for a time. The second line of the blockade was successfully passed about one o'clock, and was very much more difficult to do, because the moon was just disappearing and the Japanese searchlights were beginning their usual work; in fact, the searchlight from one of the Japanese cruisers narrowly missed our junk, and, happily for us, the moon had just gone down—so we were missed by it.

After the greatest danger had been left behind, we could breathe easier, although all the danger was not yet in the past. We were followed for a long time by another junk with a Japanese crew on board, but they did not stop us. After that another junk appeared, making directly for us, but the wind was good, and we were ahead of it. We feared that it was a pirate's junk, but our captain assured us that there was no danger. At six o'clock in the morning (Saturday) we saw a ship coming in our direction, and for an hour we had rather a good scare, but the ship was the Red Cross hospital ship of the Japanese, and all we had to do was to hide—I alone being left, stretched out on the deck covered over with all the dirty blankets, etc., and with the Chinese sitting on my feet and some lying upon my body. I was almost smothered for fully an hour. We finally passed unobserved, and arrived here at three o'clock on Sunday morning.

I was in Port Arthur before and after the war broke out, and up to the present time; although I was not able to take an active part in any of the good work being done by the ladies, I was constantly seeing and hearing of the wonderful things that were being done by the different hospital staffs aided by the ladies of Port Arthur.

For each thousand wounded there are thirty trained

MY ESCAPE FROM PORT ARTHUR

By MRS. ANNA B. KRAVTCHENKO

The writer, the wife of a Russian naval officer in Port Arthur, ran the Japanese blockade concealed under a pile of rags on the deck of a Chinese junk, reached Chiefoo in safety, and here relates the adventures of her voyage.

nurses, and some few of the ladies help with the light nursing, but most of them pass the long hours of the hot days making garments for the invalids, for the soldiers at the front also. It is quite good to see how beautifully clean the Red Cross hospitals are kept, in spite of the absence of wash men, which has already lasted some months. All the laundry work is done by the poor women and by the soldiers' wives; thus the sick and wounded are kept comfortable and clean in the dreadful heat. Sickness there is none, and the only danger is from the large flies with red heads; they are the flies that come from the north, having fed on the dead bodies, and who bring the poison with them—and if one is bitten by one of them there is no hope. One case was reported of a doctor who had been bitten by one of these flies; he was bitten on the thumb; he cut off that member, then the whole arm, but the poison slowly reached his heart, and finally he died.

Every day in the week the band plays in one or another of the hospitals; one day in the New Russian Town, and one day in the Old Town, and on such days you can see the carriage of Mrs. Stoessel at the door, and her pleasant face in the hospital, speaking to and consoling the men, bringing fresh eggs, etc., for those who need them most, and taking an interest in everything, every kind of work that is being done by one and all. The other ladies do the same, and the sick men are brightened by their visits and comforted by the gay music. The Red Cross Ambulance Society is most beautifully arranged—some wagons are made quite large, with wonderful mattresses and clean cushions, curtains, etc. In these they can put from three to four wounded. The litters are carried by the soldiers themselves, and sometimes we can see part of a

ways accompanied by one of the Red Cross Sisters, and sometimes, when the sun is so merciless, they make the sufferer a bed of fresh leaves. In fact, everything is beautifully done.

Of the town I can say but a passing word. The bombardments were continual for almost two months, but the past two weeks of my stay we had a time of repose. The old town is almost a wreck, my own home was completely ruined, three bombs having found their way to visit it; the Russian church also received two, and the streets are full of holes made by the bombs. It was truly wonderful to see how few lives were lost by these bombardments; sometimes the Japanese fired as many as fifty times at the Red Cross hospital, but no harm was done. Once I counted fifty-seven which they directed at the Russian artillery stand, and not one bomb touched either man or beast. The troops are quite cheerful, and it is pleasant to hear them on their return from a three days' duty at the front come marching home singing gayly—although there are many places vacant in their ranks. The same thing happens when they leave; sometimes they meet all along the road the wounded and dying comrades. In such cases each man uncovers and crosses himself and then continues his song. In fact, one can not imagine a finer or braver set of men. They do their work cheerfully, and they have unlimited confidence in their power to defend and keep Port Arthur; so with their faith in "prayer" and in themselves they can easily sing on the march. The opinion of all who are in the fortress is that the Japanese will never take Port Arthur, and my own opinion is the same, and I can fully assure you that I am sure of the "Stand" and not the "Fall" of Port Arthur.

INSIDE OF PORT ARTHUR

PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN DURING THE SIEGE AND SMUGGLED OUT OF THE CITY BY LIEUT. CHRISTOFOROFF, WHO RAN THE JAPANESE BLOCKADE IN A JUNK, CARRYING DESPATCHES TO GEN. KUROPATKIN AND THESE PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S

PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY LIEUT. CHRISTOFOROFF



Entrance to the harbor, showing masts of the vessels sunk by the Japanese in the several attempts to block the mouth of the harbor



Funeral of officers killed in a sortie against the Japanese. The bodies are carried on wagons, as gun-carriages were not available for the purpose



Two Chinamen and a Russian sailor being led to execution, having been condemned as spies. The sailor's sentence was commuted to life imprisonment by General Stoessel at the last moment, on the ground that the charge was not fully proven. The Chinamen were shot



General Stoessel and his staff making an inspection of one of the outer redoubts. General Stoessel is the officer at the head of the group of four



One of the new forts, on the northeast front, where much severe fighting has occurred. Since this photograph was taken the Japanese have captured the position

HANS: A HORSE THAT THINKS.

BY
ELMER ROBERTS



Herr von Osten and his educated horse Hans, the day's wonder of Berlin



Schillings, the naturalist, testing Hans

HANS, "the thinking horse," has proved more than a seven days' wonder. Berlin continues to marvel, and the rest of the world has become interested. This is a reaction against a very nearly successful effort on the part of a number of clever people—interviewers and humorists—to laugh the whole matter into obscurity. A series of experiments has been conducted lately under circumstances which totally precluded collusion. The arguing for and against Hans, whether he might be regarded as a real "thinking horse" or only a "trick horse," became so heated that the good Berliners had to resort to the common remedy of appointing a committee of investigation. This committee included Dr. D. C. Stumpf, professor of psychology in the University of Berlin; Otto, Count zu Castell-Rudenhhausen, a well-known lover of horses; Major-General Koering; Paul Busch, circus proprietor and successful trainer of trick horses; Dr. Heck, director of the Berlin Zoological Gardens; Professor George Schweinfurth, the African explorer; Dr. Meissner of the Royal Veterinary School; Major F. W. von Keller; Dr. Schillings, a well-known naturalist and explorer, and Dr. O. Heinroth, curator of the Berlin Zoological Gardens. But Hans came out of the test with flying colors. He has now a certificate, signed by all the men just named, proving both to the satisfaction of himself and others that he actually "thinks." The principal objection advanced up till that time was that the owner of Hans, Herr von Osten, always was present at the experiments, although often the questions were put directly to the horse by visitors, and answered without apparent intervention by his trainer. The commission obviated this possibility of collusion by having Hans tested by two of its members, Dr. Schillings and Dr. Heinroth, when nobody else was present. The results were the same as when Hans answered off in public under the guidance of his owner.

An abacus, some wooden balls, a blackboard, a harmonica, and a number of variously colored pieces of cloth constitute the only apparatus employed. All questions are spoken directly to the horse, just as if he were a human being. And the replies come quickly. To give them, he makes use principally of his right front hoof, but sometimes of the left one as well. By stamping his hoof, he designates the letters on the blackboard, the balls on the abacus, the numbers in the sum that solves the arithmetical problem, the tones in the scale, and the colored rags strewn pell-mell on the ground before him or strung up on a clothesline. The mere spelling of given words is too simple for him to be bothered with. Instead, he spells answers to questions, such, for instance, as to the number of people being present in the stable yard, the number of chimneys visible on the surrounding house-roofs, or what day it is. He reads the time off a clock or a watch, and is even able to tell how many hours and



Hans spelling out answers by stamping with his forefoot



Hans giving an exhibition of his knowledge: an abacus, some wooden balls, a blackboard, a harmonica, and a number of variously colored pieces of cloth constitute the only apparatus employed; all questions are spoken directly to the horse

minutes will elapse from the present moment up to some other time mentioned. He picks out the colors in a chromo or in the ribbon of a decoration, and designates them by hoof-beats, referring to the order of the colored squares placed before him. He picks out discords when chords of three or four notes are played, and, what is more, he names the note that harmonizes the chord. When those attending the exhibition are placed in a line before him, Hans will pick out the shortest or the tallest. After looking at their photographs, he will identify the originals. All the time this is done he has to be bribed with small pieces of carrot, his favorite delicacy, to go on. During a recent experiment he refused totally to answer any of the questions put to him by a German officer, whose monocle and twisted mustaches seemed to offend him. Some of the mathematical problems put to him are of a kind so intricate that a child of ten or eleven would have difficulty in solving them. Hans succeeds nineteen times out of twenty on the average. Herr von Osten has devoted some twelve years to what he calls "the ascertainment of the mental capacity of the horse," and he asserts that Hans has not been, and will never be, placed on exhibition for money.



The RETURN of SHERLOCK HOLMES

By A. CONAN DOYLE

Illustrated by Frederic Dorr Steele



THE ADVENTURE OF THE MISSING THREE-QUARTER

This is the eleventh story of the new Sherlock Holmes series, which began in September, 1903. The preceding Adventures were those of *The Empty House*, *The Norwood Builder*, *The Dancing Men*, *The Solitary Cyclist*, *The Priory School*, *Black Peter*, *Charles Augustus Milverton*, *The Six Napoleons*, *The Three Students*, and *The Golden Pince-Nez*. "The Adventure of the Abbey Grange" will be published in the Household Number for January, dated December 31.

WE were fairly accustomed to receive weird telegrams at Baker Street, but I have a particular recollection of one which reached us on a gloomy February morning some seven or eight years ago, and gave Mr. Sherlock Holmes a puzzled quarter of an hour. It was addressed to him and ran thus:



"Please await me. Terrible misfortune. Right wing. Three-quarter missing. Indispensable. Tomorrow."

"Strand post-mark and despatched to 36," said Holmes, reading it over and over. "Mr. Overton was evidently considerably excited when he sent it, and somewhat incoherent in consequence. Well, well, he will be here. I dare say, by the time I have looked through the 'Times,' and then we shall know all about it. Even the most insignificant problem would be welcome in these stagnant days."

Things had indeed been very slow with us, and I had learned to dread such periods of inaction, for I knew by experience that my companion's brain was so abnormally active that it was dangerous to leave it without material upon which to work. For years I had gradually weaned him from that drug mania which had threatened once to check his remarkable career. Now, I knew that under ordinary conditions he no longer craved for this artificial stimulus, but I was well aware that the fiend was not dead, but sleeping; and I have known that the sleep was a light one, and the waking near, when, in periods of idleness, I have seen the drawn look upon Holmes's ascetic face and the brooding of his deep-set and inscrutable eyes. Therefore I blessed this Mr. Overton, whoever he might be, since he had come with his enigmatic message to break that dangerous calm which brought more peril to my friend than all the storms of his tempestuous life.

As we had expected, the telegram was soon followed by its sender, and the card of Mr. Cyril Overton, of Trinity College, Cambridge, announced the arrival of an enormous young man, sixteen stone of solid bone and muscle, who spanned the doorway with his broad shoulders, and looked from one of us to the other with a comely face which was haggard with anxiety.

"Mr. Sherlock Holmes?"

My companion bowed. "I've been down to Scotland Yard, Mr. Holmes. I saw Inspector Stanley Hopkins. He advised me to come to you. He said the case, so far as he could see, was more in your line than in that of the regular police."

"Pray sit down and tell me what is the matter."

"It's awful, Mr. Holmes, simply awful! I wonder my hair isn't gray. Godfrey Staunton—you've heard of him, of course. He's simply the hinge that the whole team turns on. I'd rather spare two from the pack, and have Godfrey for my three-quarter line. Whether it's passing, or tackling, or dribbling, there's no one to touch him; and then he's got the head, and can hold us all together. What am I to do? That's what I ask you, Mr. Holmes. There's Moorhouse, first reserve, but he is trained as a half, and he always edges right in on to the scrum, instead of keeping out on the touch line. He's a fine place-kick, it's true, but then he has no judgment, and he can't sprint for nuts. Why, Morton or Johnson, the Oxford fliers, could romp round him. Stevenson is fast enough, but he couldn't drop from the twenty-five line, and a three-quarter who can't either punt or drop isn't worth a place for pace alone. No, Mr. Holmes, we are done, unless you can help me to find Godfrey Staunton."

My friend had listened with amused surprise to this long speech, which was poured forth with extraordinary vigor and earnestness, every point being driven home by the slapping of a brawny hand upon the speaker's knee. When our visitor was silent, Holmes stretched out his hand and took down letter "S" of his commonplace book. For once he dug in vain into that mine of varied information.

"There is Arthur H. Staunton, the rising young forger," said he; "and there was Henry Staunton, whom I helped to hang; but Godfrey Staunton is a new name to me."

It was our visitor's turn to look surprised. "Why, Mr. Holmes, I thought you knew things," said he. "I suppose, then, if you have never heard of Godfrey Staunton you don't know Cyril Overton, either?"

Holmes shook his head good-humoredly. "Great Scott!" cried the athlete. "Why, I was first reserve for England against Wales, and I've skippered the Varsity all this year. But that's nothing! I didn't think there was a soul in England who didn't know Godfrey Staunton, the crack three-quarter, Cambridge, Blackheath, and five Internationals. Good Lord! Mr. Holmes, where have you lived?"

Holmes laughed at the young giant's naive astonishment. "You live in a different world to me, Mr. Overton, a sweeter and healthier one. My ramifications stretch out into many sections of society, but never, I am happy to say, into amateur sport, which is the best and soundest thing in England. However, your unexpected visit

"It's this way, Mr. Holmes. As I have said, I am the skipper of the Rugby team of Cambridge Varsity, and Godfrey Staunton is my best man. To-morrow we play Oxford. Yesterday we all came up and we settled at Bentley's private hotel. At ten o'clock I went round and saw that all the fellows had gone to roost, for I believe in strict training and plenty of sleep to keep a team fit. I had a word or two with Godfrey before he turned in. He seemed to me to be pale and bothered. I asked him what was the matter. He said he was all right—just a touch of headache. I bade him good-night and left him. Half an hour later the porter tells me that a rough-looking man with a beard called with a note for Godfrey. He had not gone to bed yet, and the note was taken to his room. Godfrey read it and fell back in a chair as if he had been pole-axed. The porter was so scared that he was going to fetch me, but Godfrey stopped him, had a drink of water and pulled himself together. Then he went downstairs, said a few words to the man who was waiting in the hall, and the two of them went off together. The last that the porter saw of them, they were almost running down the street in the direction of the Strand. This morning, Godfrey's room was empty, his bed had never been slept in, and his things were all just as I had seen them the night before. He had gone off at a moment's notice with this stranger, and no word has come from him since. I don't believe he will ever come back. He was a sportsman, was Godfrey, down to his marrow, and he wouldn't have stopped his training and let in his skipper, if it were not for some cause that was too strong for him. No, I feel as if he were gone for good and we should never see him again."

Sherlock Holmes listened with the deepest attention to this singular narrative.

"What did you do?" he asked.

"I wired to Cambridge to learn if anything had been heard of him there. I have had an answer. No one has seen him."

"Could he have got back to Cambridge?"

"Yes, there is a late train—quarter past eleven."

"But as far as you can ascertain he did not take it?"

"No, he has not been seen."

"What did you do next?"

"I wired to Lord Mount-James."

"Why to Lord Mount-James?"

"Godfrey is an orphan, and Lord Mount-James is his nearest relative—his uncle, I believe."

"Indeed! This throws new light upon the matter. Lord Mount-James is one of the richest men in England."

"So I've heard Godfrey say."

"And your friend was closely related?"

"Yes, he was his heir, and the old boy is nearly eighty—cram full of gout, too. They say he could chalk his billiard-cue with his knuckles. He never allowed Godfrey a shilling in his life, for he is an absolute miser, but it will all come to him right enough."

"Have you heard from Lord Mount-James?"

"No."

"What motive could your friend have in going to Lord Mount-James?"

"Well, something was worrying him the night before, and if it has to do with money, it is possible that he would make for his nearest relative, who had so much of it; though, from all I have heard, he would not have much chance of getting it. Godfrey was not fond of the old man. He would not go if he could help it."

"Well, we can soon determine that. If your friend was going to his relative, Lord Mount-James, you have then to explain the visit of this rough-looking fellow at so late an hour, and the agitation that was caused by his coming."

Cyril Overton pressed his hands to his head. "I can make nothing of it," said he.

"Well, well, I have a clear day, and I shall be happy to look into the matter," said Holmes. "I should strongly recommend you to make your preparations for



We looked up to find a queer little old man, jerking and twitching in the doorway

this morning shows me that even in that world of fresh air and fair play there may be work for me to do; so now, my good sir, I beg you to sit down and to tell me slowly and quietly exactly what it is that has occurred, and how you desire that I should help you."

Young Overton's face assumed the bothered look of the man who is more accustomed to using his muscles than his wits, but by degrees, with many repetitions and obscurities which I may omit from his narrative, he laid his strange story before us:



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HIS FATHER

DANA GIBSON

your Match without reference to this young gentleman. It must, as you say, have been an overpowering necessity which tore him away in such a fashion, and the same necessity is likely to hold him away. Let us step round together to this hotel, and see if the porter can throw any fresh light upon the matter."

Sherlock Holmes was a past master in the art of putting a humble witness at his ease; and very soon in the privacy of Godfrey Staunton's abandoned room he had extracted all that the porter had to tell. The visitor of the night before was not a gentleman, neither was he a workingman. He was simply what the porter described as a "medium-looking chap"; a man of fifty, beard grizzled, pale face, quietly dressed. He seemed himself to be agitated. The porter had observed his hand trembling when he held out the note. Godfrey Staunton had crammed the note into his pocket. Staunton had not shaken hands with the man in the hall. They had exchanged a few sentences, of which the porter had only distinguished the one word, "time." Then they had hurried off in the manner described. It was just half-past ten by the hall clock.

"Let me see!" said Holmes, seating himself on Staunton's bed. "You are the day porter, are you not?"

"Yes, sir, I go off duty at eleven."

"The night porter saw nothing, I suppose?"

"No, sir; one theatre party came in late. No one else."

"Were you on duty all day yesterday?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you take any messages to Mr. Staunton?"

"Yes, sir, one telegram."

"Ah! that's interesting. What o'clock was this?"

"About six."

"Where was Mr. Staunton when he received it?"

"Here in his room."

"Were you present when he opened it?"

"Yes, sir; I waited to see if there was an answer."

"Well, was there?"

"Yes, sir. He wrote an answer."

"Did you take it?"

"No, he took it himself."

"But he wrote it in your presence?"

"Yes, sir. I was standing by the door, and he with his back turned at that table. When he had written it he said: 'All right, porter, I will take this myself.'"

"What did he write it with?"

"A pen, sir."

"Was the telegraphic form one of these on the table?"

"Yes, sir, it was the top one."

Holmes rose. Taking the forms, he carried them over to the window, and carefully examined that which was uppermost.

"It is a pity he did not write in pencil," said he, throwing them down again with a shrug of disappointment. "As you have no doubt frequently observed, Watson, the impression usually goes through, a fact which has dissolved many a happy marriage. However, I can find no trace here. I rejoice, however, to perceive that he wrote with a broad-pointed quill pen, and I can hardly doubt that we will find some impression upon this blotting-pad. Ah, yes, surely this is the very thing!"

He tore off a strip of the blotting-paper and turned toward us the following hieroglyphic:

Cyril Overton was much excited. "Hold it to the glass!" he cried.

"That is unnecessary," said Holmes. "The paper is thin, and the reverse will give the message. Here it is." He turned it over and we read:

"So that is the tail-end of the telegram which Godfrey Staunton despatched within a few hours of his disappearance. There are at least six words of the message which have escaped us; but what remains, 'Stand by us, for God's sake,' proves that this young man saw a formidable danger which approached him, and from which some one else could protect him. 'Us,' mark you! Another person was involved. Who should it be but the pale-faced, bearded man, who seemed himself in so nervous a state. What, then, is the connection between Godfrey Staunton and the bearded man? And what is the third source from which each of them sought for help against pressing danger? Our inquiry has already narrowed down to that."

"We have only to find to whom that telegram is addressed," I suggested.

"Exactly, my dear Watson. Your reflection, though profound, had already crossed my mind. But I daresay it may have come to your notice that, if you walk into a post office and demand to see the counterfoil of another man's message, there may be some disinclination on the part of the officials to oblige you. There is so much red tape in these matters! However, I have no doubt that, with a little delicacy and finesse, the end may be attained. Meanwhile, I should like, in your presence, Mr. Overton, to go through these papers which have been left upon the table."

There were a number of letters, bills, and note-books which Holmes turned over and examined with quick, nervous fingers and daring, penetrating eyes. "Nothing here," he said at last. "By the way, I suppose your

friend was a healthy young fellow—nothing amiss with him?"

"Sound as a bell."

"Have you ever known him ill?"

"Not a day. He has been laid up with a hack, and once he slipped his knee-cap, but that was nothing."

"Perhaps he was not as strong as you suppose. I should think he may have had some secret trouble. With your assent, I will put one or two of these papers in my pocket, in case they should bear upon our future inquiry."

"One moment, one moment!" cried a querulous voice; and we looked up to find a queer little old man, jerking and twitching in the doorway. He was dressed in rusty black, with a very broad-brimmed top-hat and a loose white necktie—the whole effect being that of a very rustic parson or of an undertaker's mute. Yet, in spite of his shabby and even absurd appearance, his voice had a sharp crackle, and his manner a quick intensity which commanded attention.

"Who are you, sir, and by what right do you touch this gentleman's papers?" he asked.

"I am a private detective, and I am endeavoring to explain his disappearance."

"Oh, you are, are you? And who instructed you, eh?"

"This gentleman, Mr. Staunton's friend, was referred to me by Scotland Yard."

"Who are you, sir?"

"I am Cyril Overton."

"Then it is you who sent me a telegram. My name is Lord Mount-James. I came round as quickly as the Bayswater bus would bring me. So you have instructed a detective?"

"Yes, sir."

"And are you prepared to meet the cost?"

"I have no doubt, sir, that my friend Godfrey, when we find him, will be prepared to do that."

"But if he is never found, eh? Answer me that!"

"In that case, no doubt his family—"

"Nothing of the sort, sir!" screamed the little man.

"Don't look to me for a penny—not a penny! You understand that, Mr. Detective! I am all the family that this young man has got, and I tell you that I am not responsible. If he has any expectations, it is due to the fact that I have never wasted money, and I do not propose to begin to do so now. As to those papers with which you are making so free, I may tell you that, in case there should be anything of any value among them, you will be held strictly to account for what you do with them."

"Very good, sir," said Sherlock Holmes. "May I ask, in the meanwhile, whether you have yourself any theory to account for this young man's disappearance?"

"No, sir, I have not. He is big enough and old enough to look after himself, and if he is so foolish as to lose himself, I entirely refuse to accept the responsibility of hunting for him."

"I quite understand your position," said Holmes, with a mischievous twinkle in his eyes. "Perhaps you don't quite understand mine. Godfrey Staunton appears to have been a poor man. If he has been kidnapped, it could not have been for anything which he himself possesses. The fame of your wealth has gone abroad, Lord Mount-James, and it is entirely possible that a gang of thieves have secured your nephew in order to gain from him some information as to your house, your habits, and your treasure."

The face of our unpleasant little visitor turned as white as his neckcloth.

"Good God, sir, what an idea! I never thought of such villainy! What inhuman rogues there are in the world! But Godfrey is a fine lad—a staunch lad. Nothing would induce him to give his old uncle away. I'll have the plate moved over to the Bank this evening. In the meantime, spare no pains, Mr. Detective! I beg you to leave no stone unturned to bring him safely back. As to money, well, so far as a fiver, or even a tender, goes, you can always look to me."

Even in his chastened frame of mind the noble miser could give us no information which could help us, for he knew little of the private life of his nephew. Our only clew lay in the truncated telegram; and with a copy of this in his hand, Holmes set forth to find a second link for his chain. We had shaken off Lord Mount-James, and Overton had gone to consult with the other members of his team over the misfortune which had befallen them.

There was a telegraph office at a short distance from the hotel. We halted outside it.

"It's worth trying, Watson," said he. "Of course, with a warrant, we could demand to see the counterfoils, but we have not reached that stage yet. I don't suppose they remember faces in so busy a place. Let us venture it."

"I am sorry to trouble you," said Holmes, in his blandest manner, to the young woman behind the grating. "There is some small mistake about a telegram I sent yesterday. I have had no answer, and I very much fear that I must have omitted to put my name at the end. Could you tell me if this was so?"

The young woman turned over a sheaf of counterfoils.

"What o'clock was it?" she asked.

"A little after six."

"Whom was it to?"

Holmes put his finger to his lips, and glanced at me. "The last word in it were 'for God's sake,'" he whispered confidentially; "I am very anxious at getting no answer."

The young woman separated one of the forms.

"This is it. There is no name," said she, smoothing it out upon the counter.

"Then that, of course, accounts for my getting no answer," said Holmes. "Dear me, how very stupid of me, to be sure! Good-morning, Miss, and many thanks for having relieved my mind." He chuckled and rubbed his hands when we found ourselves in the street once more.

"Well?" I asked.

"We progress, my dear Watson, we progress. I had seven different schemes for getting a glimpse of that telegram, but I could hardly hope to succeed the very first time."

"And what have you gained?"

"A starting-point for our investigation." He hailed a cab. "King's Cross Station," said he.

"We have a journey, then?"

"Yes, I think we must run down to Cambridge together. All the indications seem to me to point in that direction."

"Tell me," I asked, as we rattled up Grey's Inn Road, "have you any suspicion yet as to the cause of the disappearance? I don't think that among all our cases I



Dr. Leslie Armstrong

have known one where the motives are more obscure. Surely you don't really imagine that he may be kidnapped in order to give information against his wealthy uncle?"

"I confess, my dear Watson, that that does not appeal to me as a very probable explanation. It struck me, however, as being the one which was most likely to interest that exceedingly unpleasant old person."

"It certainly did that. But what are your alternatives?"

"I could mention several. You must admit that it is curious and suggestive that this incident should occur on the eve of this important match, and should involve the only man whose presence seems essential to the success of the side. It may, of course, be coincidence, but it is interesting. Amateur sport is free from betting, but a good deal of outside betting goes on among the public, and it is possible that it might be worth some one's while to get at a player as the ruffians of the turf get at a race-horse. There is one explanation. A second very obvious one is that this young man really is the heir of a great property, however modest his means may at present be, and it is not impossible that a plot to hold him for ransom might be concocted."

"These theories take no account of the telegram."

"Quite true, Watson. The telegram still remains the only solid thing with which we have to deal, and we must not permit our attention to wander away from it. It is to gain light upon the purpose of this telegram that we are now upon our way to Cambridge. The path of our investigation is at present obscure, but I shall be very much surprised if before evening we have not cleared it up, and made a considerable advance along it."

It was already dark when we reached the old University city. Holmes took a cab at the station, and ordered the man to drive to the house of Dr. Leslie Armstrong. A few minutes later we had stopped at a large mansion in the busiest thoroughfare. We were shown in, and after a long wait were at last admitted into the consulting-room, where we found the Doctor, seated behind his table.

It argues the degree in which I had lost touch with my profession that the name of Leslie Armstrong was unknown to me. Now, I am aware that he is not only one of the heads of the medical school of the University, but a thinker of European reputation in more than one branch of science. Yet even without knowing his brilliant record one could not fail to be impressed by a mere glance at the man—the square, massive face, the brooding eyes under the thatched brows, and the granite molding of the inflexible jaw. A man of deep character, a man with an alert mind, grim, ascetic, self-contained, formidable—so I read Dr. Leslie Armstrong. He held my friend's card in his hand, and he looked up with no very pleased expression upon his dour features.

"I have heard your name, Mr. Sherlock Holmes, and I am aware of your profession, one of which I by no means approve."

"In that, Doctor, you will find yourself in agreement with every criminal in the country," said my friend, quietly.

"So far as your efforts are directed toward the suppression of crime, sir, they must have the support of every reasonable member of the community, though I can not doubt that the official machinery is amply sufficient for the purpose. Where your calling is more open to criticism is when you pry into the secrets of private individuals, when you rake up family matters which are better hidden, and when you incidentally waste the time of men who are more busy than yourself. At the present moment, for example, I should be writing a treatise instead of conversing with you."

"No doubt, Doctor, and yet the conversation may prove more important than the treatise. Incidentally, I may tell you that we are doing the reverse of what you very justly blame, and that we are endeavoring to prevent anything like public exposure of private matters which must necessarily follow when once the case is fairly in the hands of the official police. You may look upon me simply as an irregular pioneer who goes in front of the regular forces of the country. I

(Continued on page 27)

THE RUBAIYAT OF A PERSIAN KITTEN

PICTURES AND VERSE BY OLIVER HERFORD

THE FIRST NINE STANZAS OF THIS RUBAIYAT WERE PUBLISHED IN THE HOUSEHOLD NUMBER FOR OCTOBER; THE REMAINING TWELVE WILL APPEAR IN ONE OF THE COMING HOLIDAY NUMBERS.



X



XI



XII



XIII



XIV



XVI



XVIII



XX



XXI



XXII



XXIII

X
SOMETIMES I think perchance that Allah may,
When he created Cats, have thrown away
The Tails He married in making, and they grew
To Cat-Tails and to Pussy-Willows gray.

XI
AND lately, when I was not Feeling Fit,
Bereft alike of Piety and Wit,
There came an Angel Shape and offered me
A Fragrant Plant and bid me taste of it.

XII
'T'WAS that reviving Herb, that Spicy Weed,
The Cat-Nip, 'Tho' 'tis good in time of
need,
Ah, feed upon it lightly, for who knows
To what unlovely antics it may lead?

XIII
STRANGE—is it not?—that of the numbers who
Before me passed this Door of Darkness thro',
Not one returns thro' it again, altho'
Oftimes I've waited here an hour or two.

XIV
'TIS but a Tent where takes his one Night's Rest
A Rodent to the Realms of Death address'd,
When Cook, arising, looks for him and then—
Baits and prepares it for another Guest.

XV
THEY say the Lion and the Lizard keep
The Courts where Jamahyd glomed and
drank deep.
The Lion is my cousin; I don't know
Who Jamahyd is—nor shall it break my sleep.

XVI
IMPOTENT glimpses of the Game displayed
Upon the Counter—temptingly arrayed;
Hither and thither moved or checked or weighed,
And one by one back in the Ice Chest laid.

XVII
WHAT if the Sole could fling the Ice aside,
And with me to some Area's haven glide—
Were 't not a Shame, were 't not a shame for it
In this Cold Prison crippled to abide?

XVIII
SOME for the Glories of the Sole, and Some
Mew for the proper Bowl of Milk to come.
Ah, take the Fish and let your Credit go,
And plead the rumble of an empty Tum.

XIX
ONE thing is certain: tho' this Stolen Bite
Should be my last and Wrath consume me
quite,
One taste of It within the Area caught
Better than at the Table lost outright.

XX
INDEED, indeed Repentance oft before
I swore, but was I hungry when I swore?
And then and then came Cook—with Hoar in hand—
And drowned my glory in a sorry pour.

XXI
WHAT without asking hither harried whence,
And without asking whether harried hence—
O, many a taste of that forbidden Sole
Must down the memory of that Insolence.

XXII
HEAVEN, but the vision of a Flowing
Bowl;
And Hell, the sizzle of a Frying Sole
Heard in the hungry Darkness, where Myself,
So rudely cast, must impotently roll.

XXIII
THE Vine has a tough Fibre which about
While clings my Being;—let the Canine Flout
Till his Bass Voice be pitched to such loud key
It shall unlock the door I mew without.



XV



XVII



XIX



HEADPIECE BY MARFIELD PARSONS

By NORMAN HAPGOOD

Short Story Endings

FAIRLY soon now Senator Lodge, Mr. Page, and Mr. White will select winners for the Short Story prizes, and their opinion will be awaited nowhere, not even among authors, with more trepidation than in this office. No living man knows what elements will prevail—style, feeling, plot, character, originality, finish, substance, form. In reading some hundred stories, I have been struck again with the truth of Aristotle's observation, to the effect that many write well, some depict character, but few produce good plots. The plot which is so rare in literature is not independent of character-development or character-play. It is not the Sherlock Holmes species of plot, rare and excellent as that is at its best. It is a story which is in itself profoundly interesting as a tale, but which springs from human nature and elucidates it. From the rarity of good plots grows the rarity of good endings. In drama a dozen first acts succeed to one last act. A dozen stories arouse interest where one satisfies it. The younger Dumas said that he always saw his last scene first. In short stories also the conclusion tests the tale. Earlier parts may show what there is of human nature, of literary gift, of atmosphere, but not until the end can we judge the episode itself. The central question is always what happened. Why it happened is subordinate. The weakness of much refined fiction is that reasons and analyses are more abundant than the deeds they should explain. In some of the best stories in the world a little surprise, or sudden change of tone, is kept for the conclusion. Mérimée turns abruptly from the dramatic dénouement of "Carmen" to a discussion of the gypsy language. In one of Balzac's most famous stories, "La Grande Bretèche," the reader may wonder how the author is going to wind up without abruptness or anti-climax. He gives spice to the end with the only touch of light malice that appears in the narrative. A wife has sworn that no one is in the closet which her husband has had walled up. Twenty days he stays in his wife's room, to prevent the lover's rescue. When, on some noise from the closet, the wife attempts to plead for the dying stranger, the husband answers, "You swore on the cross that there was no one there."

So ends the actual tale, but as it has all been put in a certain person's mouth, Balzac is able to descend to a graceful and light conclusion by the following addition:

"After this story all the ladies left the table, and the charm in which Bianchon had held them was broken. Nevertheless a few of them had felt a cold shiver run down their backs when they heard his last words."

Literature, Art, and Money

DONATELLO was once asked, according to report, "Why do you not have a palace in the country, and a town house, like your commercial friends, the rich sculptors?"

He replied, "Because I am an artist."

The reader who sends that story uses it as an argument against present money-making tendencies in art. Visitors from other lands are frequently amazed, and also shocked, at the prices paid to some of our authors and illustrators, and at the exclusive arrangements which are a specialty of American journalism. They think that a man who is under contract to work for one publication is "owned" by that publication. The arrangement affects them as harshly as our frequent expression that So-and-so "married two million dollars." Breezy, they think, but crass, and a threat of spiritual depravity. To my mind, business devices which put the arts nearer, in a pecuniary sense, to

the trades and professions, are just and wholesome. The writer or illustrator gains by the ability of the business man to bring him, without effort on his part, to the attention of greater numbers. Experience shows that an artist is likely to improve rather than lower the quality of his product by arrangements which enable him to earn the same money with less work. Deterioration is more likely to be seen in a writer or artist who tries to increase his own popularity, by the nature of his work, than in one who makes an arrangement by which business men undertake to increase the popularity of what the artist naturally produces. The exploitation of some of our best artists by intelligent publishers results in improving the taste of the public without lowering the standards of the artists.

Advertisements

FOREIGNERS in this country frequently speak of the superiority of our magazines, adding a regret at the number of advertisements, which is rather ingenuous, since it is regretting that the business men pay for the excellence of the periodicals, instead of the subscribers; to say nothing of the fact that to many of the most observant readers the advertisements are the most interesting part of various prominent magazines. The advertisements tell what the people are like, because they tell what they are interested in and what appeals to their attention. Advertisement is psychology applied to the task of catching the eye and quickly impressing the thought. One of the reasons that William L. Douglas is Governor-elect of Massachusetts to-day is that he knew so well what remarks would interest a certain class of readers in the question of shoes. His advertisements are not built on the lines generally accepted as sound, but they fill the needs of his particular appeal.

Almost as funny as the foreigner's prejudice against the printing of advertisements at all are some occasional objections by Americans who have not yet learned the principles of that business. For instance, COLLETT's, during the campaign, in its regular advertising pages, clearly designated as such, printed matter furnished by the Republican Campaign Committee, and it would have pleased us more had there been advertisements by the Democrats, the Socialists, the Populists, the Prohibitionists, and whatever other parties may have been in the contest. The Republican advertisement called forth wrathful denunciation from hasty or untutored readers, who either mistook the advertisement for an editorial article or thought that a political party should not buy a hearing, on an equality with a soap manufacturer, but should be excluded as immoral or injurious to the public health. Some readers sent in these sheets interlined with such comments as "You can't prove this," "This is a lie." The blindness with which some human beings devour their newspapers is incredible. When this journal carried, in the same issue, articles for and against Hearst, with italic notes explaining the reasons for allowing both sides a hearing, many raging readers canceled their subscriptions on the ground that we had sold out to Mr. Hearst. It is, of course, impossible to avoid misleading readers of exactly that type of mind.

There are, however, various evils connected with the rapidly growing and wholesome business of advertising. Some very deleterious concoctions are thus forced upon the people, with high recommendations from actors and other persons who gain by publicity. There is at Washington a regular industry, consisting wholly of securing eulogies for various articles from prominent individuals. Then there is the aesthetic aspect, also, just now being fought out in connection with the New York subway. The worst result, artistically, of advertising is along the railway lines, where a farmer's wife will nearly always allow her meadow to be disfigured in return for the glib and plausible agent's offer of a free box of bitters, which she hardly knows whether to eat or turn over to her sick cow. The time will come, probably, when such outrages to the face of nature will be forbidden, and we constantly gain in restriction of misleading advertisements. But the legitimate use of this method of getting arguments and ideas before the public mind will increase, as was strikingly illustrated during the recent campaign by the Republican campaign managers. For a newspaper to connive at anything which misleads its readers is one thing. For it to keep from them the opportunity to hear more than one side of a controversy legitimately presented is another. A

This statue, by many considered Auguste Saint Gaudens' greatest achievement, stands in Rock Church Cemetery, Washington. It marks the grave of a prince, bears no inscription, and was designed to picture a sentiment expressed in two words as yet unsuggested by the sculptor.

AMEN

By JULIA MAGRUDER

MEN call thee hopeless, thou all-knowing one,
But, in this world of sorrows, what is hope?
May we not reckon such the power to cope
With all life's agonies, as thou hast done?
Kneeling before thee, gazing in thy face,
I feel that not one pang has passed thee by,
And yet that thou hast sought and found the grace
Of adequate strength to bear, and so may I.
Who seeks for joy finds nothing; better then
Strive for what may, by each strong soul, be had—
Endurance open-eyed. Each spirit's ken
Must read thy message, whether grim or glad,
According to its consciousness. Amen:
Sad to the joyous—joyous to the sad!

Why the Gang Missed McHale



Down in the shaft of a Pennsylvania coal mine, five years ago, there toiled a miner by the name of Michael McHale.

McHale worked hard—and made \$2.00 a day. That is, when there was work for him. In some months he would get only five or six "shifts," and that meant but \$11 or \$12 for his month's wages.

On this meagre income McHale supported his wife and two children.

It is needless to say that McHale belonged to no clubs, and the cheapest theatre was too expensive. So when he wanted to spend an evening out he went down town and played seven-up and euchre with "the gang."

"The gang" were all like McHale, and played for a very small stake—they did not try to undo John W. Gates or the Dalys. Nevertheless, when McHale pulled out five cents ahead he had won two and a half per cent. of a day's pay.

But one March night McHale didn't show up at the gang's social session. Nor did he on the next night, nor the next. For two weeks the gang missed McHale before they found out the reason for his absence. Then there was much merriment in the camp of the gang. But McHale ignored their chaff with a twinkle in his eye that would have said to the keen observer, "He that laughs last laughs best." And the gang continued to shuffle the cards without McHale.

The following October they saw their old friend appointed a fire boss—then the merry laugh of the gang became less audible, and McHale's twinkle brightened. In June, 1902, McHale was given a position as mine foreman. It was now McHale's time to laugh.

On the evening of April 14th, 1904, at a meeting and smoker held at the I. C. S. Assembly Room, 18 West Market Street, Wilkes Barre, Pa., Michael J. McHale made a speech—and here is what he said:

"Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen: I'm not very much of a speaker, but if you will give me your attention I'll try and tell you in my own way what the I. C. S. has done for me.

"I think it was about five years ago I met a man when I was coming from the pay office, and he said to me: 'Did you ever hear about the International Correspondence Schools of Scranton?' I told him I heard something about it, but I could not see that education could help me any, and, what was more, I could not pay for it if I thought it could help me. I showed him my pay envelope. It contained \$11.00 for the month's pay, to support a wife and two children on for the month, and I asked him if he thought that I could afford to take any education on that kind of a pay. But that did not make any difference to that man—he stuck to me, and finally persuaded me to let him go down to the house and talk it over with the wife.

"Well, we went down to the house and the man explained what he had come for, and my wife said: 'Mike, I don't see how we can spare any money for education. It might be a good thing for you, but I don't

see how we can spare any money this month.' Well, before that man left the house he had five of the eleven dollars, which only left us six. I promised him that I would study an hour a day, and I put in three hundred and sixty-five hours that first year, from which you can see that I didn't miss any Sundays. I used to go down on the green of an evening and flip the pennies and shuffle the cards, playing seven-up and euchre with the gang. Sometimes I'd win five cents, or maybe I'd lose five cents, but about three days after I paid the \$5.00 the first lessons came from the Schools, and I started to study my hour a day, and the gang missed McHale. About two weeks after that the gang found out that I had joined the International Correspondence Schools and they all gave me the merry laugh, but I promised that man that I would study an hour a day, and I intended to do it, and I did do it. While at my work I'd see the mine foreman and the fire boss come through the mines and measure this way and that way, say a few figures in their heads, and I used to say to myself, 'Well, they're smart men; but I could do the same thing and didn't know it.'

"I went to work in the breaker when I was eight years and a half old so you see I didn't have much of an education. Of course, I knew that six and two made eight, but that is about all that I did know.

"After I had studied the first year I could do the examples as good as any of them. I don't want to be braggin', but I think I can figure cube root and the square root with any of them now. You can go down there on the green now and you'll find nearly all of the same old gang shuffling the cards and flipping the pennies, but if you want to find McHale, come up to Mineral Spring Colliery of the Lehigh Valley Coal Company—a well-paid mine foreman who owes all his success to these Schools."

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history, it was that attitude, the everlasting yielding and compromise, for forty years, that caused the war."

All this is plausible, if one reeks with abstract principle and is not sensitive to fact. The South has a special problem and special conditions. To ignore them is the wisdom and ethics of an ostrich. No other section of our land happens to have a dark, oppressive burden peculiar to it alone. The wisest whites on the spot and the wisest blacks agree on how to treat it. They are still interfered with by the arrogance and incomprehension of persons dwelling at a distance, who first bore them down with armies, in a just, inevitable war, and then treated them to sanctimonious aphorisms and political exploitation. Assuredly our Chief Magistrate should be President of black as well as white. If he were that—and successfully—he would do what would enable one color to lay the foundations of usefulness and the other to live with less dread alongside of prolific and threatening inferiors. He would not—excited by academic or pulpit phrases—do what adds to the burden of the white and acts like poison on the black. The need is not of logic but of wisdom.

Finally, Collier's has no more objection to "irritating the South" than it has to irritating New England. Either will be done when it is necessary. It is not a question of irritation that confronts us. It is the heaviest burden in American life. Our words are addressed less to Southerners than to those Northern readers who help to make the Southern burden heavier.



A SOCIALIST'S REPLY

IN COLLIER'S for October 29 appeared an article on "The Socialist Party: Its Aims in the Present Campaign," in which the writer, Mr. Upton Sinclair, maintained that capital operates our Government, controls public opinion, owns the press, subsidizes churches, and directs instruction in our colleges, thus educating the next generation into a passive submission to plutocratic rule. He urges the promotion of labor and the opportunity of labor, and insists upon a new distribution of property rights.

To which Prof. William G. Sumner, Professor of Political and Social Science at Yale University, replies by saying: "What the Socialists complain of is that we have not yet got the work of civilization all done, and that what has been done does not produce ideal results. The task is a big one. It may even be believed that it is infinite, because what we accomplish often only opens new vistas of trouble. At present we are working on with all the wisdom we have been able to win, and we hope to gain more. If the Socialists could help by reasonable and practical suggestions, their aid would be welcome. When they propose to redistribute property, or to change the industrial system, they only disturb the work and introduce confusion and destruction. When they talk about rising and shooting, as if such acts would not be unreasonable or beyond possibility, they put themselves at the limit of the law, and may, before they know it, become favorers of crime."

The Rejoinder

Mr. Sinclair now replies to Professor Sumner's remarks as follows:

Prof. Sumner, like other critics, repeats the old platitudes about the wrong of interfering with private property, and the folly of "redistribution." No Socialist of the present day has any idea of interfering with private property. Says the present national platform of the party: "Socialism comes so to organize industry and society that every individual shall be secure in that private property in the means of life upon which his liberty of being, thought, and action depends." No present-day Socialist of any influence denies the right of a man to the goods which he uses, the house which he occupies, the farm which he tills, the machine which he operates. What he does propose to interfere with is that so-called "private property" which is used as public property—i.e., to exploit the labor of other men, in the form of rent, profits, interest, and dividends. This property—that is, capital—the Socialist declares must become public. Professor Sumner stoops to the wearisome nonsense about "redistribution." What the Socialist intends is the exact and diametrical opposite of redistribution. Under Socialism the capital of the country would be just as much "distributed" as the Bartholdi Statue, the Yellowstone Park, and the United States Post-office are "distributed." Under Socialism the railroads, telegraphs, mines, and factories would be the property of the nation, to be used by all upon equal terms.

The difference between Professor Sumner and myself is a life difference. The professor is a materialist, and I am an idealist. The professor sees that society has always groped blindly, that men have always been the slaves of ignorance and passion, and that reason and conscience have never been able to shape the social "system." He finds it cheap and comfortable to say that, as this has always been, so it will always be. I, on the contrary, believe that reason and conscience are not accidental superfluities, but the fundamental realities of life, and that sooner or later they must prevail over all the ignorance, prejudice, and wickedness of the world. The political economy of Professor Sumner is the "dismal science" of the struggle for existence; the political economy of Socialism is the joyful science of the struggle for righteousness. The fundamental idea of the latter is that of Christ: "For what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

The two opening paragraphs of the professor's paper made me wonder if he must not

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| 4. Hypatia | 9. Darwin's Origin of Species | 14. Prince of the House of David | 19. Thoma |
| 5. Ivanhoe | 10. Uncle Tom's Cabin | 15. Robinson Crusoe | 20. Last Days of Pompeii |

These twenty volumes represent a wide range of taste, but each one is unquestionably among the leaders of its class. Anyone who is familiar with these twenty books will never lack a subject of conversation in any company. This prize offer will secure many new readers for these standard works, which should be in every home where the English language is read and spoken.

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Yours truly,

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Dr. Edward Everett Hale writes:

"I am much interested in your plan. The only wonder is that it has not been carried out before. Your list seems to me a very good one, and while, of course, I think I could improve it perhaps, I am sure that if you can circulate these books as you propose, it will be a great advantage to us all." Truly yours, EDWARD E. HALE.

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The entire reputation of our concern, with more than a million dollars capital and eleven years of successful book publishing, is pledged to the fair and square awarding and payment of these prizes. If you want to know more about us, look up Merrill & Baker, New York, in Dun or Bradstreet. No one in any way connected with our establishment or with The Washington Post, will be allowed to compete. Each prediction will be numbered, dated and registered in a manner that will prevent mistake or fraud. The correctness of the awarding of the prizes will be certified to by Gunn, Richards & Co., the well-known firm of expert accountants and business engineers, of 43 Wall Street, New York. And a statement of the result will be published in the leading newspapers. For convenience of the Judge of the contest, and to prevent any possible confusion with the rest of our business, this contest will be conducted entirely from Washington, D. C. Address all inquiries and predictions to Dept. O, World's Famous Book Contest, care The Washington Post, Washington, D. C.

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Many learned and bookish people, among them Sir John Lubbock, have published lists of what they considered the world's best hundred books, and some of the magazines have published articles regarding the world's best books. Look up and see how the twenty mentioned here are rated in such lists.

Consult your local book dealer, and find out which ten he thinks will sell the best—which he has sold the most.

Consult the Librarian of any library to which you have access. Ask public and high school teachers and professors which ten are the best.

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The price of each volume is \$1.00. Each book is good, honest value for the dollar. For each volume you buy you are entitled to make one prediction—that is, name the ten volumes which you think will prove most popular—will sell better than the other ten. You may buy any number of volumes up to twenty and make as many different predictions as you buy books. But no person will be allowed to make more than twenty predictions.

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spent the day in visiting all the villages upon that side of Cambridge, and comparing notes with publicans and other local news agencies. I have covered some ground: Chesterton, Histon, Waterbeach, and Oakington have each been explored, and have each proved disappointing. The daily appearance of a brougham and pair could hardly have been overlooked in such sleepy hollows. The Doctor has scored once more. Is there a telegram for me?

"Yes, I opened it. Here it is: 'Ask for Pompey from Jeremy Dixon, Trinity College. I don't understand it.'

"Oh, it is clear enough. It is from our friend Overton, and is in answer to a question from me. I'll just send round a note to Mr. Jeremy Dixon, and then I have no doubt that our luck will turn. By the way, is there any news of the match?"

"Yes, the local evening paper has an excellent account in its last edition. Oxford won by a goal and two tries. The last sentence of the description says: 'The defeat of the Light Blues may be entirely attributed to the unfortunate absence of the crack international Godfrey Staunton, whose want was felt at every instant of the game. The lack of combination in the three-quarter line and their weakness both in attack and defence more than neutralized the efforts of a heavy and hard-working pack.'

"Then our friend Overton's forebodings have been justified," said Holmes. "Personally, I am in agreement with Dr. Armstrong, and football does not come within my horizon. Early to bed to-night, Watson, for I foresee that to-morrow may be an eventful day."

I was horrified by my first glimpse of my friend next morning, for he sat by the fire holding his tiny hypodermic syringe. I associated that instrument with the single weakness of his nature, and I feared the worst when I saw it glittering in his hand. He laughed at my expression of dismay, and he laid it upon the table.

"No, no, my dear fellow, there is no cause for alarm. It is not upon this occasion the instrument of evil, but it will rather prove to be the key which will unlock our mystery. On this syringe I base all my hopes. I have just returned from a small scouting expedition, and everything is favorable. Eat a good breakfast, Watson, for I propose to get upon Dr. Armstrong's trail to-day, and once on it I will not stop for rest or food until I run him to his burrow."

"In that case," said I, "we had best carry our breakfast with us, for he is making an early start. His carriage is at the door."

"Never mind. Let him go. He will be clever if he can drive where I can not follow him. When you have finished come downstairs with me, and I will introduce you to a detective who is a very eminent specialist in the work that lies before us."

When we descended I followed Holmes into the stable yard, where he opened the door of a loose box, and let out a squat, lop-eared, white-and-tan dog, something between a beagle and a foxhound.

"Let me introduce you to Pompey," said he. "Pompey is the pride of the local dog-hounds, no very great flier, as his build will show, but a staunch bound on a scent. Well, Pompey, you may not be fast, but I expect you will be too fast for a couple of middle-aged London gentlemen, so I will take the liberty of fastening this leather leash to your collar. Now, boy, come along and show what you can do." He led him across to the Doctor's door. The dog sniffed round for an instant, and then with a shrill whine of excitement started off down the street, tugging at his leash in his efforts to go faster. In half an hour we were clear of the town, and hastening down a country road.

"What have you done, Holmes?" I asked. "A threadbare and venerable device, but useful upon occasion. I walked into the Doctor's yard this morning and shot my syringe full of aniseed over the hindwheel. A doghound will follow aniseed from here to John O'Groat's, and our friend Armstrong would have to drive through the Cam before he could shake Pompey off his trail. Oh, the cunning rascal!—this is how he gave me the slip the other night!"

The dog had suddenly turned out of the main road into a grass-grown lane. Half a mile further this opened into another broad road, and the trail turned hard to the right in the direction of the town, which we had just quitted. The road took a sweep to the south of the town and continued in the opposite direction to that in which we started.

"This detour has been entirely for our benefit, then," said Holmes. "No wonder that my inquiries among those villages led to nothing. The Doctor has certainly played the game for all it is worth, and one would like to know the reason for such elaborate deception. This should be the village of Trumpington to the right of us. And by Jove, here is the brougham coming round the corner! Quick, Watson, quick, or we are done!"

He sprang through a gate into a field, dragging the reluctant Pompey after him. We had hardly got under the shelter of the hedge when the carriage rattled past.

"I fear there is some dark ending to our quest," said he. "It can not be long before we know it. Come, Pompey! Ah, it is the cottage in the field!"

There could be no doubt that we had reached the end of our journey. Pompey ran about and whined eagerly outside the gate where the marks of the brougham's wheels were still to be seen. A footpath led across to the lonely cottage. Holmes tied the dog to the hedge, and we hastened onward. My friend knocked at the little rustic door and knocked again without response. And yet the cottage was not deserted, for a low sound came to our ears, a kind of drone of misery and despair which

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PHILADELPHIA



was indescribably melancholy. Holmes passed irresolute, and then he glanced back at the road which we had just traversed. A brougham was coming down it, and there could be no mistaking those gray horses.

"By Jove, the Doctor is coming back," cried Holmes. "That settles it. We shall see what it means before he comes."

He opened the door, and we stepped into the hall. The dropping sound swelled louder upon our ears until it became one long deep wail of distress. It came from upstairs. Holmes darted up and I followed him. He pushed open a half-closed door and we both stood appalled at the sight before us.

A woman, young and beautiful, was lying dead upon the bed. Her calm pale face, with dim, wide-opened blue eyes, looked upward from amid a great tangle of golden hair. At the foot of the bed, half sitting, half kneeling, his face buried in the clothes, was a young man whose frame was racked by his sobs. So absorbed may be by his bitter grief that he never looked up until Holmes's hand was on his shoulder.

"Are you Mr. Godfrey Stannion?"

"Yes, yes, I am—but you are too late. She is dead."

The man was so dazed that he could not be made to understand that we were anything but doctors who had been sent to his assistance. Holmes was endeavoring to suggest a few words of consolation, and to explain the alarm which had been caused to his friends by his sudden disappearance, when there was a step upon the stairs, and there was the heavy, stern, questioning face of Dr. Armstrong at the door.

"So, gentlemen," said he, "you have attained your end, and have certainly chosen a particularly delicate moment for your intrusion. I would not marvel in the presence of death but I can assure you that if I were a younger man your monstrous conduct would not pass with impunity."

"Excuse me, Dr. Armstrong. I think we are a little at cross purposes," said my friend, with dignity. "If you could step downstairs with us we may each be able to give some light to the other as to this miserable affair."

A minute later the grim Doctor and ourselves were in the sitting-room below.

"Well, sir?" said he.

"I wish you to understand, in the first place, that I am not employed by Lord Mount-James, and that our sympathies in this matter are entirely against that nobleman. When a man is lost it is my duty to ascertain his fate, but having done so the matter ends so far as I am concerned, and so long as there is nothing criminal I am much more anxious to hush up private scandals than to give them publicity. If, as I imagine, there is no breach of the law in this matter, you can absolutely depend upon my discretion and my co-operation in keeping the facts out of the papers."

Dr. Armstrong took a quick step forward and wrung Holmes by the hand.

"You are a good fellow," said he. "I had misjudged you. I thank Heaven that my suspicion at leaving poor Stannion all alone in this plight caused me to turn my carriage back and so to make your acquaintance. Knowing as much as you do, the situation is very easily explained. A year ago Godfrey Stannion lodged in London for a time, and became passionately attached to his landlady's daughter, whom he married. She was as good as she was beautiful, and as intelligent as she was good. No man need be ashamed of such a wife. But Godfrey was the heir to this crooked old nobleman, and it was quite certain that the news of his marriage would have been the end of his inheritance. I knew the fact well, and I loved him for his many excellent qualities. I did all I could to help him to keep things straight. We did our very best to keep the thing from every one, for when once such a whisper gets about it is not long before every one has heard it. Thanks to this lonely cottage and his own discretion, Godfrey has succeeded up to now. Their secret was known to no one save to me and to one excellent servant, who has at present gone for assistance to Tringhampton. But at last there came a terrible blow in the shape of dangerous illness to his wife. It was consumption at the most virulent kind. The poor boy was half-crazed with grief, and yet he had to go to London to play this match, for he could not get out of it without explanations which would expose his secret. I tried to cheer him up by wire, and he sent me one in reply imploring me to do all I could. This was the telegram which you appear in some inexplicable way to have seen. I did not tell him how urgent the danger was, for I knew that he could do no good here, but I sent the truth to the girl's father, and he very judiciously communicated it to Godfrey. The result was that he came straight away in a state bordering on frenzy, and has remained in the same state, kneeling at the end of her bed, until this morning death put an end to his sufferings. That is all, Mr. Holmes, and I am sure that I can rely upon your discretion, and that of your friend."

Holmes grasped the Doctor's hand.

"Come, Watson," said he, and we passed from that house of grief into the pale sunlight of the winter day.

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P. F. COLLIER & SON, Publishers

New York, 10-122 West 4th Street, London, 10 Norfolk Street, Strand, W. C. and The International News Co., 5 Broad Street, Chambers Lane, E. C.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1904



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P. F. COLLIER & SON, PUBLISHERS

New York, 418-428 West 13th Street; London, 10 Norfolk Street, Strand, W. C.; and The International News Co., 5 Breams Buildings, Chancery Lane, E. C.

Copyright 1904 by P. F. Collier & Son. Printed at the New York Post Office at Second Class Matter.

Vol. XXXIV No. 10 10 Cents per Copy \$5.20 per Year
New York, Saturday, December 3, 1904

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set 'em off from up there, so's to make 'em go a little higher!"

"Thanksgiving looked good to me!" said the other commercial traveler mournfully. "I was a wonderful eater till I lost my digestion. Never lived anybody got more out of Thanksgiving than me, I expect."

"And New Year's Day," the middle-aged man sighed wistfully. "New Year's Day—how nice they used to make it! I'm sorry they had to give that up—the old way of keeping 'Open House.' There never was anything prettier; it amounted to an Institution, and life is the duller for the loss of it. Even the old fellows used to make a sort of carnival of it, and for the young men it was just a day of enchantment. Don't you remember how it was? Crisp snow lying light and clean on the ground, maybe, with now and then a little white flurry of it in the air—sleigh-bells just singing—everybody dressed up and laughing and liking each other—groups of young men in their silk hats jumping out of hacks and sleighs, going from one 'Open House' to another—old darkies in white ties and swallow-tails bowing and opening the front doors to let 'em in—you could hear the violins going it inside—then the flowers and yellow gaslight and warmth of big fires when you went in. And then, ah, the pretty girls!"

"Yes, they were pretty!" said the man with the flask, sitting up in his chair and opening his eyes. "There used to be lots of 'em, then—carloads of 'em!"

"Yes, there did!" corroborated the first commercial traveler heartily. "I remember!"

"And they were mighty pretty!" added the second quickly.

"That's so!" said the man with the cloth slippers. "I can remember," continued the man with the good cigar, "the first New Year's Day when I was old enough to make New Year's calls. Home for the holidays in sophomore year, proud of being almost twenty. Clothes that would have waked up a deaf and dumb asylum at midnight—and I sorry for the poor old people that didn't know enough to wear the same kind. I give you my word, there were pretty girls in my town, that New Year's! And there was one of 'em that was prettiest of all—had brown eyes—"

"I know," said the man with the flask. "Brown eyes! Didn't they have the same shine—way back in them—that brown velvet has when it's slantwise in the sun?"

"They did indeed! And she had a little straight nose—"

"You bet your soul she did!" said the first commercial traveler.

"And she had wavy brown hair—"

"And blushed the prettiest in the world," interrupted the second commercial traveler.

"Blushed easy!" enthused the man in the cloth slippers.

"Didn't she have flowers in her hands when you came into the room that New Year's Day?" asked the man with the flask.

"Roses," said the man with the good cigar. "I sent them—and some at her waist and one in her hair. I saw her as soon as I came in, though there were lots of other young fellows around her. She saw me, too."

"Let on not to, though, I expect?" inquired the man with the flask.

"Yes, both of us. And then—"

"Didn't you tremble?"

"Shook so I could hardly get my hands in my pockets. Then I made my greeting to the hostess and began working through the crowd and around the furniture toward her."

"Busted the aquarium, prob'ly, on the way," suggested the first commercial traveler.

"No—knocked over a couple of vases."

"And when you finally reached her," said the man with the flask, "didn't you laugh a good deal about it's being nice weather for New Year's?"

"Yes, about eighty times."

"And pretty soon she took you out to the dining-room for refreshments?"

"Yes—corner behind some big plants. Breathed the perfume of her hair as she leaned a little toward me, and got started to shaking again."

"Didn't shake too much to eat, though?"

"No!" shouted the man with the good cigar. "They were 'refreshments' in those days! They were in my town! Oysters—fried brown oysters that they don't have any more. Two of the kind you see nowadays would kill an ostrich, but those just melted! And scalloped oysters, and old-fashioned chicken salad—"

"Took hours and hours to make it," said the second commercial traveler. "And they used," he continued in a breaking voice, "young chicken!"

"And turkey, too, stuffed—"

"It was!" commented the second commercial traveler.

"And good coffee, and home-made ice cream that didn't taste like frozen napkin—and jelly cakes, light and trembly, and icing cake six stories high, unpatriated, and with hickory-nuts in it, and chocolate cake and—and—"

"Is my memory deceiving me?" asked the man with

the flask solemnly. "I seem to recall that there was punch—a widow's cruise of never-ending champagne punch."

"There was!" explained the man with the good cigar. "Old-fashioned punch. It was because of that punch, I suppose, that the old custom died out, and yet I don't believe it did much harm."

"I'll tell you one thing," said the man with the flask, "if there ever lived a man who understood how to concoct that punch righteously and to the betterment of mankind, you behold him in me! I suppose I could find all the materials under the care of the dining-room steward, and if the rest of you say the word—"

The word was said with a suddenness that startled him. The man with the good cigar pushed a bell.



The punch was bubbling in a big mixing-bowl

"Frank," said he to the porter, when the latter appeared, "take this gentleman to the dining-car and tell Henderson to do everything he can to help him quick!"

The porter obeyed with the profound courtesy and almost celerity which we had all day observed in his manner toward this passenger, and conveyed his charge with elaborate patronage to the dining-car. We halted presently at a station, and the commercial travelers, descending for a breath of air, returned at a run as the train moved again, bearing with laughter (which covered some shamefacedness) half a dozen holly wreaths and ropes of evergreen which they had purchased from a shivering vender on the street. We were awake at last, after the lonesome and gloomy day, and were beginning to trust each other in the American fashion. Therefore, offering many attempts at foolishness, we helped the two brethren to hang their greenery about the compartment, suspending it upon towel-racks and wall-hooks. By the time it was all in place, the punch was bubbling in a big mixing-bowl upon the adjustable card-table, the creator thereof ladling the mere top of it into six glasses, meanwhile offering many favorable comments upon the decorations. It was moved and carried that the company should perform the pleasure of the day by making one Christmas present, at least, and the porter received the collection that was taken



"Lots of the fellows around her . . ."

up for him with an ill-concealed attempt to cover his emotion.

"Yes," observed the man with the good cigar, when we were once more seated, "this tastes mighty like it!"

"That's a fact," added the man with the cloth slippers, as he contemplated the bottom of his first glass.

"New Year's Day was good," continued the former speaker, as if inquiring our opinion, "and it was happy, but after all, I don't know but Christmas—maybe, now—was better!"

"Fer me," said the man with the cloth slippers, "I guess you better put me down as holdin' forth that Christmas laid 'em all over. Takin' it by and large, great and small, I expect you can jest about give me an old-fashioned Christmas!"

"With the old folks there," said the first commercial traveler softly. "Your father and mother at the head and foot of the table, and maybe, if you were as lucky as I was, your grandfather and grandmother jokin' with the children, too."

"They used to have such kind faces, the old folks, didn't they," the second added, somewhat huskily. "I remember them—all there, then, around the table, kind and happy-looking in the lamplight."

"The strangest thing to me," the middle-aged man went on, "is to think that these big hands of mine were the hands that looked so small, then, beside those of the tall uncle I sat next to. It's all mighty funny to think of how high the stairs used to seem as I went up them to bed. To think that I am the same person that had to climb up on a chair to get at my stocking on the mantelpiece, Christmas morning! And to think that I could coast lying full-length on one of those little old-fashioned red sleds! It isn't believable!"

"The sled I remember," said the man with the flask, lading again, "had a name painted on it—Jack Frost's Pride."

"Mine was called," the first commercial traveler remembered, "The American Youth's Winter Companion."

"I think the happiest day of my life," said the middle-aged man, "was the Christmas when I got my first sled. They couldn't get it away from me, and at last had to let me take it to bed with me."

"I did that with a tin 'Boy's Own Grocery Wagon,' once," said the man with the flask. "Pretty near cut my arm off!"

"Remember your first pair of skates?" asked the man with the cloth slippers.

"That kind," responded the man with the flask, "I do."

"I read a mighty good story about Christmas once," said the first commercial traveler, "read it a long while ago. I don't know who it was that wrote it—Englishman, I expect, because it didn't seem to be about anything in the United States, and I don't know as it seemed to be telling things just the way they do happen, either, but I remember it gave me a kind of Christmasier feeling than anything else ever did."

"What was the name of it?" I asked.

"I don't know," he returned. "About all I recollect of it was that there was an old feller who didn't believe in Christmas, a mighty close business man that didn't treat his clerk right, and there was a ghost—a whole lot of ghosts—came around disturbing him that night, and there was a little crippled boy—"

"Tiny Tim!" exclaimed the man with the good cigar.

"Tiny Tim! Ah, I used to read the story of Old Scrooge—"

"That's it," cried the other, "Old Scrooge and Tiny Tim! That's right!"

"I used to read it every Christmas-time. I think that may have been something of what I was feeling just now, when I spoke of the wonder anybody has, sometimes, the unspeakable wonder that he is the same person that used to be so little. Do you remember Scrooge and the ghost of Christmas Past taking him back to the schoolhouse at Christmas-time to show him, through the window, his old self, the little Scrooge, reading the story of Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves?"

And the story of Scrooge is a fairy tale, of course, like the fairy tale little Scrooge was reading, and yet— isn't it true? We've all been going back, to-night, to look in at the windows, haven't we? After all, I don't know if it is so true that Christmas is gone."

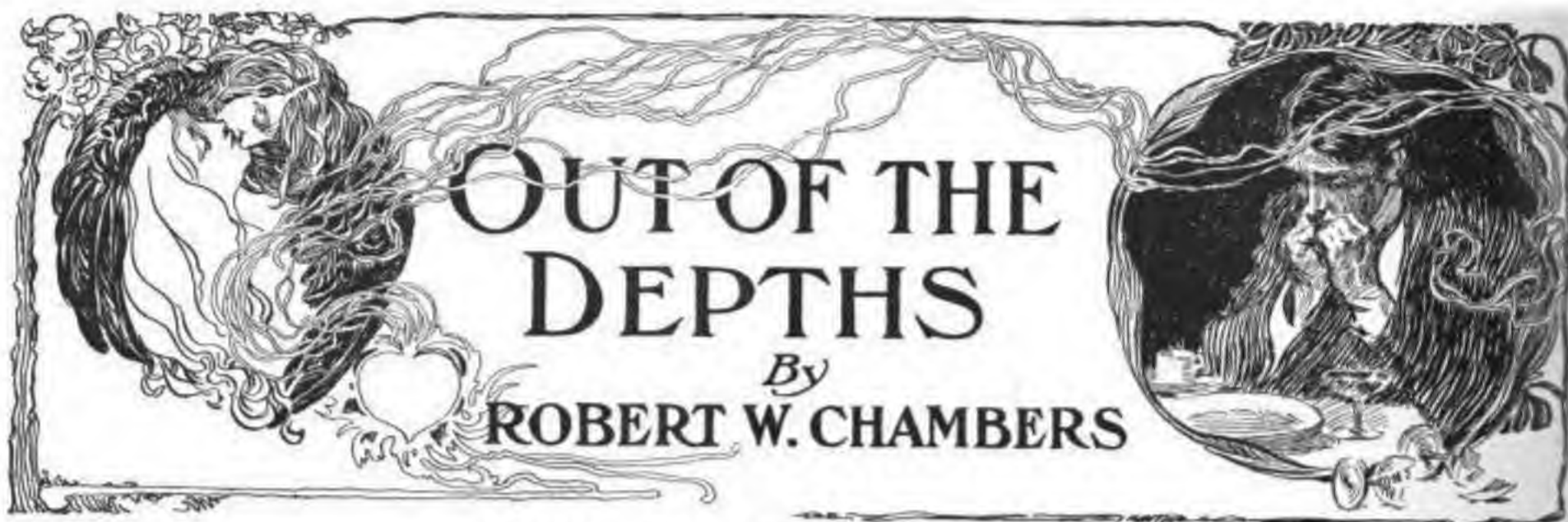
"Neither do I," said the man with the cloth slippers, allowing—without violent protestation—his glass to be filled. "I expect, maybe, that our youth isn't either. Perhaps it's only that we forget both, sometimes."

"Yes," said the man with the good cigar, "just as we forget Tiny Tim's 'God bless us, every one!' The world is full of people who remember that on Sunday and out of office hours, Memory's a queer thing, and it plays us its most inhuman trick when it's most obedient to our wills, and lets us bury its best children."

"I remember it all now," the first commercial traveler rose to his feet. "That's a pretty good toast to start with on Christmas night, and I propose we drink it standing. 'God bless us, every one!'"

"And now," asked the man with the flask, when we were seated again, "does anybody know any of the old songs?"

"Who would have thought it!" said the middle-aged man, splashing about the metal wash-basin as we rolled into Jersey City the next morning. "I expect last night was one of the best Christmases I ever put in in my life!"



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DUST and wind had subsided; there seemed to be a hint of rain in the starless west.

Because the August evening had become oppressive, the club windows stood wide open as though gaping for the outer air. Rugs and curtains had been removed; an incandescent light or two accentuated the emptiness of the rooms; here and there shadowy servants prowled, gilt buttons sparkling through the obscurity, their footsteps on the bare floor intensifying the heavy quiet.

Into this week's-end void wandered young Shannon, drifting aimlessly from library to corridor, finally entering the long room where the portraits of dead governors smirked through the windows at the deserted avenue.

As his steps echoed on the rugless floor, a shadowy something detached itself from the depths of a padded armchair by the corner window, and a voice he recognized greeted him by name.

"You here, Harrod!" he exclaimed. "Thought you were at Bar Harbor."

"I was. I had business in town."

"Do you stay here long?"

"Not long," said Harrod slowly.

Shannon dropped into a chair with a yawn which ended in a groan.

"Of all God-forsaken places," he began, "a New York club in August."

Harrod touched an electric button, but no servant answered the call.

Presently Shannon, sprawling in his chair, jabbed the button with the ferrule of his walking-stick, and a servant took the order, repeating as though he had not understood: "Did you say two, sir?"

"With olives, dry," nodded Shannon irritably.

They sat there in silence until

the tinkle of ice aroused them,

and—"Double luck to you,"

muttered Shannon; then, with

a scarcely audible sigh, "Bring

two more and bring a dinner

card." And turning to the older

man, "You're dining, Harrod?"

"If you like."

A servant came and turned

on an electric jet; Shannon

scanned the card under the pale

radiance, scribbled on the pad,

and handed it to the servant.

"Did you put down my name?"

asked Harrod curiously.

"No, you'll dine with me—if

you don't mind."

"I don't mind—for this last

time."

"Going away again?"

"Yes."

Shannon signed the blank

and glanced up at his friend.

"Are you well?" he asked abruptly.

Harrod, lying deep in his

leather chair, nodded.

"Oh, you're rather white

around the gills. We'll have

another."

"I thought you had cut that

out, Shannon."

"Cut what out?"

"Drinking."

"Well, I haven't," said Shan-

non sulkily, lifting his glass

and throwing one knee over the

other.

"The last time I saw you, you

said you would cut it," observed Harrod.

"Well, what of it?"

"But you haven't?"

"No, my friend."

"Can't you stop?"

"I could—now. To-morrow—

I don't know; but I know well

enough I couldn't day after

to-morrow. And day after to-

morrow I shall not care."

A short silence and Harrod said: "That's why I came back here."

"What?"

"To stop you."

Shannon regarded him in sullen amazement.

A servant announcing dinner brought them to their feet; together they walked out into the empty dining-room and seated themselves by an open window.

Presently Shannon looked up with an impatient laugh.

"For Heaven's sake let's be cheerful, Harrod. If you knew how the infernal town had got on my nerves."

"That's what I came back for too," said Harrod with his strange white smile. "I knew the world was fighting you to the ropes."

"It is; here I stay on, day after day, on the faint chance of something doing." He shrugged his shoulders. "Business is worse than dead; I can't hold on much longer. You're right; the world has hammered me to the ropes, and it will be down and out for me unless—"

"Unless you can borrow on your own terms?"

"Yes, but I can't."

"You are mistaken."

"Mistaken? Who will—"

"I will."

"You! Why, man, do you know how much I need? Do you know for how long I shall need it? Do you know what the chances are of my making good? You! Why, Harrod, I'd swamp you! You can't afford—"

"I can afford anything—now."

Shannon stared: "You have struck something?"

"Something that puts me beyond want." He fumbled in his breast pocket, drew out a portfolio, and from the flat leather case he produced a numbered check bearing his signature, but not filled out.

"Tell them to bring pen and ink," he said.

Shannon, perplexed, signed to a waiter. When the ink was brought, Harrod motioned Shannon to take the pen. "Before I went to Bar Harbor," he said, "I had a certain sum—" He hesitated, mentioned the sum in a low voice and asked Shannon to fill in the check for that amount. "Now blot it, pocket it, and use it," he added listlessly, looking out into the lamplighted street.

Shannon, whiter than his friend, stared at the bit of perforated yellow paper.

"I can't take it," he stammered—"my security is rotten, I tell you—"

"I want no security; I—I am beyond want," said Harrod. "Take it; I came back here for this—partly for this."

"Come back here to—to—help me!"

"To help you. Shannon, I had been a lonely man in life; I think you never realized how much your friendship has been to me. I had nobody—no intimacies. You never understood—you with all your friends—that I cared more for our casual companionship than for anything in the world."

Shannon bent his head. "I did not know it," he said.

Harrod raised his eyes and looked up at the starless sky; Shannon ate in silence; into his young face, already marred by dissipation, a strange light had come. And little by little order began to emerge from his whirling senses; he saw across an abyss a bridge glittering, and beyond that, beckoning to him through a white glory, all that his heart desired.

"I was at the ropes," he muttered; "how could you know it, Harrod? I—I never whined—"

"I know more than I did—yesterday," said Harrod, resting his pale face on one thin hand.

Shannon, nerves on edge, all aquiver, the blood racing through every vein, began to speak excitedly: "It's like a dream—one of the blessed sort—Harrod! Harrod! the dreams I've had this last year! And I try—I try to understand what has happened—what you have done for me. I can't—I'm shaking all over, and I suppose I'm sitting here eating and drinking, but—"

He touched his glass blindly, it tipped and crashed to the floor, the breaking froth of the wine hissing on the cloth.

"Harrod! Harrod! What sort of a man am I to deserve this of you? What can I do—"

"Keep your nerve—for one thing."

"I will!—you mean that!" touching the stem of the new glass, which the waiter had brought and was filling. He struck the glass till it rang out a clear, thrilling, crystalline note, then struck it more sharply. It splintered with a soft splashing crash. "Is that all?" he laughed.

"No, not all."

"What more will you let me do?"

"One thing more. Tell them to serve coffee below."

So they passed out of the dining-room, through the deserted corridors, and descended the stairway to the lounging room. It was unlighted and empty; Shannon stepped back and the



"I can't take it," he stammered—"my security is rotten, I tell you—"

elder man passed him and took the corner chair by the window—the same seat where Shannon had first seen him sitting ten years before, and where he always looked to find him after the ending of a business day. And continuing his thoughts the younger man spoke aloud impulsively: "I remember perfectly well how we met. Do you? You had just come back to town from Bar Harbor, and I saw you stroll in and seat yourself in that corner, and, because I was sitting next you, you asked if you might include me in your order—do you remember?"

"Yes, I remember."

"And I told you I was a new member here, and you pointed out the portraits of all those dead governors of the club, and told me what good fellows they had been. I found out later that you yourself were a governor of the club."

"Yes—I was."

Harrod's shadowy face swerved toward the window, his eyes resting on the familiar avenue, empty now save for the policeman opposite, and the ragged children of the poor. In August the high tide from the slums washes Fifth Avenue, stranding a gasping flotsam at the thresholds of the absent.

"And I remember, too, what you told me," continued Shannon.

"What?" said Harrod, turning noiselessly to confront his friend.

"About that child. Do you remember? That beautiful child you saw? Don't you remember that you told me how she used to leave her governess and talk to you on the rocks?"

"Yes," said Harrod. "That, too, is why I came back here to tell you the rest. For the evil days have come to her, Shannon, and the years draw nigh. Listen to me."

There was a silence; Shannon, mute and perplexed, set his coffee on the window-sill and leaned back, flicking the ashes from his cigar; Harrod passed his hands slowly over his hollow temples: "Her parents are dead; she is not yet twenty; she is not equipped to support herself in life; and—she is beautiful. What chance has she, Shannon?"

The other was silent.

"What chance?" repeated Harrod. "And, when I tell you that she is unsuspicious, and that she reasons only with her heart, answer me; what chance has she with a man? For you know men, and so do I, Shannon, so do I."

"Who is she, Harrod?"

"The victim of divorced parents—awarded to her mother. Let her parents answer; they are answering now, Shannon. But their plea is no concern of yours. What concerns you is the living. The child, grown to womanhood, is here, advertising for employment—here in New York, asking for a chance. What chance has she?"

"When did you learn this?" asked Shannon soberly.

"I learned it to-night—everything concerning her—to-night—an hour before I—I met you. That is why I returned. Shannon, listen to me attentively; listen to every word I say. Do you remember a passing fancy you had this spring for a blue-eyed girl you met every morning on your way downtown? Do you remember that, as the days went on, little by little she came to return your glance?—then your smile?—then, at last, your greeting? And do you remember, once, that you told me about it in a moment of depression—told me that you were close to infatuation, that you believed her to be everything sweet and innocent, that you dared not drift any further, knowing the chances and knowing the end—bitter unhappiness either way whether in guilt or innocence?"

"I remember," said Shannon hoarsely. "But that is not—can not be—"

"That is the girl."

"Not the child you told me of—"

"Yes."

"How—when did you know—"

"To-night. I know more than that, Shannon. You will learn it later. Now ask me again, what it is that you may do."

"I ask it," said Shannon under his breath. "What am I to do?"

For a long while Harrod sat silent, staring out of the dark window; then, "It is time for us to go."

"You wish to go out?"

"Yes; we will walk together for a little while—as we did in the old days, Shannon—only a little while, for I must be going back."

"Where are you going, Harrod?"

But the elder man had already risen and moved toward the door; and Shannon picked up his hat and followed him out across the dusky lamplighted street.

Into the Avenue they passed under the white, unsteady radiance of arc-lights which drooped like huge lilies from stalks of bronze; here and there the front of some hotel lifted, like a cliff, its window-pierced facade pulsating with yellow light, or a white marble mass, cold and burned out, spread a sea of shadow over the glimmering asphalt. At times the lighted lamps of cabs flashed in their faces; at times figures passed like spectres; but into the street where they were now turning were neither lamps nor people nor sound, nor any light, save, far in the obscure vista, a dull hint of lightening edging the west.

Twice Shannon had stopped, peering at Harrod, who neither halted nor slackened his steady, noiseless pace; and the younger man, hesitating, moved on again, quickening his steps to his friend's side.

"Where are—are you going?"

"Do you not know?"

The color died out of Shannon's face; he spoke

again, forming his words slowly with dry lips: "Harrod, why—why do you come into this street—to-night? What do you know? How do you know? I tell you I—I can not endure this—this tension—"

"She is enduring it."

"Good God!"

"Yes, God is good," said Harrod, turning his haggard face as they halted. "Answer me, Shannon, where are we going?"

"To—her. You know it! Harrod! Harrod! How did you know? I—I did not know, myself, until an hour before I met you;—I had not seen her in weeks—I had not dared to—for all trust in self was dead. To-day, downtown, I faced the crash and saw across to-morrow the end of all. Then, in my journey hellward to-night, just at dusk, we passed each other, and before I understood what I had done we were side by side. And almost instantly—I don't know how—she seemed to sense the ruin before us both—for mine was heavy on my soul. Harrod, as I stood, measuring damnation

night I knew what to-morrow she shall know—and you, Shannon, you too shall know. Good-by."

"Harrod! wait. Don't—don't go—"

He turned and looked back at the younger man with that familiar gesture he knew so well.

It was final, and Shannon swung blindly on his heel and entered the street again, eyes raised to the high lighted window under which he had halted a moment before. Then he mounted the steps, groped in the vestibule for the illuminated number, and touched the electric knob. The door swung open noiselessly as he entered, closing behind him with a soft click.

Up he sped, mounting stair on stair, threading the narrow hallways, then upward again, until of a sudden she stood confronting him, bent forward, white hands tightening on the banisters.

Neither spoke. She straightened slowly, fingers relaxing from the polished rail. Over her shoulders he saw a lamplighted room, and she turned and looked backward at the threshold and covered her face with both hands.

"What is it?" he whispered, bending close to her. "Why do you tremble? You need not. There is nothing in all the world you need fear. Look into my eyes. Even a child may read them now."

Her hands fell from her face and their eyes met, and what she read in his, and he in hers, God knows, for she swayed where she stood, lids closing; yielding hands and lips and throat and hair. She cried, too, later, her hands on his shoulders where he knelt beside her, holding him at arm's-length from her fresh young face to search his for the menace she once had read there. But it was gone—that menace she had read and vaguely understood, and she cried a little more, one arm around his head pressed close to her side.

"From the very first—the first moment I saw you," he said, under his breath, answering the question a quiver on her lips—lips divinely merciful, repeating the lovers' creed and the confession of faith for which, perhaps, all souls in love are shriven in the end.

"Naida! Naida!"—for he had learned her name and could not have enough of it—"all that the world holds for me of good is here, circled by my arms. Not mine the manhood to win out, alone—but there is a man who came to me to-night and stood sponsor for the falling soul within me."

"How he knew my peril and yours, God knows. But he came like Fate and held his buckler before me, and he led me here and set a flaming sword before your door—the door of the child he loved—there on the sea rocks ten years ago. Do you remember? He said you would. And he is no archangel—this man among men, this friend with whom, unknowing, I have this night wrestled face to face. His name is Harrod."

"My name!" She stood up straight and pale, within the circle of his arms; he rose, too, speechless, uncertain—then faced her, white and appalled.

She said: "He—he followed us to Bar Harbor. I was a child, I remember. I hid from my governess and talked with him on the rocks. Then we went away. I—I lost my father." Staring at her, his stiffening lips formed a word, but no sound came.

"Bring him to me!" she whispered. "How can he know I am here and stay away! Does he think I have forgotten? Does he think shame of me? Bring him to me!"

She caught his hands in hers and kissed them passionately; she framed his face in her small hands of a child and looked deep, deep into his eyes: "Oh, the happiness you have brought! I love you! You with whom I am to enter Paradise! Now bring him to me!"

Shaking, amazed, stunned in a whirl of happiness and doubt, he crept down the black stairway, feeling his way. The doors swung noiselessly; he was almost running when he turned into the Avenue. The trail of white lights starred his path; the solitary street echoed his haste, and now he sprang into the wide doorway of the club, and as he passed, the desk clerk leaned forward, handing him a telegram. He took it, halted, breathing heavily, and asked for his friend.

"Mr. Harrod?" repeated the clerk. "Mr. Harrod has not been here in a month, sir."

"What? I dined with Mr. Harrod here at eight o'clock!" he laughed.

"Sir? I—I beg your pardon, sir, but you dined here alone to-night—"

"Send for the steward!" broke in Shannon impatiently, slapping his open palm with the yellow envelope. The steward came, followed by the butler, and to a quick question from the desk clerk, replied: "Mr. Harrod has not been in the club for six weeks."

"But I dined with Mr. Harrod at eight! Wilkins, did you not serve us?"

"I served you, sir; you dined alone—" the butler hesitated, coughed discreetly; and the steward added, "You ordered for two, sir—"

Something in the steward's troubled face silenced Shannon; the butler ventured: "Beg pardon, sir, but we—the waiters thought you might be—ill, seeing how you talked to yourself and called for ink to write upon the cloth and broke two glasses, laughing like—"

Shannon staggered, turning a ghastly visage from one to another. Then his dazed gaze centred upon the telegram crushed in his hand, and shaking from head to foot, he smoothed it out and opened the envelope.

But it was purely a matter of business; he was requested to come to Bar Harbor and receive a check, drawn to his order, and perhaps aid to identify the body of a drowned man in the morgue.



Her hands fell from her face and their eyes met

with smiling eyes—at the brink of it, there. And she knew I was adrift at last."

He looked up at the house before him. "I said I would come. She neither assented nor denied me, nor asked a question. But in her eyes, Harrod, I saw what one sees in the eyes of children, and it stunned me. . . What shall I do?"

"Go to her and look again," said Harrod. "That is what I have come back to ask of you. Good-by."

He turned, his shadowy face drooping, and Shannon followed to the Avenue. There, in the white outbreak of electric lamps, he saw Harrod again as he had always known him, a hint of a smile in his worn eyes, the well-shaped mouth edged with laughter, and he was saying, "It's all in a lifetime, Shannon—and more than you suspect—much more. You have not told me her name yet?"

"I do not know it."

"Ah, she will tell you if you ask. Say to her that I remember her there on the sea rocks. Say to her that I have searched for her always, but that it was only to-

A Defective Santa Claus

By James Whitcomb Riley

ALLUS when our Pa he's away
Nen Uncle Sidney comes to stay
At our house here—so Ma an' me
An' Etty an' Lee-Bob won't be
Afcared ef anything at night
Might happen—like Ma says it might.
(Ef Trip wuz big, I bet you he
'Uz best watch-dog you ever see!)
An' so last winter—ist before
It's go' be Chris'mus-Day,—w'y, shore
Enough, Pa had to haf to go
To 'tend a lawsuit—"An' the snow
Ist right fer Santy Claus!" Pa said,
As he clumb in old Ayersuz' sled,
An' said he's sorry he can't be
With us that night—"Cause," he says-ee,
"Old Santy *might* be comin' here—
This very night of all the year
I' got to be away!—so all
You kids must tell him—ef he call—
He's mighty welcome, an' yer Pa
He left his love with you an' Ma
An' Uncle Sid!" An' clucked, an' leant
Back, laughin'—an' away they went!
An' Uncle wave' his hands an' yells
"Yer old horse ort to have on bells!"
But Pa yell back an' laugh an' say
"I 'spect when *Santy* come this way
It's time enough fer sleighbells nen!"
An' holler back "Good-by!" again,
An' reach out with the driver's whip
An' cut behind an' drive back Trip.

An' so all day it snowed an' snowed!
An' Lee-Bob he ist watched the road,
In his high-chair; an' Etty she
'Ud play with Uncle Sid an' me—
Like she wuz he'ppin' fetch in wood
An' keepin' old fire goin' good,
Where Ma she wuz a-cookin' there
An' kitchen, too, an' ever'where!
An' Uncle say, "'At's ist the way
Yer Ma's b'en workin', night an' day,
Sence she hain't big as Etty is
Er Lee-Bob in that chair o' his!"
Nen Ma she'd laugh 't what Uncle said,
An' smack an' smooove his old bald head
An' say "Clear out the way till I
Can keep that pot from b'ilin' dry!"
Nen Uncle, when she's gone back to
The kitchen, says, "We *ust* to do
Some cookin' in the *ashes*.—Say,
S'posin' we try some, thataway!"
An' nen he send us to tell Ma
Send two big 'taters in he saw
Pa's b'en a-keepin' 'cause they got
The premium at the Fair. An' what
You think?—He rake a grea'-big hole
In the hot ashes, an' he roll
Them old big 'taters in the place
An' rake the coals back—an' his face
Ist swettin' so's he purt'-nigh swear
'Cause it's so hot! An' when they're there

'Bout time 'at we fergit 'em, he
Ist rake 'em out again—an' gee!—
He bu'st 'em with his fist wite on
A' old stove-led, while Etty's gone
To git the salt, an' butter, too—
Ist like he said she haf to do,
No matter what *Ma* say! An' so
He salt an' butter 'em, an' blow
'Em cool enough fer us to eat—
An' *me-o-my!* they're hard to beat!
An' Trip 'ud ist lay there an' pant
Like he'd laugh *out loud*, but he can't.
Nen Uncle fill his pipe—an' we
'Ud he'p him light it—Sis an' me,—
But mostly little Lee-Bob, 'cause
"He's the best *Lighter* ever wuz!"
Like Uncle telled him wunst when Lee-
Bob cried an' jerked the light from me,
He wuz so mad! So Uncle pat
An' pet him. (Lee-Bob's ust to that—
'Cause he's the *little-est*, you know,
An' allus has b'en humored so!)



"Tomorry's go' be Chris'mus-Day"

Nen Uncle gits the flat-arn out,
An', while he's tellin' us all 'bout
Old Chris'mus-times when *he's* a kid,
He ist cracked hickernuts, he did,
Till they's a crockful, mighty nigh!
An' when they're all done by an' by,
He rakes the red coals out again
An' telled me, "Fetch that popcorn in,
An' old three-leggud skillut—an'
The *led* an' all now, little man,—
An' yer old Uncle here 'ull show
You how corn's popped, long years ago
When me an' Santy Claus wuz boys
On Pap's old place in Illinois!—
An' your Pa, too, wuz chums, all through,
With Santy!—Wisht Pa'd be here, too!"

Nen Uncle sigh at Ma, an' she
Pat him again, an' say to me
An' Etty,—“You take warning fair!—
Don't talk too much, like Uncle there,
Ner don't fergit, like *him*, my dears,
That 'little pitchers has big ears!’”
But Uncle say to her, “Clear out!—
Yer brother knows what he's about.—
You git your Chris'mus-cookin' done
Er these pore childern won't have none!”
Nen Trip wake up an' raise, an' nen
Turn roun' an' nen lay down again.
An' one time Uncle Sidney say,—
“When dogs is sleepin' thataway,
Like Trip, an' *whimpers*, it's a sign
He'll ketch *eight* rabbits—mayby *nine*—
Afore his fleas'll wake him—nen
He'll bite hisse'f to sleep again
An' *try* to dream he's go' ketch *ten*.”
An' when Ma's gone again back in
The kitchen, Uncle scratch his chin
An' say, “When Santy Claus an' Pa
An' me wuz little boys—an' Ma,
When she's 'bout big as Etty there;—
W'y,—‘When we're *growed*—no matter
where,’

Santy he cross' his heart an' say,—
‘I'll come to see you, all, some day
When *you*' got childerns—all but me
An' pore old Sid!’” Nen Uncle he
Ist kindo' shade his eyes an' pour
'Bout forty-'leven bushels more
O' popcorn out the skillet there
In Ma's new basket on the chair.
An' nen he telled us—an' talk' low,
“So Ma can't hear,” he say:—“You know
Yer *Pa* know', when he drived away,
Tomorry's go' be Chris'mus-Day;—
Well, nen *tonight*,” he whisper, “see?—
It's go' be Chris'mus-*Even*,” says-ee,
“An', like yer Pa hint, when he went,
Old Santy Claus (now hush!) he's sent
Yer Pa a postul-card, an' write
He's shorely go' be here tonight. . . .
That's why yer Pa's so bored to be
Away tonight, when Santy he
Is go' be here, sleighbells an' all,
To make you kids a Chris'mus-call!”

An' we're so glad to know *fer shore*
He's comin', I roll on the floor—
An' here come Trip a-waller'n' roun'
An' purt'-nigh knock the clo'eshorse
down!—

An' Etty grab Lee-Bob an' prance
All roun' the room like it's a dance—
Till Ma she come an' march us nen
To dinner, where we're *still* again,
But *ticked* so we ist can't eat
But pie, an' ist the hot mincemeat
With raisins in.—But *Uncle* et,
An' *Ma*. An' there they set an' set
Till purt'-nigh supper-time; nen we

Tell him he's got to fix the Tree
'Fore *Santy* gits here, like he said.
We go nen to the old woodshed—
All bundled up, through the deep snow—
"An' snowin' yet, *jee-rooshy-O!*"
Uncle he said, an' he'p us wade
Back where's the Chris'mus-Tree he's made
Out of a little jackoak-top
He git down at the sawmill-shop—
An' Trip 'ud run ahead, you know,
An' 'tend-like he 'uz *eatin'* snow—
When we all waddle back with it;
An' Uncle set it up—an' git
It wite in front the fireplace—
'cause

He says "'Tain't *so* 'at *Santy Claus*
Comes down *all* chimblies,—least,
tonight

He's comin' in *this* house all right—
By the front-door, as ort to be!—
We'll all be hid where we can *see!*"
Nen he look up, an' he see Ma
An' say, "It's ist too bad their *Pa*
Can't be here, so's to see the fun
The childern *will* have, ever' one!"

Well, *we!*—We hardly couldn't wait
Till it wuz dusk, an' dark an' late
Enough to light the lamp!—An' Lee-
Bob light a candle on the Tree—
"Ist *one!*—'cause I'm 'The Lighter!'"
—Nen

He clumb on Uncle's knee again
An' hug us *bofe!*—an' Etty git
Her little chist an' set on it
Wite clos't, while Uncle telled some
more

'Bout *Santy Claus*, an' clo'es he wore
"All maked o' furs, an' trimmed as white
As cotton is, er snow at night!"
An' nen, all sudden-like, he say,—
"Hush! Listen ther! Hain't that a sleigh
An' sleighbells jinglin'?" Trip go "*whooh!*"
Like he hear bells an' smell 'em, too.
Nen we all listen....An'-sir, shore
Enough, we hear bells—more an' more
A-jinglin' clos'ter—clos'ter still
Down the old crook-road roun' the hill.
An' Uncle he jumps up, an' all
The chairs he jerks back by the wall
An' th'ows a' overcoat an' pair
O' winder-curtains over there
An' says, "*Hide quick, er you're too late!*—
Them bells is stoppin' at the gate!—
Git back o' them-air chairs an' hide,
*'Cause I hear *Santy's* voice outside!"*
An' Bang! bang! bang! we heerd the door—
Nen it flew open, an' the floor
Blowed full o' snow—that's *first* we saw,
Till little Lee-Bob shriek' at Ma
"There's *Santy Claus!*—I know him by
His big white mufftash!"—an' ist cry
An' laugh an' squeal an' dance an'
yell—

Till, when he quiet down a spell,
Old *Santy* bow an' th'ow a kiss
To him—an' one to me an' Sis—
An' nen go clos't to Ma an' stoop
An' kiss her—An' nen give a whoop
That *fainted* her!—'Cause when he
bent

An' kiss her, he ist backed an' went
Wite 'ginst the Chris'mus-Tree ist where
The candle's at Lee-Bob lit there!—

An' set his white-fur belt afire—
An' blaze streaked roun' his waist an'
higher

Wite up his old white beard an' th'oat!—
Nen Uncle grabs th' old overcoat
An' flops it over *Santy's* head,
An' swing the door wide back an' said,
"Come out, old man!—an' *quick* about
It!—I've ist *got* to put you out!"



An' blaze streaked roun' his waist an' higher

An' out he sprawled him in the snow—
"Now roll!" he says—"Hi-roll-eeO!"
An' *Santy*, sputter'n' "*Ouch! Gee-whiz!*"
Ist roll an' roll fer all they is!
An' Trip he's out there, too,—I know,
'Cause I could hear him yappin' so!—
And I heerd *Santy*, wunst er twic't,
Say, as he's rollin', "*Drat the fice!*"
Nen Uncle come back in, an' shake
Ma up, an' say, "Fer mercy-sake!—
He hain't hurt none!" An' nen he said,—
"You youngsters h'ist up-stairs to bed!—
Here! kiss yer Ma 'Good-night,' an' me,—
We'll he'p old *Santy* fix the Tree—
An' all yer whistles, horns an' drums
I'll he'p you toot when morning comes!"

It's long while 'fore we go to sleep,—
'Cause down-stairs, all-time somepin' keep
A-kindo' scufflin' roun' the floors—
An' openin' doors, an' shettin' doors—
An' could hear Trip a-whinin', too,



Short enough, *Pa's* nose is froze

Like he don't know ist *what* to do—
An' tongs a-clankin' down & thump!—
Nen some one squonkin' the old pump—
An' *Wooh!* how cold it soun' out there!
I could ist *see* the pump-spout where
It's got ice chin-whiskers all wet
An' drippy—An' I see it yet!
An' nen, seem-like, I hear some mens
A-talkin' out there by the fence,

An' one says, "Oh, 'bout twelve
o'clock!"

"Nen," 'nother'n says, "Here's to
you, Doc!—

God bless us ever' one!" An' nen
I heerd the old pump squonk
again.

An' nen I say my prayer all
through

Like Uncle Sidney learn' me to,—
"O Father mine, e'en as Thine
own,

This child looks up to Thee alone:
Asleep or waking, give him still
His Elder Brother's wish and will."
An' that's the last I know
Till Ma

She's callin' us—an' so is *Pa*,—
He holler "*Chris'mus-gif!*" an'
say,—

"I'm got back home fer Chris'mus-
Day!—

An' Uncle Sid's here, too—an' he
Is nibblin' 'roun' yer Chris-mus-
Tree!"

Nen Uncle holler, "I suppose
Yer *Pa's* so proud he's froze his
nose

He wants to turn it up at us,
'Cause *Santy* kick' up such a fuss—
Tetchin' hisse'f off same as ef
He wuz his own fireworks hisse'f!"

An' when we're down-stairs, — shore
enough,

Pa's nose is froze, an' salve an' stuff
All on it—an' one hand's froze, too,
An' got a old yarn red-and-blue
Mitt on it—"An' he's froze some more
Acrost his chist, an' kindo' sore
All roun' his *dy-fram*," Uncle say,—
"But *Pa* he'd ort a-seen the way
Santy bear up last night when that-
Air fire break out, an' quicker'n *scat*
He's all a-blazin', an' them-air
Gun-cotton whiskers that he wear
Ist *flashin'!*—till I burn a hole
In the snow with him, and he roll
The front-yard dry as Chris'mus jokes
Old parents plays on little folks!
But, long's a smell o' tow er wool,

I kep' him rollin' *beautiful!*—

Till I wuz shore I shorely see
He's *squenced!* W'y, hadn't b'en
fer me,

That old man might a-burnt clear
down

Clean—plum'—level with the groun'!"
Nen Ma say, "There, Sid; that'll do!—
Breakfast is ready—*Chris'mus*, too,—
Your voice 'ud soun' best, sayin'
Grace!

Say it." An' Uncle bow' his face
An' say so long a *Blessing* nen,
Trip bark' *two* times 'fore it's "A-men!"



"MISS CIVILIZATION"

A Comedy in One Act

By

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

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This little Christmas comedy by the author of such successful plays as "The Dictator," "Ransom's Folly," "The Taming of Helen," etc., is Mr. Davis's first published work since his return from Japan. By special arrangement, COLLIERS is able to offer the amateur rights to this piece to its readers. In other words, any amateurs who desire to present "Miss Civilization" may do so, provided they apply to COLLIERS for permission, and provided also that they give credit to this paper and to the author on the programme

PEOPLE IN THE PLAY

ALICE GARDNER, daughter of James K. Gardner,
President of the L. I. & W. Railroad.

"UNCLE" JOSEPH HATCH, alias "Gentleman Joe,"
Policeman, Breaker, Engineer.

"BUCK" MEAKIN, alias "Reddy, the Kid."

HARRY HAYES, alias "Grand Stand" Harry.

CAPTAIN LUCAS, Chief of Police.



SCENE—The dining-room in the country house of James K. Gardner on Long Island. In the back wall is a double doorway opening into a hall. A curtain divided in the middle hangs across the entrance. On the wall on either side of the doorway are two electric lights, and to the left is a telephone. Further to the left is a sideboard. On it are set silver salvers, candlesticks, and Christmas presents of silver. They still are in the red flannel bags in which they arrived. In the left wall is a recessed window hung with curtains. Against the right wall is a buffet on which is set a tea caddy, toast rack, and tea kettle. Below the buffet a door opens into the butler's pantry. A dinner table stands well down the stage with a chair at each end and on either side. Two chairs are set against the back wall to the right of the door. The walls and windows are decorated with holly and mistletoe and Christmas wreaths tied with boxes of scarlet ribbon. When the window is opened there is a view of falling snow. At first the room is in complete darkness.

The time is the day after Christmas, near midnight.

After the curtain rises one hears the noise of a file scraping on iron. It comes apparently from outside the house at a point distant from the dining-room. The filing is repeated cautiously, with a wait between each stroke, as though the person using the file had paused to listen.

ALICE GARDNER enters at centre, carrying lighted candle in a silver candlestick. She wears a dressing gown, with swan's-down around her throat and at the edges of her sleeves. Her feet are in bedroom slippers topped with fur. Her hair hangs down in a braid. After listening intently to the sound of the file, she places candle on sideboard and goes to telephone. She speaks in a whisper.

ALICE. Hello, Central. Hello, Central. (Impatiently.) Wake up! Wake up! Is that you, Central? Give me the station agent at Bedford Junction—quick. What? I can't speak louder. Well, you must hear me. Give me the station agent at Bedford Junction. No, there's always a man there all night. Hurry, please, hurry. (There is a pause, during which the sound of the file grows louder. ALICE listens apprehensively.) Hello, are you the station agent? Good! Listen! I am Miss Gardner, James K. Gardner's daughter. Yes, the president. James K. Gardner, the president of the road. This is his house. My mother and I are here alone. There are three men trying to break in. Yes, burglars, of course. My mother is very ill. If they frighten her the shock might—might be very serious. Wake up the crew, and send the wrecking train here—at once. Send—the—crew—of—the—wrecking train here—quick. What? Then fire up an engine and get it here as fast as you can.

VOICE (calling from second story). Alice! ALICE (at 'phone). Yes, you have. The up-track's clear until "52" comes along. That's not until—

VOICE (louder). Alice!

ALICE (with dismay). Mother! (At telephone.) Hello, hold the wire. Wait! Don't go away! (Runs to curtains, parts them, and looks up as though speaking to some one at top of stairs.) Mother, why aren't you in bed?

VOICE. Is anything wrong, Alice?

ALICE. No, dear, no. I just came down to—get a book I forgot. Please go back, dearest; you know you shouldn't be up.

VOICE. I heard you moving about. I thought you might be ill.

ALICE. No, dearest, but you'll be very ill if you don't keep in bed. You know the doctor



"Mother, why aren't you in bed?"

told you to. Please, mother—at once. It's all right, it's all right.

VOICE. Yes, dear. Good-night.

ALICE. Good-night, mother. (Returns quickly to telephone.) Hello! Hello! Stop the engine at the foot of our lawn. Yes, yes,

at the foot of our lawn. And when you have the house surrounded, when the men are all around the house, blow three whistles so I'll know you're here. What? Oh, that's all right. The burglars will be here. I'll see to that. All you have to do is to get here. If you don't, you'll lose your job! I say, if you don't, you'll lose your job, or I'm not the daughter of the president of this road. Now, you jump! And—wait—hello— (Turns from telephone.) He's jumped.

(The file is now drawn harshly across the bolt of the window of the dining-room, and a piece of wood snaps. With an exclamation, ALICE blows out the candle and exits. The shutters of the windows are opened, admitting the faint glow of moonlight. The window is raised and the ray of a dark lantern is swept about the room. HATCH appears at window and puts one leg inside. He is an elderly man wearing a mask which hides the upper half of his face, a heavy overcoat and a derby hat. But for the mask he might be mistaken for a respectable man of business. A pane of glass falls from the window and breaks on the sill.)

HATCH (speaking over his shoulder). Hush! Be careful, can't you. (He enters. He is followed by "GRAND STAND" HARRY, a younger man of sporting appearance. He also wears a mask, and the brim of his gray Alpine hat is pulled over his eyes. Around his throat he wears a heavy silk muffler.) It's all right. Come on. Hurry up, and close those shutters.

HARRY (to REDDY outside). Give me the bag, Reddy. (REDDY appears at window. He is dressed like a Bowery tough. His face is blackened with burnt cork. His hair is of a brilliant red. He wears an engineer's silk cap with visor. To HARRY he passes a half-filled canvas bag. On his shoulder he carries another. On entering he slips and falls forward on the floor.)

HATCH. Confound you!

HARRY. Hush, you fool.

HATCH. Has he broken anything?

REDDY (on floor, rubbing his head). I've broke my head.

HATCH. That's no loss. Has he smashed that silver?

HARRY (feeling in bag). It feels all right. (HATCH cautiously parts curtains at centre and exits into hall.)

REDDY (lifts bag). We got enough stuff in this bag already without wasting time on another house.

HARRY. Wasting time! Time's money in this house. Look at this silver. That's the beauty of working the night after Christmas; everybody's presents is lying about loose, and everybody's too tired celebrating to keep awake. (Lifts silver loving cup.) Look at that cup!

REDDY. I'd rather look at a cup of coffee.

HARRY (contemptuously). Ah, you!

REDDY. Well, I can't make a meal out of silver ice pitchers, can I? I've been through three refrigerators to-night, and nothing in any of 'em but bottles of milk! Milk!

HARRY. Get up, get up, get to work.

REDDY. The folks in this town are the stingiest I ever see. I won't visit 'em again,



Hatch appears at the window

no matter how often they ask me. (*Rising and crossing to buffet.*) I wonder if these folks is vegetarians, too. (*Hatch enters.*)

HATCH. It seems all right. There's no light, and everybody's quiet. (*To HARRY.*) You work the bedrooms. I'll clear away those things. Don't be rough, now.

HARRY. I know my business. Give me the light. (*Takes lantern and exits centre.*)

HATCH. Hist, Reddy. Reddy, leave that alone. That's not a safe. (*Removes silver from sideboard to bag.*)

REDDY. I know it ain't, governor. I'm lookin' for somethin' to eat. (*He kneels in front of buffet, and opens door.*)

HATCH. No, you're not! You're not here to eat. Come and give me a hand with this stuff.

REDDY. Gee! I've found a bottle of whiskey. (*Takes bottle from buffet and begins to pull at the cork.*)

HATCH. Well, you put it right back where you found it.

REDDY. I know a better place than that to put it.

HATCH. How many times have I told you I'll not let you drink in business hours?

REDDY. Oh, just once, governor; it's a cruel, cold night. (*Coughs.*) I need it for medicine.

HATCH. No, I tell you!

REDDY. Just one dose. Here's to you. (*Drinks.*) Oh, Lord! (*He sputters and coughs violently.*)

HATCH (*starts toward him*). Hush! Stop that, you fool.

REDDY. Oh, I'm poisoned! That's benzine, governor. What do you think of that? Benzine! It's burned me throat out.

HATCH. I wish it had burned your tongue out! Can't you keep still?

REDDY. Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord! Think of a man puttin' benzine in a whiskey bottle! That's dishonest, that is. That's cheating the revenue officers. Using a revenue stamp twice is defraudin' the Government. I could have him arrested for that. (*Pause.*) If I wanted to. (*Pause.*) But I don't want to. It's lucky for him I don't want to.

HATCH. Oh, quit that—and come here. Get out the window, and I'll hand the bag to you. Put it under the seat of the wagon, and cover it up with the lap robe. (*Reddy steps to centre door and, parting the curtains, leans into the hall beyond, listening.*)

REDDY. Go slow. I ain't going to leave here till Harry is safe on the ground floor again.

HATCH. Don't you worry about Harry. He won't get into trouble.

REDDY. Sure he won't. It's me and you he'll get into trouble. You hadn't ought to send him to do second-story work.

HATCH. No?

REDDY. No; he's too tender-hearted. A second-story worker ought to use his gun.

HATCH. Oh, you! You'll fire your gun too often some day.

REDDY. No, I won't. I did once, but I didn't do it again for six years. But Harry—ah, he's too tender-hearted. If Harry was a chicken thief, before he'd wring a chicken's neck he'd give it laughing gas. Why, you remember the lady that woke up and begged him to give her back a gold watch because it belonged to her little girl who was dead. Well—it turned out the little girl wasn't dead. It turned out the little girl was a big boy, alive and kicking—especially kicking. He kicked me into a rose-bush.

HATCH. That'll do. Harry's learning his trade. He'll pick it up in time.

REDDY. About time he picked up something. Remember the Gainesville Bank: where he went away leaving ten thousand dollars in the back of the safe. Why didn't he pick that up?

HATCH. Because it wasn't there. Bank directors always say that—to make us feel bad. Hush! (*HARRY enters, carrying his silk muffler, which now is wrapped about a collection of jewels and watches.*)

HATCH. That's quick work. What did you get?

HARRY. Some neck strings, and rings, and two watches. (*He spreads the muffler on the table. The three men examine the jewelry.*)

HATCH. That looks good. Who's up there?

HARRY. Only an old lady and a young girl in the room over this. And she's a beauty, too. (*Sentimentally.*) Sleeping there just as sweet and peaceful—

REDDY. Ah, why don't you give her back her watch? Maybe she's another dead daughter.

HATCH. That's all right, Harry. That's good stuff. Pick up that bag, Reddy. We can go now. (*HARRY places muffler and jewels in an inside coat pocket. Reddy takes up the dark lantern.*)

REDDY. Go? Not till I've got something to eat.

HATCH. No, you don't. You can wait till later for something to eat.

REDDY. Yes, I can wait till later for something to eat, but I can wait better if I eat now. (*Exit into pantry.*)

HATCH. Confound him. If I knew the roads around here as well as he does, I'd drive off and leave him. That appetite of his will send us to jail some day.

HARRY. Well, to tell the truth, governor, a little supper wouldn't hurt my feelings. (*Goes to buffet.*) I wonder where old man Gardner keeps his Havanas? I'd like a Christmas present of a box of cigars. Are there any over here?

HATCH. I didn't look. I gave up robbing tills when I was quite a boy. (*Carries bag toward window and looks out.*)

HARRY. Oh, go easy, governor. It's been a hard night. We've made a good haul. Let's celebrate. (*Takes box of cigars from buffet.*) Ah, here they are. (*With disgust.*) Domestics! What do you think of that? Made in Vermont. The "Admiral Dewey" cigar. Gee! What was the use of Dewey's taking Manila, if I've got to smoke Vermont cigars? (*REDDY enters, carrying tray with food and a bottle.*)

REDDY. Say, fellers, look at this layout. These is real people in this house. I found cold birds, and ham, and all kinds of pie, and real wine. (*Places tray on right end of table.*) Sit down, draw up your chairs, and make yourselves perfectly at home.

HARRY. Well, that does look good. (*Places box of cigars at upper end of table, and seats himself.*) Better have a bite, governor.

HATCH. No, I tell you. (*He sits angrily in chair at left end of table, with his face turned toward the curtains.*)

REDDY. Oh, come on. It

don't cost you nothing. (*The light from the candle is seen approaching the curtains.*)

HATCH. Hush! Look there! (*He rises, lifting his chair above his head, and advances on tiptoe to right of curtains, where he stands with the chair raised as though to strike. HARRY points revolver at curtains. REDDY shifts the lantern to his left hand and, standing close to HARRY, also points a revolver. ALICE appears between curtains. She is dressed as before, and in her left hand carries the candle, while the forefinger of her right hand is held warningly to her lips.*)

ALICE (*whispering*). Hush! Don't make a noise. Don't make a noise, please. (*There is a long pause.*)

REDDY. Well, I'll be hung!

ALICE (*to REDDY*). Please don't make a noise.

HATCH (*in a threatening whisper*). Don't you make a noise.

ALICE. I don't mean to. My mother is asleep upstairs and she is very ill. And I don't want to wake her—and I don't want you to wake her, either.

REDDY. Well, I'll be hung!

HATCH (*angrily*). Who else is in this house?

ALICE. No one but mother and the maid-servants, and they're asleep. You woke me, and I hoped you'd go without disturbing mother. But when you started in making a night of it, I decided I'd better come down and ask you to be as quiet as possible. My mother is not at all well. (*Takes cigar box off table.*) Excuse me; you've got the wrong cigars. Those are the cigars father keeps for his friends. Those he smokes he hides over here. (*Places box on buffet and takes out a larger box, with partitions for cigars, matches, and cigarettes. As she moves about, Reddy keeps her well in the light of the lantern.*) Try those. They say they're quite good. I'm afraid you've a very poor supper. When father is away, we have such a small family. I can't see what you've— Would you mind taking that light out of my eyes, and pointing it at that tray?

HATCH (*sharply*). Don't you do it. Keep the gun on her.

ALICE. Oh, I don't mind his pointing the gun at me, so long as he does not point that light at me. It's most—embarrassing. (*Sternly.*) Turn it down there, please. (*REDDY lets light fall on tray.*) Why, that's cooking sherry you've got. You can't drink that! Let me get you some whiskey.



"Don't make a noise, please!"



HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS: TELLING T

DRAWN



HOW THE FOOTBALL GAME WAS WON

B. FROST

REDDY (covering her with lantern). No, you don't. That's not whiskey. It's benzine.

ALICE. You don't mean to say that that benzine bottle is there still? I told Jane to take it away.

REDDY (dryly). Well, Jane didn't do it.

ALICE. Now, isn't that just like Jane? I told her it might set fire to the house and burn us alive.

REDDY. It nearly burned me alive.

ALICE. I'm so sorry. (Takes from buffet a tray holding whiskey bottle, siphon, and three glasses.) Here, this is what you want. Father imports this. Perhaps you don't like Scotch.

HATCH. I don't you touch that, Reddy. (Returns to chair at left of table.)

REDDY. Why not?

ALICE. Yes; why not? It's not poison. There's nothing wrong with this bottle. If you're afraid, I'll prove it to you. (Pours out a little whiskey, and raises glass.) Just to show you there's not a trace of hard feelings. (Drinks and coughs violently.)

REDDY (sympathetically). She's got the benzine bottle, too.

ALICE. No. I'm not quite used to that. (To HARRY.) Excuse me, but aren't you getting tired holding that big pistol? Don't you think you might put it down now, and help me serve this supper? (HARRY does not move.) No? Well, then, let the colored gentleman help me. (HARRY and REDDY wheel sharply, each pointing his revolver.)

REDDY. Colored man! Where?

HARRY. Colored man! It's a trap! (Seeing no one, they turn.)

ALICE (to REDDY). Oh, pardon me. Aren't you a—colored person?

REDDY. Me! Colored? You never see a colored man with hair like that, did you. (Points lantern at his head.) This isn't my real face, lady. Why, out of office hours, I've a complexion like cream and roses. (Indignantly.) Colored man!

ALICE. I beg your pardon, but I can't see very well. Don't you think it would be more cheerful if we had a little more light?

HATCH. No! (To REDDY.) Drop that. We've got to go. (To ALICE.) And before we go, I've got to fix you.

ALICE. Fix me—how "fix" me?

HATCH. I'm sorry, miss, but it's your own fault. You shouldn't have tried to see us. Now that you *have*, before we leave, I've got to tie you to a chair—and gag you.

ALICE. Oh, really—all of that?

HATCH. I can't have you raising the neighborhood until we get well away.

ALICE. I see. But—gagged—I'll look so foolish.

REDDY. Well, there's no hurry. We won't get well away until I've had something to eat.

ALICE. Quite right. (To HATCH.) You can tie me in a chair later, Mr. —. But now you must remember that I am your hostess. (To REDDY.) You'll find plates in the pantry, please.

REDDY. Oh, I don't use them things.

ALICE. You'll use "them things" when you eat with me. Go, do as I tell you, please. (REDDY exits.) And you—put away that silly gun and help him.

HATCH. Stay where you are.

HARRY. Oh, what's the rush, governor? She can't hurt nobody. And I'm near starved, too. (Exit into pantry.)

HATCH. This is the last time I take you out.

ALICE (arranging the food around the table). Now, why are you so peevish to everybody? Why don't you be sociable, and take some supper? (Glances at sideboard.) You seem to have taken everything else. Oh, that reminds me. Would you object to loaning me about—four, six—about six of our knives and forks? Just for this supper. I suppose we can borrow from the neighbors for breakfast. Unless you've been calling on the neighbors, too.

HATCH. Oh, anything to oblige a lady. (Threateningly.) But no tricks, now!

ALICE. Oh, I can't promise that, because I mightn't be able to keep my promise. (HATCH brings silver knives and forks from the bag.)

HATCH. I'll risk all the tricks you know. Nobody's got much the better of me in the last twenty years.

ALICE. Have you been a burglar twenty years? You must have begun very young. I can't see your face very well, but I shouldn't say you were—over forty. Do take that mask off. It looks so—unsociable. Don't be afraid of me. I've a perfectly shocking memory for faces. Now, I'm sure that under that unbecoming and terrifying exterior you are hiding a kind and fatherly countenance. Am I right? (Laughs.) Why do you wear it?

HATCH (roughly). To keep my face warm.

ALICE. Oh, pardon me; my mistake. (A locomotive whistle is heard at a distance. ALICE listens eagerly. As the whistle dies away and is not repeated, her face shows her disappointment.)



"Why, that's cooking sherry you've got!"

HATCH. What was that? There's no trains this time of night.

ALICE (speaking partly to herself). It was a freight train, going the other way.

HATCH (suspiciously). The other way? The other way from where?

ALICE. From where it started. Do you know, I've always wanted to meet a burglar. But it's so difficult. They go out so seldom.

HATCH. Yes; and they arrive so late.

ALICE (laughing). Now, that's much better. It's so nice of you to have a sense of humor. While you're there, just close those blinds, please, so that the neighbors can't see what scandalous hours we keep. And then you can make a light. This is much too gloomy for a supper party.

HATCH (closing shutters). Yes; if those were shut it might be safer. (He closes shutters and turns on the two electric lights. REDDY and HARRY enter, carrying plates.)

HARRY. We aren't regular waiters, miss, but we think we're pretty good for amateurs.

REDDY. We haven't forgot nothing. Not even napkins. Have some napkins? (Places pile of folded napkins in front of ALICE. Then sits to right of table, HARRY to lower side of table. HATCH returns to chair at left of ALICE, and leans with his arms upon its back.)

ALICE. Thanks. Put the plates down there. And may I help you to some—

REDDY (taking food in fingers). Oh, we'll help ourselves.

ALICE. Of course, you're accustomed to helping yourselves, aren't you? (To HATCH.) Won't you join them?

HATCH. No. (Through the scene which follows, REDDY and HARRY continue to eat and drink heartily.)

ALICE. No? Well, then, while they're having supper, you and I will talk. If you're going to gag me soon, I want to talk while I can. (Pushes box toward him.) Have a cigar?

HATCH (takes cigar). Thanks.

ALICE. Now, I want to ask you some questions. You are an intelligent man. Of course, you must be, or you couldn't have kept out of jail for twenty years. To get on in your business, a man must be intelligent, and he must have nerve, and courage. Now—with those qualities, why, may I ask—why are you so stupid as to be a burglar?

HARRY. Stupid!

REDDY. Well, I like that!

HATCH. Stupid? Why, I make a living at it.

ALICE. How much of a living?

HATCH. Ten thousand a year.

ALICE. Ten thousand—well, suppose you made fifty thousand. What good is even a hundred thousand for one year, if to get it you risk going to prison for twenty years? That's not sensible. Merely as a business proposition, to take the risk you do for ten thousand dollars is stupid, isn't it? I can understand a man's risking twenty years of his life for some things—a man like Peary or Dewey, or Santos-Dumont. They took big risks for big prizes. But there's thousands of men in this country, not half as clever as you are, earning ten thousand a year—without any risk of going to jail. None of them is afraid to go out in public with his wife and children. They're not afraid to ask a policeman what time it is. They don't have to wear black masks, nor ruin their beautiful complexions with burnt cork.

REDDY. Ah, go on. Who'd give me a job?

ALICE. Who did you ever ask for one?

REDDY. Pass me some more of that pie like mother used to make.

HATCH. Yes; there are clerks and shopkeepers working behind a counter twenty-four hours a day, but they don't make ten thousand a year, and no one ever hears of them. There's no fame in their job.

ALICE. Fame! Oh, how interesting. Are you—a celebrity?

HATCH. I'm quite as well known as I care to be. Now, to-morrow, all the papers will be talking about this. There'll be columns about us

three. No one will know we are the ones they're talking about—

REDDY. I hope not.

HATCH. But the men in our profession will know. And they'll say, "That was a neat job of so-and-so's last night." That's fame. Why, we've got a reputation from one end of this country to the other.

HARRY. That's right! There's some of us just as well known as—Mister—Santos—Dumont.

REDDY. And we fly just as high, too.

ALICE (to HATCH). I suppose you—I suppose you're quite a famous burglar?

REDDY. Him? Why, he's as well known as Billy the Kid.

ALICE. Billy the Kid, really! He sounds so attractive. But I'm afraid—I don't think—that I ever heard of him.

REDDY. Never heard of Billy the Kid? What do you think of that?

HATCH. Well, then, I'm as well known as "Brace" Phillips, the Manhattan Bank robber.

REDDY. Sure he is.

HATCH. Don't tell me you never heard of him?

ALICE. I'm afraid not.

HATCH. Why, he's a head liner. He's as well known as George Post. Coppy Farrell? Billy Porter?

ALICE. No. There you are. Now, you claim there is fame in this profession, and you have named five men who are at the top of it, and I've never heard of one of them. And I read the papers, too.

REDDY. Well, there's other ladies who have heard of us. Real ladies. When I was doing

my last bit in jail, I got a thousand letters from ladies asking for me photograph, and offering to marry me.

ALICE. Really? Well, that only proves that men—as husbands—are more desirable in jail than out. (To HATCH.) No; it's a poor life.

HATCH. It's a poor life you people lead with us to worry you. There's seventy millions of you in the United States, and only a few of us, and yet we keep you guessing all the year round. Why, we're the last thing you think of at night when you lock the doors, we're the first thing you think of in the morning when you feel for the silver basket. We're just a few up against seventy millions. I tell you there's fame and big money and a free life in my business.

ALICE. Yes; it's a free life until you go to jail. It's this way. You're barbarians, and there's no place for you in a civilized community—except in jail. Everybody is working against you. Every city has its police force; almost every house nowadays has a private watchman. And if we want to raise a hue and cry after you, there are the newspapers, and the telegraph, and the telephone (nods at telephone) and the cables all over the—

HATCH (grimly). Thank you. One moment, please. (Throws open overcoat, showing that it is lined with burglars' jimnies, chisels, and augers.)

ALICE. My! What an interesting coat. It looks like a tool chest. Just the coat for an automobile trip.

HATCH. Harry, cut those telephone wires. (Hands barbed-wire-cutter to HARRY. To ALICE.) Thank you for reminding me.

ALICE. Oh, not at all. You've nothing to thank me for. (HARRY goes to telephone. To HARRY.) Don't make a noise doing that. Don't wake my mother. (To HATCH.) She's nervous, and she's ill, and if you wake her, or frighten her, I'll keep the police after you until every one of you is in jail.

HATCH. You won't keep after us very far when I've tied you up. Bring me those curtain cords, Harry.

ALICE. Oh, really, that's too ridiculous. (Listens apprehensively.)

HATCH. Sorry I had to bust up your still alarm, but after we go, we can't have you chatting with the police. If you hadn't so kindly given me a tip about the telephone, I might have gone off and clean forgot that. (HARRY takes curtain cords from window curtains.)

REDDY. I'm afraid pretty polly talked too much that time. We ain't all stupid.

ALICE. No; so I see, so I see. It was careless of me. But everybody you call upon may not be so careless.

HATCH. Well, I've won out for twenty years. I've never been in jail.

ALICE. Don't worry. You're young. I told you you looked young. Your time is coming. In these days there's no room for burglars. You belong to the days of stage coaches. You're old-fashioned now. You're trying to fight civilization, that's what you're trying to do. You may keep ahead for a time, but in a long race I'll back civilization to win. There's too many ways of earning money honestly for civilization to tolerate men who live by robbing other men.

HATCH. Is that so? Well, Miss Civilization, you've had your say, and I hope you feel better. (To HARRY.) Give me that silk muffler of yours. (To ALICE.) If civilization is going to help you, it's got to hurry.

ALICE. You don't mean to say you really are going to gag me?

HATCH. I am.

ALICE. My! But I will look silly. (With her face turned right she listens apprehensively.)

HARRY (coming down with curtain cords, and taking muffler from his pocket). I've got the stuff in this muffler.

HATCH. Well, give me that, too. (Shows inside coat pocket.) I'll put it in the safe. (HARRY places muffler on table, exposing jewelry. HATCH begins placing the ornaments one at a time in his

pocket. To ALICE.) What is it? What did you hear?

ALICE. I—I thought I heard my mother moving about.

HATCH. Well, she'd better not move about.

ALICE (fiercely). You'd better not wake her. (Sees the jewels.) Oh! Look at the "graff," or is it "swag"? Which is it?

HATCH (to HARRY). Cover 'em up; cover it up. (HARRY tries to hide the jewels with one hand, while he passes a lady's watch to HATCH.)

HARRY (to ALICE). That's your watch. I'm sorry it has to go.

ALICE. I'm not. It's the first time it ever did go. And, oh, thank you for taking that big brooch. It's a gift of father's, so I had to wear it, but it's so unbecoming. (She listens covertly.)

HATCH. Put your hat on them. Cover them up. (HARRY partly covers jewels with his hat. HATCH lifts a diamond necklace.)

ALICE. I suppose you know your own business—but that is paste.

HATCH. Do you want to be gagged now?

ALICE. Pardon me, of course you know what you want. (Notices another necklace.) Oh,



"How dared you take that!"

that's Mrs. Warren's necklace! So you called on her, too, did you? Isn't she attractive?

REDDY. We didn't ask for the lady of the house. They ain't always as sociable as you are.

ALICE. Well, that's her necklace. You got that at the house on the hill with the red roof—the house has the red roof, not the hill. (She recognizes, with an exclamation, a gold locket and chain which HATCH is about to place in his pocket.) Oh! that's Mrs. Lowell's locket! How could you! (She snatches locket from HATCH, and clasps it in both hands. She rises indignantly.) How dared you take that!

HATCH. Put that down!

ALICE (teidly). No; I will not. Do you know what that means to that woman? She cares more for that than for anything in this world. Her husband used to wear this. (Points.) That's a lock of their child's hair. The child's dead, and the husband's dead, and that's all she has left of either of them. And you took it, you brutes!

REDDY. Of course we took it. Why does she wear it where everybody can see it?

HATCH (savagely). Keep quiet, you fool.

ALICE. She wore it? You took it—from her?

HATCH. We didn't hurt her. We only frightened her a bit. (Angrily.) And we'll frighten you before we're done with you, Miss Civilization!

ALICE (distantly, her voice rising). Frighten me! You—you with your faces covered! You're not men enough. You're afraid to even steal from men. You rob women when they're alone—at night. (Holds up locket.) Try to take that from me!

VOICE (calling). Alice—Alice!

ALICE. Mother! Oh, I forgot, I forgot. (The burglars rise and move toward her menacingly.) Please, please keep quiet. For God's sake, don't—let—her—know!

VOICE. Alice, what's wrong? Who are you talking to? (ALICE runs to the curtains, with one hand held out to the burglars, entreating silence.)

ALICE. I'm—I'm talking to James, the coachman. One of the horses is ill. Don't come down, mother. Don't come down. Go back to bed. He's going now, right away. He came for some medicine. It's all right. Good-night, mother.

VOICE. Can't I help?

ALICE (vehemently). No; no. Good-night, mother.

VOICE. Good-night.

HATCH (fiercely, to HARRY). That's enough of this! We can't leave here with the whole house awake. And there's a coachman, too. She'll wake him next. He'll have the whole damned village after us. (To ALICE.) That woman upstairs and you have got to have your tongues stopped.

ALICE (standing in front of curtains). You try to go near that woman. She's sick, she's feeble, she's my—mother! You dare to touch her.

HATCH. Get out of my way.

ALICE. I tell you she's ill, you cowards. It will kill her, it will kill her. You'll have to kill me before you get through this door.

HATCH (savagely). Well, then, if it comes to that— (Three locomotive whistles are heard from just outside the house. ALICE throws up her hands hysterically.)

ALICE. Ah! At last, at last! They've come. They've come!

HATCH (fiercely). They've come! What is it? What does that mean? (REDDY runs to window and opens the shutters.)

ALICE (jubilantly). It means—it means that twenty men are crossing that lawn. It means that while you sat drinking there, Civilization was racing toward you at seventy miles an hour!

HATCH. Damnation! We're trapped. Get to the wagon—quick! No. Leave the girl alone. We've no time for that. Drop that stuff. That way. That way.

REDDY (at window). No. Get back! Get back! It's too late. There's hundreds of them out there.

HATCH (running to centre door). Out here! This way! Quick!

ALICE (mockingly). Yes; come! You don't dare come this way now! (She drags open the curtains, disclosing CAPTAIN LUCAS and two other policemen. For an instant they stand, covering the burglars with revolvers. REDDY runs to window. He is seized by an entering crowd of men in the oil-stained blue jeans of engineers and brakemen.)

CAPT. LUCAS. Hold up your hands, all of you! I guess I know you. (With his left hand he tears off HATCH's mask.) "Joe" Hatch—at last. (Pulls off HARRY's mask.) And Harry Hayes. I thought so. And that's—the "Kid." The whole gang. (To the police.) Good work, boys. (To ALICE.) My congratulations, Miss Gardner. They're the worst lot in the country. You're a brave young lady. You ought—

ALICE (speaking with an effort and swaying slightly). Hush, please. Don't—don't alarm my mother. Mother's not as strong as—as I am. (Her eyes close, and she faints across the arm of the Chief of Police as the

CURTAIN FALLS.





SIMPLE FOLK : By F. Hopkinson Smith

ANECDOTES OF MEN AND DEEDS AT NAUKASHON LIFE-SAVING STATION

ILLUSTRATED BY W. GRANVILLE SMITH

A LONG reach of coast country, white and smooth, broken by undulating fences smothered in snow-drifts—only their stakes and bushtops showing; further away horizontal markings of black pines; still further away, a line of ragged dunes bearded with yellow grass bordering a beach flecked with scurries of foam—mouthings of a surf twisting as if in pain. Beyond this a wide sea, greenish-gray, gray, and gray-blue, slashed here and there with whitecaps pricked by wind rapiers. Beyond this again, out into space, a leaden sky flat as paint and as monotonous.

Nearer by—so close that I could see their movements from the car window—spatterings of crows, and higher up circling specks of gulls glinting or darkening as their breasts or backs caught the light. These crows and gulls were the only things alive in the wintry waste.

Yes, one thing more. Two, in fact; as I came nearer the depot: a horse tethered to the section of the undulating fence—a rough-coated, wind-blown, shakily beast; the kind the great Schreyer always painted shivering with cold outside a stable door (and in the snow, too)—and a man. Please remember, A MAN! And please continue to remember it to the end of this story.

Thirty-one years in the Service he—this Keeper of the Naukashon Life-Saving Station—twenty-five at this same post. Six feet and an inch, tough as a sapling and as straight; long-armed, long-legged, broad-shouldered, and big-boned; face brown and tanned as skint leather; eye like a hawk's; mouth but a healed scar—so firm was it; low-voiced, silent, simple-minded, and genuine.

If you ask him what he has done in all these thirty-one years of service, he will tell you: "Oh, I kind o' forget; the Superintendent gets reports. You see, some months we're not busy, and then ag'in we ain't had no wrecks for a considerable time."

If you should happen to look in his locker, 'way back out of sight, you would perhaps find a small paper box, and in it a gold medal—the highest his Government can give him—inscribed with his name and a record of some particular act of heroism. When he is confronted with the telltale evidence, he will say: "Oh, yes—they *did* give me that. I'm keepin' it for my gran'son."

If you, failing to corkscrew any of the details out of him, should examine the Department's reports, you will find out all he "forgets." Among them the fact that in his thirty-one years of service he and the crew under him have saved the lives of one hundred and thirty-one men and women out of a possible of one hundred and thirty-two. He explains the loss of this unlucky man by saying apologetically, that "the fellow got dizzy somehow and locked himself in the cabin, and we didn't know he was there until she broke up and he got washed ashore."

This then was the man who, when I arrived at the railroad station, held out a hand in hearty welcome, his own closing over mine with the grip of a cant-hook.

"Well, by Jiminy! Superintendent said you was comin', but I kind o' thought you wouldn't till the weather cleared. Gimme yer bag—Yes. The boys are all well and will be glad to see ye! Colder than blue blazes, ain't it? Snow ain't over yet. Well—well—kind o' natural to see ye!"

The bag was passed up; the Captain caught the lines in his crab-like fingers, and the bunch of wind-blown fur, gathering its stiffened legs together, wheeled sharply to the left and started in to make

pencil-markings in double lines over the white snow seaward, on his way to the Naukashon Life-Saving Station.

The perspective shortened: First the smooth, unbroken stretch; then the belt of pines; then a flat marsh diked by dunes; then a cluster of black dots, big and little—the big one being the Station House and the smaller ones its outbuildings and fishermen's shanties—and then the hard, straight line of the pitiless sea.

I knew the "boys." I had known some of them for years: ever since I picked up one of their stations—its site endangered by the scour of the tide—ran it on skids a mile over the sand to the land side of the Inlet without moving the crew or their comforts (even their wet socks were left drying on a string by the kitchen stove); shoved it aboard two scows timbered together, started out to sea under the guidance of a light-draught tug in search of its new location three miles away, and then, with the assistance of a suddenly developed north-east gale, backed up by my own colossal engineering skill, dropped the whole concern, skids, house, kitchen stove, socks, and all, into the sea. When the surf dogs were through with its carcass the beach was strewn with its bones picked clean by their teeth. Only the weathercock which had decorated its cupola was left. This had floated off and was found perched on top of a

smell of the cooking—Dave Austin's clam chowder! I could pick it out anywhere, even among the perfumes of a Stamboul kitchen—and hence, too, the hearty handgrasp from the big, brawny men around the stove.

"Well! Kind o' summer weather you picked out! Here—take this chair—Gimme yer coat—Git them legs o' yours in, Johnny. He's a new man—John Partridge—guess you ain't met him afore. Where's Captain Shortrode gone? Oh, yes!—puttin' up old Motheaten! Ain't nothin' he thinks as much of as that old horse. Oughter pack her in camphor. Well—how's things in New York? Nelse, put on another shovel of coal—Yes, colder'n Christmas! . . . Nothin' but nor'east wind since the moon changed. . . . Chowder! Yes, yer dead right; Dave's cookin' this week and he said this mornin' he'd have a mess for ye."

A stamping of feet outside and two bifurcated walruses, four hours on patrol as far as the Inlet (three miles there and back), pushed in the door. Muffled in oilskins these, rubber-booted to their hips, the snow-line marking their waists where they had plunged through the drifts; their sou'westers tied under their chins, shading beards white with frost and faces raw with the slash of the beach wind.

More handshakes now, and a stripping of wet outeralls, a washup and a hair-smooth, a shout of "Dinner!" from the capacious lungs of David the cook; a silent, reverential grace, with every head bowed (these are the things that surprise you until you know these men) and with one accord attack is made upon Dave's chowder and his cornbread and his fried ham and his— Well, the air was keen and bracing, and the salt of the sea a permeating tonic, and the smell!—Ah, David! I wish you'd give up your job and live with me, and bring your saucepan and your griddle and your broiler and—my appetite!

The next night the Captain was seated at the table working over his monthly report, the kerosene lamp lighting up his bronze face and falling upon his open book. There is nothing a Keeper hates to do so much as making out monthly reports—his hard, horny hand is shaped to grasp an oar, not a pen. Four other men were asleep upstairs in their bunks, waiting their turns to be called for patrol. Two were breasting a northeast gale howling along the coast, their Coston signals tightly buttoned under their oilskins.

Tom Van Brunt and I—Tom knew all about the little kitchen stove and the socks—were tilted back against the wall in our chairs. The slop and rattle of Dave's dishes came in through the open door leading to the kitchen. Outside could be heard the roar and hammer of the surf and the growl of the baffled wind trying to burglarize the house by way of the eaves and the shutters.

The talk had drifted into life at the Station; the dreariness of waiting for something to come ashore (in a disappointed tone from Tom, as if he and his fellow surfmen had not had their share of wrecks this winter). Of the luck of

Number 16, in charge of Captain Elleck and his crew, who had got seven men and a woman out of an English bark last week without wetting the soles of their feet.

"Fust shot went for'd of her chain plates," Tom explained, "and then they made fast and come off in the breeches-buoy. Warn't an hour after she struck 'fore they had the hull of 'em up to the Station and supper ready. Heavy sea runnin' too." Tom then shifted his



The Captain leaned back in his chair and laughed quietly

sand dune, whizzing away on its ornamental cap as merry as a jig dancer. It was still whirling away—this time on the top of the cupola at Naukashon; I could see it plainly as I drove up, its arrow due east—looking for trouble, as usual.

Hence my friendship for Captain Shortrode and his trusty surfmen. Hence, too, my welcome when I pushed in the door of the sitting-room and caught the

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ing of a fort; the flagging of a train within three feet of an abyss; the rescue of a child along a burning ledge five stories above the sidewalk; all these themes bubbled up and sank again in my mind.

Suddenly a great light broke in upon me! What they wanted was something about their own life; some account of the deeds of other Life-Savers up and down the coast—graphically put with proper dramatic effect, beginning slowly and culminating in the third act with a blaze of heroism. These big, brawny heroes about me would then get a clearer idea of the estimation in which they were held by their countrymen. A clearer idea, too, of true heroism—of the genuine article; examples of which were almost nightly shown in their own lives. This would encourage them to still greater efforts and the world thereby be the better for my telling.

That gallant rescue of that man off Quogue was just the thing!

"Oh," I began—"did you men hear about that four-master that came ashore off Shinnecock last week?" and I looked about into their faces.

"No," remarked Jerry, pulling his pipe from his mouth. "What about it?"

"Why, yes ye did," granted Tom; "Number 12 got two of 'em."

"Yes—and the others were drowned—" interrupted Saul.

"Thick, wasn't it?" suggested one of the sleepy surfmen, thrusting his wharf-post of a leg into one section of his hip-boots.

"Yes—" I continued; "dense fog; couldn't see five feet from the shore. She grounded about a mile west of the Station and all the men had to go by was their cries. They couldn't use the boat, the sea was running so heavy, and they couldn't get a line over her because they couldn't see her, it was so thick. They stood by, however, all night, and at daylight she broke in two. All that day the men of two stations worked to get off to them, and every time they were beaten back. Then the fog cleared a little and two of the crew of the schooner were seen clinging to a piece of wreckage. Shot after shot was fired, and by a lucky hit one fell across them and they made fast and were hauled toward the shore."

At this moment the surfman who had been struggling with his hip-boots caught my eye, nodded and silently left the room, fully equipped for his patrol. I went on:

"When the wreckage with the two men clinging to it got within a hundred yards of the surf the inshore floatage struck them and smash they went into the thick of it. One of the shipwrecked men grabbed the line and tried to come ashore, the other poor fellow held to the wreckage. Twice the sea broke his hold, and still he held on."

The other surfman now disappeared into the night, the gale slamming the outer door behind him, the cold air finding its way into our warm retreat. I ignored the slight discourtesy and proceeded:

"Now, boys, comes the part of the story I think will interest you." As I said this I swept my glance around the room. Jerry was yawning behind his hand and Tom was shaking the ashes from his pipe. They were, I knew, bracing themselves for the denouement.

"On the beach" (my voice rose now) "stood Bill Halsey, one of the Quogue crew. He knew that the sailor in his weakened condition could not hold on through the inshore stuff, and in went Bill straight at the combers. There was not one chance in a hundred that he could live through it, but he got the man and held on, and the crew rushed in and hauled them clear of the smother—both of them half dead. Bill's arms still locked around the sailor. Bill came to soonest, and the first words he said were: 'Don't mind me, I'm all right; take care of the sailor!'"

I looked round again; Captain Shortrode was examining the stubs of his horny fingers with as much care as if they required amputation at some no distant day; Jerry and Saul had their eyes on the floor. Tom was still tilted back, his eyes closed. I braced up and continued:

"All this, of course, men, you no doubt heard about, but what the reporter told me may be new to you. That night the 'Shipping News' got Bill on the 'phone and asked him if he was William Halsey."

"Yes," "Are you the man who pulled the sailor out of the wreckage this morning at day-break?"

"Yes," "Well, we'd like you to write some little account of—"

"Well, I ain't got no time."

"If we send a reporter down will you talk to him and—"

"No, for there ain't nothin' to tell—"

"You're Halsey, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, we should like to get some of the details; it was a very heroic rescue and—"

"Well, there ain't no details and there ain't no heroics. I got paid for what I do and I done it—"

A dead silence followed—one of those uncomfortable silences that often follows a society break precipitating the well-known unpleasant quarter of an hour. This silence lasted only a minute. Then Captain Shortrode remarked calmly and coldly, and I thought with a tired feeling in his voice: "Well, what else could he have said?"

The fur-coated beast was taken out of camp, hooked up to the buggy, and the Captain and I plowed our way back to the depot, the men standing in the doorway, waving their hands good-by.

The next day I wrote this to the Superintendent at headquarters:

"These men fear nothing but God!"



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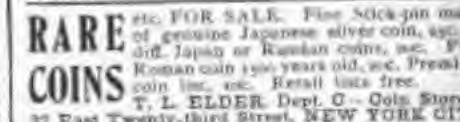
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"twart for me to separate husband and wife; and yet you not only take up the valuable time of this here court with yo' talkin', but you actually perpose to bribe me with money! Now, how much have you got in that sock?"

"Bout six dollars and a half, yo' honah!"

"All right! Then I fine you five dollars for bribery and a dollar and a half for takin' up my time with a case outer my jurisdiction, and may the Lord have mercy on your soul!"

Parental Promptitude

Willie: "Mamma, I think I like God better than I do papa."

Mrs. Simson: "Why, Willie?"

"Well, papa punishes me a great deal quicker than God does."

A Family Affair

"JUST after his election as Governor of Massachusetts," says Representative McCall, "Mr. Crane sent his son Robert to attend a military school in New York."

"The younger Crane, by reason of his manly ways and modest disposition, soon made himself solid with the faculty."

"There was an oral examination one day during the course of which young Crane was asked to give the name of the Governor of Massachusetts."

"After a moment's hesitation, Robert replied: 'I don't know, sir.'"

"Amazed by this unexpected answer, the teacher exclaimed, 'What, you don't know who is the Governor of your own State? Reflect, my boy!'"

"Very sorry, sir," said the boy quietly, "but I really don't know."

"Why, Robert!" cried the instructor, "don't you know that your father is the Governor of Massachusetts?"

"Oh, come to think of it," responded the youngster, "I believe he did tell me something of the sort; but I didn't take much stock in it. I thought he was joshing me."

ANY WAY

"MOTHER, may I go out to be killed?"

"Yes, my darling daughter."

Just jump on a car or cross a street. Or else go near the water."

Cause to be Thankful

M. R. CHOATE, Ambassador of the United States at London, tells of the address made by an Irish officer to his men who had just returned from a fruitless expedition.

Rising to his feet with the utmost solemnity and seriousness, the officer said:

"My men, I am fully aware of the fact that many of you brave fellows are disappointed because in this campaign you were afforded little opportunity to fight; but, my brave boys, reflect upon this: that had there been any fighting, there would have been many absent faces here to-day!"

Very Much Later

Hobb: "What kind of cigars does Hilbin smoke?"

Nebb: "The kind you put in your pocket to enjoy later."

How the Case Stood

HARRY and Maud were born in the same village and lived across the way from each other. When Harry was six and Maud was four, they sat on the front steps and held hands, and Harry divided his cake with Maud, and when he cut his finger he let Maud look at it first.

They went to the same Sunday-school, and grew up so close together that Harry would come into Maud's house without knocking at the door, and Maud did plain sewing for Harry up to the time he was able to vote.

Harry and Maud were close comrades. They sang in the same choir, used the same buggy for years, and when the time came to get married everybody said it was a celestial cinch.

Harry had never thought of any one but Maud, and Maud had never thought of any one but Harry.

And so they were married.

Shortly afterward, business took Harry away to a neighboring city, and by-and-by rumors came over the wireless that all was not well with Harry and Maud. Harry was playing the races and Maud had joined the

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great army of home knockers. They said that Maud had developed a disposition that an army mule might envy, and Harry was running around in other people's automobiles.

A year later Harry and Maud came back to town.

They had been divorced about six months. Maud led around an anemic individual that looked as if the wind would blow him over, who kept a candy store in South Boston. They had only known each other a week before they were married, and now she called him "Sweetie" and "Darling" and "Pet" in seven modulations.

Harry was tied up to a large plus blonde with Delft eyes and a superhuman waist, whom he had met in a manicure establishment. He called her his angel and his affinity.

One day the village gossip syndicate appointed a committee of two to call on Harry and Maud and worm from them the secret of their past.

And Maud said: "How could I really know what Harry was when I saw so much of him?"

And Harry said: "In reply to your leading question, I would say that we were both overtrained."



EXPLAINED

JOHN JONES on his Stenographer

With best of reason dots,

She's the only living person who

Will take from him his Notes!

The others demand Cash,

And for another reason, too,

He swears that she is great,

She's the only woman in the world

To whom he dares dictate!

He's married.



Legal Formality

MR. JOHN G. CARLISLE tells of a case that many years ago he was called upon to try before a justice of the peace in the mountains of Kentucky.

This justice of the peace was also a blacksmith. He came into court from his smithy, and, retaining his leather apron, mounted the bench with all possible solemnity of manner. The worthy man was very officious in his manner, trying hard to imitate the legal dignitaries he had seen in the surrounding districts. It was plainly to be seen, says Mr. Carlisle, that the good man had determined that in the presence of a "city" lawyer from Louisville it behooved him, the justice, to assume a judicial air that would be doubly impressive. The case under trial was that in which suit was brought for the payment of feed furnished certain horses. Mr. Carlisle represented the defendant, and the defence made was that the bill had been paid. When argument had been had, the justice delivered himself of the following:

"The court is very familiar with this case. The court has listened to what the witnesses have got to say and the talk of the lawyers. The court will not decide this case just now. It reserves its opinion. The case goes under advisement for three days, and the court will then decide the case in favor of the plaintiff."



The Runaways

Bride: "Here is a telegram from papa!"
Bridegroom (eagerly): "What does he say?"

Bride (reading): "Do not come home, and all will be forgiven."



Cruelty and Consideration

THE modern lady sat down to her luncheon. The principal dish was a young squab that belonged to an extremely interesting and beautiful family of pigeons. The father and mother pigeon had met their fate a day or so before at a grand shooting match. As for the squab, not having any father or mother left, it was better, perhaps, that he should fulfil his mission by satisfying the hunger of such a charming human being as the modern lady was.

After she had finished her luncheon, the modern lady called her maid and directed her to go upstairs and get her winter coat. This coat was made of baby lamb's wool. The lives of a great number of baby lambs had been sacrificed in order to make this coat. And it was natural for the modern lady to say to the maid:

"Now, Katy, when the furrier calls hand him this for storage, and tell him to take good care of it, as I am greatly attached to it."

Then she went upstairs to get ready to go out.

She put on her soft walking boots, furnished by an affectionate young kid; also her gloves, furnished by another kid. She put on her hat, upon which was poised a

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W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

beautiful bird. This bird had once been alive and had sung in a Southern forest, but one day he had been shot down, and now the modern lady was surveying him critically in her mirror.

As she stepped out of her door, and paused a moment for her carriage to come up, if she had been of a reflective turn of mind, or if the subject had specially interested her, she might possibly have considered for a moment the number and variety of animals that had been numbered to make her surroundings more luxurious. Through the window in the hall was the dim outline of a magnificent moose-head, shot last year by her son in a Canadian forest. On her floor was a tiger-skin brought from India. On the shoulders of her coachmen were monkey-skin capes. In fact, no matter where the eye rested, the remnants of some dead animal or bird testified to man's wonderful skill and ingenuity of slaughter.

But the modern lady was pursuing no such reflections. In the contrary, her observation was directed solely to a stray dog that had wandered incontinent upon the premises and was looking up at her from a safe distance with strangely pathetic eyes.

She rang the bell again.

"Katy," she said to the maid, "I left part of a squirrel on my plate. Won't you see that dog round to the door and give it to him? Poor little thing! Some one has been dreadfully cruel to him."

ON SHIPBOARD

By McLendonburgh Wilson

WITH the wireless ocean paper
Published daily on the deep,
Will it have a circulation
Guaranteed a million steep?
And there's still another question,
Over which we deeply brood:
Would it pay to fill its columns
Advertising breakfast food?

Light Logic for Lazy Listeners

KISSES are the dividends payable on the bonds of love.

Put not your trust in riches; rather put your riches in kisses.

A selfish man is like a ball of twine—all wrapped up in himself.

A lobster is apt to give you a pain whether you talk to him or eat him.

It would not seem advisable to heap coals of fire on a bald-headed man.

It is not your business to interfere with business that's nobody's business.

It does not take much to satisfy you if you are satisfied with yourself.

Many of the so-called gems of thought afterward turn out to be paste.

They say that some people are so bashful that they shun the naked truth.

A horse is a good thing to carry you, but a poor thing to carry your money.

Better not talk honest politics until you quit flinching the street car conductor.

The face is the window of the soul, but too many folks have stained glass windows.

When a fellow holds the wheel of fortune it's no wonder that his life is a round of pleasure.

The old gray owl is somewhat of a pessimist after all, because he never looks on the bright side of life.

A minister who can perform four marriages in twenty minutes might be said to make twelve knots an hour.

Many a woman will drag a month's salary along the street and then scold her husband because he doesn't turn up his trousers.

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A delightfully tempting sweetmeat made of the purest and most palatable ingredients. Its crisp, snappy consistency will conserve to easy digestion. It has a most pleasing flavor with an enticing aroma which constantly invites you to taste of this delicious confection.

"One taste invites another"

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"Oh," replied the friend, "that's by way of wishing them good luck, I suppose."

"In that case," suggested the Oriental, with just a suspicion of a smile, "why is it not the custom to throw rice after the hearse at a funeral?"

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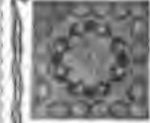
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WAYNE Touring Car



What
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Horse
Power
Means

The Mechanical Definition

of one horse power means the power necessary to lift 33,000 pounds one foot per minute. Sixteen actual Horse Power would therefore lift 528,000 pounds one foot a minute.

A Practical Demonstration

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The Wayne has a double opposed cylinder motor of 16 actual H. P. It develops that power without effort or strain and with absolute freedom from vibration or jar.

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We do Half your Washing Free of Cost

YOU must pay the washer-woman fifteen cents an hour.

It is hard-earned money at that. If you do your own washing, or have the servant do it, this steaming, back-breaking, hand-chapping, cold-catching, temper-destroying work will cost you more than 15 cents an hour, in the end.

It takes eight hours hard labor to do the average family wash. Eight hours, at 15 cents, cost you \$1.20 per week for washing. This means \$6.40 per year, without reckoning fuel for fires, or wear on clothes.

We will save you half of that—or No Pay.

We will send you our "1900" Washing Machine on a full month's free trial.

It runs on ball-bearings like a bicycle, and it works with motor-springs.

These motor-springs do most of the hard work.

You can sit in a rocking chair and make them do the washing—think of that!

We don't want a cent of your money, nor a note, nor a contract, when we ship you the Washer on trial. We even pay all of the freight out of our own pockets, so that you may test the machine as much as you like before you agree to buy it.

Use it a full month at our expense. If you don't find it does better washing, in half the time—send it back to the railway station, with our address on it—that's all.

We will then pay the freight back, too, without a murmur.

But, if the month's trial convinces you that our "1900" Washer actually does 8 hours washing in 4 hours time—does it twice as fast—far better, without wearing the clothes, breaking a button, or tearing a thread of lace, then you must write and tell us so.

* * * * *

From that time on you must pay us, every week, part of what our machine saves you, say 50 cents per week till the Washer is paid for.

Each "1900" Washer lasts at least five years, yet a very few months, at 50 cents a week, makes it entirely your own, out of what it saves you on each washing.

Every year our Washer will save you about \$31.20 that you would have had to spend for labor of your own, or the labor of others.

In five years each machine saves its owner about \$156.00. Yet the "1900" Washer won't cost you a cent, under our plan, because we let it pay for itself. You need not take our word for that. We let you prove all we say, at our expense, before you decide to buy it on these terms.

Could we risk the freight both ways, with thousands of people, if we did not know our "1900" Washer would do all we claim for it?

It costs you only the two-cent stamp, on a letter to us, to bring this quick and easy Washer to your door, on a month's trial.

That month's free use of it will save you about \$5.00. You thus risk nothing but the postage stamp to prove our claims, and we practically pay you \$5.00 to try it.

This offer may be withdrawn at any time if it crowds our factory.

Therefore WRITE TODAY, while the offer is open, and while you think of it. A post card will do.

Address me personally for this offer, viz.:
R. F. Fisher, General Manager of the
"1900" Washer Company, 324 North Henry
Street, Binghamton, N. Y.



COLLIER'S

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1904



THE FIRESIDE

PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANCES AND MARY ALLEN



THE MOST IMPORTANT APPOINTMENT which the President is likely to make is to the post of Attorney-General. Mr. MOODY is likely not to remain for the whole term. He is a level-headed man, hardly the best, however, for precisely the kind of work needed in the present situation. At one time a sample rumor offered the post to former Governor BLACK of New York, a man of some ability and a lucrative practice, but entirely unworthy of a position which requires great judgment as well as the highest legal knowledge. The rumor, which we heartily disbelieve, credited the President with a willingness to appoint BLACK to take him out of the scramble for the New York Senatorship, that prize for which the political vultures are in full competition. Mr. DEWEY, the present incumbent, is not dead, except in so far as he is an opponent of Governor ODELL, who announces his intention to dictate the selection of a Senator to the Legislature of which he is supreme boss. National offices, however, are not likely, under Mr. ROOSEVELT, to be filled on principles as low as those which are expressed in New York Senators. The President, when Mr. MOODY retires, will doubtless appoint a man whom the American bar and at least the well-informed part of the American people will accept as worthy. The success of the next Administration depends to a large extent on the Attorney-General. He should

TRUSTS AND THE MAN

be a man who knows all about corporations, and appreciates their proper activities as well as their improper and illegal ones. He should know much of business as well as much of law. In spite of harmless barking from the yellow press, he should be what is called a corporation lawyer—in other words, a lawyer so able in his profession and of such administrative talent that the great business enterprises have sought his services. He should, if possible, be a man who, while still young, has had enough of money-making and would go into public life because of its worth and higher interest. As examples of what is meant, we will mention two or three, where a dozen could as easily be named. Mr. ELIHU ROOT would conduct the office with brilliant ability. Mr. VICTOR MORAWETZ, the highest authority on corporation law in the country, and also a very able business man, is another illustration of what is needed. Mr. JOHN JOHNSON, who by a long distance leads the Pennsylvania bar, and also has what is probably the most important practice before the United States Supreme Court, is another. The difficulty is not in naming such men, but in inducing one of the very best to do the work. The President, however, appreciating the significance of the trust problem for many years to come, is likely, if a change comes, to fill the office on the highest legal and executive considerations, without allowing local politics to figure in any way.

IT WILL TAKE A STATESMAN not only with a forcible character, but with a gift for clear reasoning about financial matters, to make any general breach in our present tariff, buttressed as it is by so many interests which have prospered on account of it. Certain things, however, may be accomplished, without a general readjustment. Mr. DOUGLAS summed up the result in Massachusetts thus: "My election means the first gun in a battle for reciprocity and tariff relief. I was elected as a result of the aroused feeling of this State on the subject. It was broader than a labor movement. My vote was uniform throughout the farming and textile mills sections. Many Republican business men here in Boston voted for me. My election was distinctly the verdict of this State that we must have reciprocity and reduced tariff." He

THE TARIFF OUTLOOK

added that with a candidate who could have made a similar fight on trusts and the tariff, the Democrats might have won the Presidential fight. Doubtless in that statement he exaggerated, but none the less tariff questions are suddenly becoming more alive than anybody expected them to be. If any change is made, within a moderate time, it will probably be in reciprocity, but it is to be remembered that Mr. HAY has negotiated some two dozen reciprocity treaties which have been thrown out in the Senate, and that noble body represents particular aggregations of property to-day as much as it ever has represented them. Probably the tax on books and art will be removed at the first convenient opportunity. The Philippine question is partly one of tariff duties, and it is one on which the conscience of the people is dissatisfied. The American Government has been plausibly charged with bothering too much about politics and education in those islands, and too little about industry, which is at the basis of all civilized existence. The method of government is fairly acceptable

to a large majority of fair-minded judges. The industrial situation is not satisfactory to anybody. As long as laws made by us tend to retard the economic progress of the islands an obvious sin will remain upon our heads. That is the most immediate tariff question. Next to that comes reciprocity with our neighbors, Canada, Mexico, and Newfoundland.

THE COOPER BILL, now before Congress, backed by Governors LA FOLLETTE, VAN SANT, and CUMMINS, brings forward the question of the best method of regulating railways. It is one thing to prevent combinations, which was the issue in the Northern Securities case. It is a different thing to check extortion by controlling rates. The regulation of charges is looked upon by most experts, including liberal-minded traffic men themselves, as the more promising solution, with greater advantages and fewer harms than interference with combination. In directly productive business, as in the case of sugar, oil, or beef, competition is a good thing, and monopoly an evil. Transportation, however, is wasteful unless it is monopoly, and the problem is not to keep alive parallel fighting lines, but to secure good and cheap service from a single line. The relation which rates bear to prosperity causes profound conflicts of interest. One town may be ruined and another made by a slight shading in rates of carriage. The coal business may boom in one part of the country and die in another, unless rates are so arranged as to equalize the resulting price at the great centres. Take the soft coal problem as it is faced by the Pennsylvania system. The Pennsylvania controls the Baltimore & Ohio and the Norfolk & Western, and, jointly with the New York Central, it controls also the Chesapeake & Ohio and Philadelphia & Reading. The New York Central also controls the Beech Creek. These roads carry soft coal from widely scattered points, south and west, to the Atlantic seaboard. The railroads, by their command of cars as well as rates, regulate the output and the price from all these points, which are in direct competition, although they reach the centres from such opposite directions. As far as such a great combination raises the price of a necessity of life, it is an evil, and there comes in the need of regulation. As far, however, as it enables competing interests to work out their complex affairs satisfactorily, it fills a natural need. The merits of this particular QUARLES-COOPER bill we shall consider from time to time. At present we shall only observe that the general newspaper statements of its proposed effect are incorrect. It is not accurate to say that the Supreme Court took away powers from the Interstate Commerce Commission. As a matter of fact, the Commission itself, when first constituted (Judge COOLEY and Mr. WALKER then being members of the Commission), reached the conclusion that it had not the power to fix rates. Subsequently the Commission took a different view, and when the case came up before the Supreme Court of the United States, the latter decided that the view of the Commission when Judge COOLEY was its leading member was the correct one and that Congress had never given to the Commission power to fix rates.

REGULATING RAILWAYS

EACH WEEK THAT PASSES shows Mr. BRYAN's unfitness to make any good out of the shattered Democracy. Instead of progressing to a point where he might so grasp the principles of change as to unite all or many of the non-conservative elements of the population, he relies upon an extreme expression of the kind of radicalism for which he has been twice overwhelmingly rejected. His talk is bound to make thousands of traditional Democrats realize how much wiser and truer a Democrat Mr. ROOSEVELT is than the man whose soul seems so bent upon proving that his silver ideas are still matters of public principle instead of private folly, and so bent upon doing what he can to shatter the Federal judiciary. Instead of helping to create a division in which people of clear heads and common-sense can be at home in the more liberal party, his activities now tend toward making 1908 another walkover by identifying one organization with muddle-headed discontent, of a brand much more European than American. The Democratic opportunity is great. The independent voter showed his increasing alertness in Missouri, Wisconsin, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Colorado, Montana, Minnesota, Michigan, and indeed, to a certain extent, in nearly all the States. If Mr. BRYAN interprets such signs as a desire to go back and declare that he was infallible and inspired in 1896 and 1900, he would serve his party best by step-

BRYAN RAMPANT



ping over to Mr. DEBS, taking, if possible, Mr. HEARST along with him. He is now elaborately trying to destroy one of the foundations of the system under which we have done fairly well by approving everything that would reduce the judiciary to a nullity. He doesn't seem to know a real American issue when he sees it. If he wishes to make a United States Supreme Court Judge as much the creature of some constituents, as dependent for his station on the accidents of popularity, as an alderman or a ward leader, he may be able to hinder the growth of a successfully liberal party. He will certainly not increase the trust which the American people are willing to repose in him.

A RUSSIAN GRAND DUKE meets the views of the people of his country by a genial observation: "These peasants think, I suppose, that Russia exists for them, as a dog does for its fleas." Which means that the Russian people are now desiring a voice in their affairs so modest and small that in America the necessity of the request seems almost ridiculous. The Empress is afraid that if the people are given any more liberty they will explode bombs on her infant son. Up in Canada dwells a philosopher who looks upon democracy in America much as the Grand Duke aforesaid and the Empress look upon Russian stirrings for self-government. Mr., or Professor, GOLDWIN SMITH of Toronto is distressed at our elections. "It is," he says, "with regard to the form provided

for the election of the President, however, that the JEREMIADS work of the fathers has most signally and, perhaps, most unhappily failed. Their intention was that the President should be elected by chosen bodies of select and responsible citizens." Since the people have taken the nominations into their own hands, and made the electors mere registers of their will, Mr. SMITH thinks the result has been "a process of national agitation and conflict which sets at work all the forces of political intrigue and corruption on the most enormous scale, besides filling the country with passions almost as violent and anti-social as those of civil war. The qualification for the nomination is no longer eminence, but availability. It is not a question which man is most worthy of public confidence, but which man can carry New York or Ohio." The last election indicated that coming from a doubtful State will count less hereafter, and the rest of Mr. SMITH's jeremiad is about as sensible as the epigram of the Russian Grand Duke.

SIX-DAY BICYCLE RACES, which are on the horizon again, stand high in the list of unexcused brutalities. Delicate natures object to football, a sport which may need further change of rules, but which is full of excellent training for participants and of normal and wholesome interest for observers. Some people would take all violence out of life and make the small boy identical in spirit with an anæmic girl. There is a middle way between being squeamish and being callous, and any middle way whatever would condemn the six-day bicycle struggles, which are dependent for the excitement they create not on skill, beauty, or any healthy element whatever, but on the morbid instincts which are pleased

when a man's eyes bulge in his head from exhaustion, when his veins are swollen, and blood spurts from his nose. An ordinance was introduced in New York providing that "hereafter, in any bicycle race, or other contest of speed, skill, or endurance, it shall be unlawful for any contestant to continue in any such race or contest for a longer time than three hours during any twenty-four hours." Some such provision would be a step in a good direction. Long-distance bicycle riding is the most brutal exhibition now allowed in the United States by law. Prize-fighting has more science. Bull-fighting has at least something of the dramatic and the picturesque. To watch men driven by drugs and desperation around a ring until they drop, brings out some of the most degraded attributes for which humanity has to blush. Prohibition of such exhibited brutality would be warmly supported by enlightened public opinion.

AS A BUYER OF ART WORKS Mr. J. PIERPONT MORGAN has deserved well of his country. As a reorganizer of the Metropolitan Museum everybody expects him to succeed brilliantly. He knows men, he is an expert in organization, and he wishes that the United States shall possess as much as possible of what great art is purchasable. If our profound representatives at Washington would take off their benighted tax on a branch of education which their suspicious minds still view with distrust, Mr. MORGAN

would do still more privately for beauty in America than he has already done. The Metropolitan, however, is so wealthy and so influential that it offers greater opportunities than any individual enterprise. The vacancy in the directorship creates a situation which has been looked forward to with mingled feelings. The board of trustees contains notable fossils, whose past influence has been bad and whose future decisions have been feared. The selection of Mr. MORGAN for the controlling function is a scarcely expected exhibition of intelligence. He may fail, of course, in choosing the right man, but failure is not expected of him. The position of director is so full of possibilities for expanding and improving knowledge and interests in America that some of the best qualified men in the world would gladly take it. Mr. MORGAN, not a great expert in art matters himself, probably knows what principles to apply. He knows the few American painters, sculptors, and architects who by common consent stand in a class by themselves. A selection which will receive the approval of those men will be successful. A selection which will displease them and satisfy some business men, and some unsuccessful and querulous artists, will mean the continuance of evils under which the educated public has chafed long enough.

MR. MORGAN'S
OPPORTUNITY

IN ACTING THE NERVES are subjected to a heavier strain than in most other arts, because the medium in which the actor expresses himself is not paint or marble or written words, but his own body. To do his work well he may need to be keyed to the highest nervous tension, and yet if he is keyed too high he may lose by strain and exaggeration. Good and bad first nighters are familiar categories in theatrical language. There are probably a majority who thrive on special excitement, like a first night, which rather helps their performance, as the monotony of repetition renders it mechanical. As calm a nature as COQUELIN'S, for example, would be about the same at one performance as at another. DUSK would differ much from night to night. FIRST NIGHTS Mrs. FISKE is, relatively to her talent and her permanent level, the worst first nighter we know. Seeing her Hedda Gabler on the opening night last season, we were disappointed by a lack of thoroughness and of distinct characterization; seeing it again this year, at a matinee, we thought it immeasurably ahead of any other Hedda, and captivating in its dash, light and shade, and buoyant intelligence. And this first-night panic—or whatever it is—comes with every part she plays. Such inequalities might be supposed to count for much in reputation, but the effect on the world's judgment is less than would be expected. In acting, as in most things, what really counts is what merit there is in us, not our minor vacillations.

SCPTICISM AND CREDULITY may each be destructive to knowledge and understanding. After a reference to the celebrated medium, Mrs. PIPER, some weeks ago, we received elaborate epistolary demonstrations that her supposed performances are scientifically impossible. Scepticism in its proper sense is necessary to clear thought, but scepticism as mere disbelief of what is not understood is as stupid as the blindest superstition. Mrs. PIPER is about the only medium that the scientific bodies have found very satisfactory, and if they have not learned anything precise from her they have at least received light upon the limits and boundaries of knowledge, which is in itself profitable enlightenment. It might be natural to laugh upon observing that Englishmen eminent in various directions, and including GEORGE MEREDITH, ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE, the Bishop of Exeter, OSCAR BROWNING, and the student of phrenology and hypnosis, Dr. HOLLANDER, have founded a society with so large a purpose as "the study of human nature, not through any one department of science, but, by taking from all its different branches the most practical and useful, to arrive at a knowledge of the intellect and character of man and the laws which govern their manifestation." It might be natural to laugh, but it would not be judicious to do so, for a respect for the complex and unknown elements of human nature is a useful adjunct to the narrower scientific spirit. It is difficult to write upon this topic without quoting Hamlet's remark to Horatio, but we refrain, although agreeing with Hamlet perfectly. Much that used to be vaguely dismissed as imaginary is now clearly grasped by physiological psychology. Science has killed many strange beliefs, but created others which are not less strange.

HUMAN
NATURE



THE BURNING SHIP

PAINTED BY HOWARD PYLE

THE REAPPEARANCE of RAFFLES the AMATEUR CRACKSMAN

By E. W. HORNUNG

Author of "The Amateur Cracksman," "Dead Men Tell No Tales," "The Rogue's March," etc.

This is the first of a new series of ten stories by the author of "Raffles, the Amateur Cracksman," telling of the further adventures of this elegant and versatile robber. While each story is complete in itself, all will have the same hero and many of the same characters. The second tale, "The Chest of Silver," will be published in Collier's for January 21, 1905; the third story will appear in the March Household Number, February 25, and the others in successive Household Numbers.

Illustrated by
CYRUS CUNEO

IF I must tell more tales of Raffles, I can but go back to our earliest days together, and fill in the blanks left by discretion in existing annals. In so doing I may indeed fill some small part of an infinitely greater blank, across which you may conceive me to have stretched my canvas for a first frank portrait of my friend. The whole truth can not harm him now. I shall paint in every wart. Raffles was a villain, when all is written; it is no service to his memory to gloss the fact; yet I have done so myself before to-day. I have omitted whole heinous episodes. I have dwelt unduly on the redeeming side. And this I may do again, blinded even as I write by the gallant glamor that made my villain more to me than any hero. But at least there shall be no more reservations, and as an earnest I shall make no further secret of the greatest wrong that even Raffles ever did me.

I pick my words with care and pain, loyal as I still would be to my friend, and yet remembering as I must those Ides of March when he led me blindfold into temptation and crime. That was an ugly office, if you will. It was a moral bagatelle to the treacherous trick he was to play me a few weeks later. The second offence, on the other hand, was to prove the less serious of the two against society, and might in itself have been published to the world years ago. There have been private reasons for my reticence. The affair was not only too intimately mine, and too discreditable to Raffles. One other was involved in it, one dearer to me than Raffles himself, one whose name shall not even now be sullied by association with ours.

Suffice it that I had been engaged to her before that mad March deed. True, her people called it "an understanding," and frowned even upon that, as well they might. But their authority was not direct; we bowed to it as an act of polite grace; between us, all was well but my unworthiness. That may be gauged when I confess that this was how the matter stood on the night I gave a worthless check for my losses at baccarat, and afterward turned to Raffles in my need. Even after that I saw her sometimes. But I let her guess that there was more upon my soul than she must ever share, and at last I had written to end it all. I remember that week so well! It was the close of such a May as we have never had since, and I was too miserable even to follow the heavy scoring in the papers! Raffles was the only man who could get a wicket up at Lord's and I never once went to see him play. Against Yorkshire, however, he helped himself to a hundred runs as well; and that brought Raffles round to me on his way home to the Albany.

"We must dine and celebrate the rare event," said he. "A century takes it out of one at my time of life, and you, Bunny, you look quite as much in need of your end of a worthy bottle. Suppose we make it the Café Royal, and eight sharp? I'll be there first to fix up the table and the wine."

And at the Café Royal I incontinently told him of the trouble I was in. It was the first he had ever heard of my affair, and I told him all, though not before our bottle had been succeeded by an imperial pint of the same exemplary brand. Raffles heard me out with grave attention. His sympathy was the more grateful for the tactful brevity with which it was indicated rather than expressed. He only wished that I had told him of this complication in the beginning; as I had not, he agreed with me that the only course was a candid and complete renunciation. It was not as though my divinity had a penny of her own, or I could earn an honest one. I had explained to Raffles that she was an orphan, who spent most of her time with an aristo-

cratic aunt in the country, and the remainder under the repressive roof of a pompous politician in Palace Gardens. The aunt had, I believed, still a sneaking softness for me, but her illustrious brother had set his face against me from the first.

"Hector Carruthers," murmured Raffles, repeating the detested name with his clear cold eye on mine. "I suppose you haven't seen much of him?"

"Not a thing for ages," I replied. "I was at the house two or three days last year, but they've neither asked me since nor been at home to me when I've called. The old beast seems a judge of men!"

And I laughed bitterly in my glass.

"Nice house?" said Raffles, glancing at himself in his silver cigarette-case.

"Top shelf," said I. "You know the houses in Palace Gardens, don't you?"

"Not so well as I should like to know them, Bunny."

"Well, it's the best of the lot, and a perfect museum inside. The old ruffian is as rich as Cræsus. It's the palace of a prince."

"What about the window fastenings?" asked Raffles, casually.

I recoiled from the open cigarette-case that he proffered as he spoke. Our eyes met; and in his there was that starry twinkle of mirth and mischief, that sunny beam of audacious devilment, which had been my undoing two months before, which was to undo me as often as he chose until the chapter's end. Yet for once I withstood its glamor; for once I turned aside that luminous glance with front of steel. There was no need for him to voice his plans. I read them all between the strong lines of his smiling, eager face. And I pushed back my chair in the equal eagerness of my own resolve.

"Not if I know it!" said I. "A house I've dined in—a house I've seen her in—a house where she stays by the month together! Don't put it into words, Raffles, or I'll get up and go."

"You mustn't do that before the coffee and liqueur," said Raffles, laughing. "Have a small Sullivan first; it's the royal road to a cigar. And now let me observe that your scruples would do you honor if old Carruthers still lived in the house in question."

"Do you mean to say he doesn't?"

Raffles struck a match and handed it first to me. "I mean to say, my dear Bunny, that Palace Gardens knows the very name no more. You began by telling me you had heard nothing of these people all this year. That's quite enough to account for our little misunderstanding. I was thinking of the house, and you were thinking of the people in the house."

"But who are they, Raffles? Who has taken the house, if old Carruthers has moved, and how do you know that it is still worth a visit?"

"In answer to your first question, Lord Lochmaben," replied Raffles, blowing bracelets of smoke toward the ceiling. "You look as though you had never heard of him; but as the cricket and racing are the only parts of your paper that you condescend to read, you can't be expected to keep track of all the peers created in your time. Your other question is not worth answering. How do you suppose that I know these things? It's my business to get to know them, and that's all there is to it. As a matter of fact, Lady Lochmaben has just as good diamonds as Mrs. Carruthers ever had; and the chances are that she keeps them where Mrs. Carruthers kept hers, if you could enlighten me on that point."

As it happened, I could, since I knew from his niece that it was one on which Mr. Carruthers had been a faddist in his time. He had made quite a study of the cracksman's craft, in a resolve to circumvent it with his own. I remembered myself how the ground floor windows were elaborately bolted and shuttered, and how the doors of all the rooms opening upon the square inner hall were fitted with extra Yale locks at an unlikely height, not to be discovered by one within the room. It had been the butler's business to turn and to collect all these keys before retiring for the night. But the key of the safe in the study was supposed to be in the jealous keeping of the master of the house himself. That safe was in its turn so ingeniously hidden that I

never should have found it for myself. I well remember how one who showed it to me (in the innocence of her heart) laughed as she assured me that even her little trinkets were solemnly locked up in it every night. It had been let into the wall behind one end of the bookcase expressly to preserve the barbaric splendor of Mrs. Carruthers; without a doubt these Lochmabens would use it for the same purpose; and in the altered circumstances I had no hesitation in giving Raffles all the information he desired. I even drew him a rough plan of the ground floor on the back of my menu card.

"It was rather clever of you to notice the kind of locks on the inner doors," he remarked as he put it in his pocket. "I suppose you don't remember if it was a Yale on the front door as well?"

"It was not," I was able to answer quite promptly. "I happen to know because I once had the key when—when we went to a theatre together."

"Thank you, old chap," said Raffles sympathetically. "That's all I shall want from you, Bunny, my boy. There's no night like to-night!"

It was one of his sayings when bent upon his worst. I looked at him aghast. Our cigars were just in blast, yet already he was signaling for his bill. It was impossible to remonstrate with him until we were both outside in the street.

"I'm coming with you," said I, running my arm through his.

"Nonsense, Bunny!"

"Why is it nonsense? I know every inch of the ground, and since the house has changed hands, I have



In another minute we were at work upon the study door

no compunction. Besides, 'I have been there' in the other sense as well; once a thief, you know! In for a penny, in for a pound!"

It was ever my mood when the blood was up. But my old friend failed to appreciate the characteristic, as he usually did. We crossed Regent Street in silence. I had to catch his sleeve to keep a hand in his inhospitable arm.

"I really think you had better stay away," said Raffles as we reached the other curb. "I've no use for you this time."

"Yet I thought I had been so useful up to now?"

"That may be, Bunney, but I tell you frankly I don't want you to-night."

"Yet I know the ground, and you don't! I tell you what," said I: "I'll come just to show you the ropes, and I won't take a pennyweight of the swag."

Such was the teasing fashion in which he invariably prevailed upon me: it was delightful to note how it caused him to yield in his turn. But Raffles had the grace to give in with a laugh, whereas I too often lost my temper with my point.

"You little rabbit!" he chuckled.

"You shall have your share, whether you come or not; but, seriously, don't you think you might remember the girl?"

"What's the use?" I groaned. "You agree there is nothing for it but to give her up. I am glad to say I saw that for myself before I asked you, and wrote to tell her so on Sunday. Now it's Wednesday, and she hasn't answered by line or sign. It's waiting for one word from her that's driving me mad!"

"Perhaps you wrote to Palace Gardens?"

"No, I sent it to the country. There's been time for an answer, wherever she may be."

We had reached the Albany, and halted with one accord at the Piccadilly portico, red cigar to red cigar.

"You wouldn't like to go and see if the answer's in your rooms?" he asked.

"No. What's the good? Where's the point in giving her up if I'm going to straighten out when it's too late? It is too late, I have given her up, and I am coming with you!"

The hand that bowled the most puzzling ball in England (once it found its length) descended on my shoulder with surprising promptitude.

"Very well, Bunney! That's finished; but your blood be on your own pate if evil comes of it. Meanwhile we can't do better than turn in here till you have finished your cigar as it deserves, and topped up with such a cup of tea as you must learn to like if you hope to get on in your new profession. And when the hours are small enough, Bunney, my boy, I don't mind admitting I shall be very glad to have you with me."

I have a vivid memory of the interim in his rooms. I think it must have been the first and last of its kind that I was called upon to sustain with so much knowledge of what lay before me. I passed the time with one restless eye upon the clock, and the other on the Tantalus which Raffles ruthlessly declined to unlock. He admitted that it was like waiting with one's pads on; and in my slender experience of the game of which he was a world's master, that was an ordeal not to be endured without a general quaking of the inner man. I was, on the other hand, all right when I got to the metaphorical wicket; and half the surprises that Raffles sprung on me were doubtless due to his early recognition of the fact.

On this occasion I fell swiftly and hopelessly out of love with the prospect I had so gratuitously embraced. It was not only my repugnance to enter that house in that way, which grew upon my better judgment as the artificial enthusiasm of the evening evaporated from my veins. Strong as that repugnance became, I had an even stronger feeling that we were embarking on an important enterprise far too much upon the spur of the moment. The latter qualm I had the temerity to confess to Raffles; nor have I often loved him more than when he freely admitted it to be the most natural feeling in the world. He assured me, however, that he had had my Lady Lochmaben and her jewels in his mind for several months; he had sat behind them at first nights, and long ago determined what to take and to reject; in fine, he had only been waiting for those topographical details which it had been my chance privilege to supply. I now learned that he had numerous houses in a similar state upon his list; something or other was wanting in each case in order to complete his plans. In that of the Bond Street jeweler it was a trusty accomplice; in the present instance, a more intimate knowledge of the house. And lastly this was a Wednesday night, when the tired legislator gets early to his bed.

How I wish I could make the whole world see and hear him, and smell the smoke of his beloved Sullivan, as he took me into these the secrets of his infamous trade! Neither look nor language would betray the infamy. As a mere talker, I shall never listen to the like of Raffles on this side of the sod; and his talk was seldom garnished by an oath, never in my remembrance by the unclean word. Then he looked like a man who had dressed to dine out, not like one who had long since dined; for his curly hair, though longer than another's, was never untidy in its length; and these were

the days when it was still far from white. Nor were there many lines as yet upon the smooth and mobile face; and its frame was still that dear den of disorder and good taste, with the carved bookcase, the dresser, and chests of still older oak, and the Watts and Rossettis hung anyhow on the walls.

It must have been one o'clock before we drove in a hansom as far as Kensington Church, instead of getting down at the gates of our private road to ruin. Constitutionally shy of the direct approach, Raffles was further deterred by a ball in full swing at the Empress Rooms, whence potential witnesses were pouring between dances into the cool deserted street. Instead he led me a little way up Church Street, and so through the narrow passage into Palace Gardens. He knew the house as well as I did. We made our first survey from the other side of the road. The house was not quite in darkness; there was a dim light over the door, a brighter one in the stables, further back from the road.



I think she must have seen us, even in the dim light

"That's a bit of a bore," said Raffles. "The ladies have been out somewhere—trust them to spoil the show! They would get to bed before the stable folk, but insomnia is the curse of their sex and our profession. Somebody's not home yet; that will be the son of the house; but he's a beauty, who may not come home at all."

"Another Alick Carrothers," I murmured, recalling the one I liked least of all the household as I remembered it.

"They might be brothers," rejoined Raffles, who knew all the loose fish about town. "Well, I'm not sure that I shall want you after all, Bunney."

"Why not?"

"If the front door's only on the latch, and you're right about the lock, I shall walk in as though I were the son of the house myself."

And he jingled the skeleton that he carried on a chain as honest men carry their latchkeys.

"You forget the inner doors and the safe."

"True. You might be useful to me there. But I still don't like leading you in where it isn't absolutely necessary, Bunney."

"Then let me lead you," I answered, and forthwith marched across the broad, secluded road, with the great hoes standing back on either side in their ample gardens, as though the one opposite belonged to me. I thought Raffles had stayed behind, for I never heard him at my heels, yet there he was when I turned round at the gate.

"I must teach you the step," he whispered, shaking his head. "You shouldn't use your heel at all. Here's a grass border for you: walk it as you would the plank! Gravel makes a noise, and flower-beds tell a tale. Wait—I'm going to carry you across this!"

It was the sweep of the drive, and in the dim light from above the door, the soft gravel, plowed into ridges by the night's wheels, threatened an alarm at

every step. Yet Raffles, with me in his arms, crossed the zone of peril softly as the pard.

"Shoes in your pocket—that's the beauty of pumps!" he whispered on the step; his light bunch tinkled faintly; a couple of keys he stooped and tried, with the touch of a humane dentist; the third let us into the porch. And as we stood together on the mat, as he was gradually closing the door, a clock within chimed a half-hour in fashion so thrillingly familiar to me that I caught Raffles by the arm. My half-hours of happiness had flown to just such chimes! I looked wildly about me in the dim light. Hat-stand and oak settee belonged equally to my past. And Raffles was smiling in my face as he held the door wide for my escape.

"You told me a lie!" I gasped in whispers.

"I did nothing of the sort," he replied. "The furniture's the furniture of Hector Carruthers, but the house is the house of Lord Lochmaben. Look here!"

He had stooped, and was smoothing out the discarded envelope of a telegram. "Lord Lochmaben," I read in pencil by the dim light; and the case was plain to me on the spot. My friends had let their house, furnished, as anybody but Raffles would have explained to me in the beginning.

"All right," I said. "Shut the door."

And he not only shut it without a sound, but drew a bolt that might have been sheathed in rubber.

In another minute we were at work upon the study door, I with the tiny lantern and the bottle of rock-oil, he with the brace and the largest bit. The Yale lock he had given up at a glance. It was placed high up in the door, feet above the handle, and the chain of holes with which Raffles had soon surrounded it were bored on a level with his eyes. Yet the clock in the hall chimed again, and two ringing strokes resounded through the silent house before we gained admittance to the room.

Raffles' next care was to muffle the bell on the shuttered window (with a silk handkerchief from the hat-stand), and to prepare an emergency exit by opening first the shutters and then the window itself. Luckily it was a still night, and very little wind came in to embarrass us. He then began operations on the safe, revealed by me behind its folding screen of books, while I stood sentry on the threshold. I may have stood there for a dozen minutes, listening to the loud hall clock, and to the gentle dentistry of Raffles in the mouth of the safe behind me, when a third sound thrilled my every nerve. It was the equally cautious opening of a door in the gallery overhead.

I moistened my lips to whisper a word of warning to Raffles. But his ears had been as quick as mine, and something longer. His lantern darkened as I turned my head; next moment I felt his breath upon the back of my neck. It was now too late even for a whisper, and quite out of the question to close the mutilated door. There we could only stand, I on the threshold, Raffles at my elbow, while one carrying a candle crept down the stairs.

The study door was at right angles to the lowest flight, and just to the right of one alighting in the hall. It was thus impossible for us to see who it was until the person was close abreast of us; but by the rustle of the gown we knew that it was one of the ladies, and dressed just as she had come from theatre or ball. Insensibly I drew back as the candle swam into our field of vision: it had not traversed many inches when a hand was clapped firmly but silently across my mouth.

I could forgive Raffles for that, at any rate! In another breath I should have cried aloud; for the girl with the candle, the girl in her ball-dress at dead of night, the girl with the letter for the post, was the last girl on God's wide earth whom I should have chosen thus to encounter—a midnight intruder in the very house where I had been reluctantly received on her account!

I forgot Raffles. I forgot the new and unforgivable grudge I had against him now. I forgot his very hand across my mouth, even before he paid me the compliment of removing it. There was the only girl in all my world; I had eyes and brains for no one and for nothing else. She had neither seen nor heard us, had looked neither to the right hand nor the left. But a small oak table stood on the opposite side of the hall; it was to this table that she went. On it was one of those boxes in which one puts one's letters for the post; and she stooped to read by her candle the times at which this box was cleared.

The loud clock ticked and ticked. She was standing at her full height now, her candle on the table, her letter in both hands, and in her downcast face a sweet and pitiful perplexity that drew the tears to my eyes. Through a film I saw her open the envelope so lately sealed, and read her letter once more, as though she would have altered it a little at the last. It was too late for that; but of a sudden she plucked a rose from her bosom, and was pressing it in with her letter when I groaned aloud.

How could I help it? The letter was for me; of that I was as sure as though I had been looking over her shoulder. She was as true as tempered steel; there were not two of us to whom she wrote and sent roses at dead of night. It was her one chance of writing to me. None would know that she had written. And she



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A MANCHURIAN BANDIT

PAINTED BY FREDERIC REMINGTON

cared enough to soften the rebuff. I had richly earned with a red rose warm to his cold heart. And there, and there was I, a common thief who had broken in to steal! Yet I was aware that I had uttered a sound until she looked up, startled, and the hands behind me pinned me where I stood.

I think she must have been up, even in the dim light of the solitary candle. A not a sound escaped her as she peered courageously in my direction; neither did one of us move; but the clock went on and on, every tick like the beat of a drum to bring the house about our ears; until a minute must have passed as in some breathless dream. And then came the awakening—with such a knocking and a ringing at the front door as brought all three of us to our senses on the spot.

"The son of the house!" whispered Raffles in my ear, as he dragged me back to the window he had left open for our escape. But as he leaped out first a sharp cry stopped me at the sill. "Get back! Get back! We're trapped!" he cried; and in the single second that I stood there, I saw him fell one officer to the ground, and dash across the lawn with another at his heels. A third came running up to the window. What could I do but dash back into the house? And there in the hall I met my lost love face to face.

Till this moment she had not recognized me. I ran to catch her as she all but fell. And my touch roused her into life, so that she shook me off, and stood gasping. "You, of all men! You, of all men!" until I could bear it no more, but broke again for the study window. "Not that way—not that way!" she cried in an agony at that. Her hands were upon me now. "In there, in there!" she whispered, pointing and pulling me to a mere cupboard under the stairs, where hats and coats were hung, and it was she who shut the door on me with a sob.

Doors were already opening overhead, voices calling, voices answering, the alert running like wildfire from room to room. Soft feet pattered in the gallery and down the stairs about my very ears. I do not know what made me put on my own shoes as I heard them, but I think that I was ready and even longing to walk out and give myself up. I need not say what and who it was that alone restrained me. I heard her name. I heard them crying to her as though she had fainted. I recognized the detested voice of my *bête noir*, Alick Carruthers, thick as might be expected of the dissipated dog, yet daring to stutter out her name. And then I heard, without catching, her low reply; it was in answer to the somewhat stern questioning of quite another voice; and from what followed I knew that she had never fainted at all.

"Upstairs, miss, did he? Are you sure?"

I did not hear her answer. I conceived her as simply pointing up the stairs. In any case, about my very ears once more, there now followed such a patter and tramp of bare and booted feet as renewed in me a base fear for my own skin. But voices and feet passed over my head, went up and up, higher and higher; and I was wondering whether or not to make a dash for it, when one light pair came running down again, and in very despair I marched out to meet my preserver, looking as little as I could like the abject thing I felt.

"Be quick!" she cried in a harsh whisper, and pointed peremptorily to the porch.

But I stood stubbornly before her, my heart hardened by her hardness, and perversely indifferent to all else. And as I stood I saw the letter she had written, in the hand with which she pointed, crushed into a ball.

"Quickly!" She stamped her foot. "Quickly—if you ever cared!"

This in a whisper, without bitterness, without contempt, but with a sudden wild entreaty that breathed upon the dying embers of my poor manhood. I drew myself together for the last time in her sight. I turned, and left her as she wished—for her sake, not for mine. And as I went I heard her tearing her letter into little pieces, and the little pieces falling on the floor.

Then I remembered Raffles, and could have killed him for what he had done. Doubtless by this time he was safe and snug in the Albany; what did my fate matter to him? Never mind; this should be the end between him and me as well; it was the end of everything, this dark night's work! I should go and tell him so. I should jump into a cab and drive there and then to his accursed rooms. But first I must escape from the trap in which he had been so ready to leave me. Yet on the very steps I gave up the thought. They were searching the shrubberies between the drive and the road; a policeman's lantern kept flashing in and out among the laurels, while a young man in evening clothes directed him from the gravel sweep. It was this young man whom I must dodge, but at my first step in the gravel he wheeled round, and it was Raffles himself.

"Hullo!" he cried. "So you've come up to join the dance as well! Had a look inside, have you? You'll be better employed in helping to draw the cover in front here. It's all right, officer—only another gentleman from the Empress Rooms!"

And we made a brave show of assisting in the futile search, until the arrival of more police, and a broad

hint from an irritable sergeant, gave us an excellent excuse for going off arm-in-arm. But it was Raffles who had thrust his arm through mine. I shook him off as we left the scene of shame behind.

"My dear Bunny!" he exclaimed. "Do you know what brought me back?"

I answered savagely that I neither knew nor cared.

"I had the very devil of a squeak for it," he went on. "I did the hurdles over two or three garden walls, but so did the flyer who was on my tracks, and he drove me back into the straight and down to High Street like any lamplighter. If he had only had the breath to sing out it would have been all up with me then; as it was, I pulled off my coat the moment I was round the corner, and took a ticket for it at the Empress Rooms."

"I suppose you had one for the dance that was going on," I growled. Nor would it have been a coincidence for Raffles to have had a ticket for that or any other entertainment of the London season.

"I never asked what the dance was," he returned. "I merely took the opportunity of revising my toilet, and getting rid of that rather distinctive overcoat, which I shall call for now. They're not too particular at such stages of such proceedings, but I've no doubt I should have seen some one I knew if I had gone right

her whom I had lost, through him, forever. As I ended we turned into High Street; in the prevailing stillness, the faint strains of the band reached us from the Empress Rooms; and I hailed a crawling hansom as Raffles turned that way.

"Bunny," said he, "it's no use saying I'm sorry. Sorrow adds insult in a case like this—if ever there was or will be such another! Only believe me, Bunny, when I swear to you that I had not the smallest shadow of a suspicion that she was in the house."

And in my heart of hearts I did believe him; but I could not bring myself to say the words.

"You told me yourself that you had written to her in the country," he pursued.

"And that letter!" I rejoined, in a fresh wave of bitterness. "That letter she had written at dead of night, and stolen down to post, it was the one I have been waiting for all these days! I should have got it to-morrow. Now I shall never get it, never hear from her again, nor have another chance in this world or in the next. I don't say it was all your fault. You no more knew that she was there than I did. But you told me a deliberate lie about her people, and that I never shall forgive!"

I spoke as vehemently as I could under my breath. The hansom was waiting at the curb.

"I can say no more than I have said," returned Raffles with a shrug. "Lie or no lie, I didn't tell it to bring you with me, but to get you to give me certain information without feeling a beast about it. But, as a matter of fact, it was no lie about old Hector Carruthers and Lord Lochmaben, and anybody but you would have guessed the truth."

"What is the truth?"

"I as good as told you, Bunny, again and again."

"Then tell me now."

"If you read your paper there would be no need; but if you want to know, old Carruthers headed the list of the Birthday Honors, and Lord Lochmaben is the title of his choice."

And this miserable quibble was not a lie! My lip curled, I turned my back without a word, and drove home to my Mount Street flat in a new fury of savage scorn. Not a lie, indeed! It was the one that is half a truth, the meanest lie of all, and the very last to which I could have dreamed that Raffles would stoop. So far there had been a degree of honor between us, if only of the kind understood to obtain between thief and thief.

Now all that was at an end. Raffles had cheated me. Raffles had completed the ruin of my life. I was done with Raffles, as she who shall not be named was done with me.

And yet, even while I blamed him most bitterly, and utterly abominated his deceitful deed, I could not but admit in my heart that the result was out of all proportion to the intent; he had never dreamed of doing me this injury, or indeed any injury at all. Intrinsically the deceit had been quite venial, the reason for it obviously the reason that Raffles had given me. It was quite true that he had spoken of this Lochmaben peerage as a new creation, and of the heir to it in a fashion only applicable to Alick Carruthers. He had given me hints, which I had been too dense to take, and he had certainly made more than one attempt to deter me from accompanying him on this fatal emprise; had he been more explicit I might have made it my business to deter him. I could not say in my heart that Raffles had failed to satisfy such honor as I might reasonably expect to subsist between us. Yet it seems to me to require a superhuman sanity always and unerringly to separate cause from effect, achievement from intent. And I, for one, was never quite able to do so in this case.

I could not be accused of neglecting my newspaper during the next few wretched days. I read every word that I could find about the attempted jewel-robbery in Palace Gardens, and the reports afforded me my sole comfort. In the first place, it was only an attempted robbery; nothing had been taken, after all. And then—and then—the one member of the household who had come nearest to a personal encounter with either of us was unable to furnish any description of the man—had even expressed a doubt as to any likelihood of identification in the event of an arrest!

I will not say with what mingled feelings I read and dwelt on that announcement. It kept a certain faint glow alive within me until the morning that brought me back the only presents I had ever made her. They were books; jewelry had been frowned on by the authorities. And the books came back without a word, though the parcel was directed in her hand.

I had made up my mind not to go near Raffles again, but in my heart I already regretted my resolve. I had forfeited love, I had sacrificed honor, and now I must deliberately alienate myself from the one being whose society might yet be some recompense for all that I had lost. The situation was aggravated by the state of my exchequer. I expected an ultimatum from my banker by every post. Yet this influence was nothing to the other. It was Raffles I loved. It was not the dark life we led together, still less its base rewards; it was the man himself, his gayety, his humor, his dazzling audacity, his incomparable courage and resource. And a very horror of turning to him again in mere need.



"Be quick!" she cried in a harsh whisper

in. I might even have had a turn if I had been less uneasy about you, Bunny."

"It was like you to come back to help me out," said I. "But to be to me, and to inveigle me with your lies into that house of all houses—that was not like you, Raffles—and I never shall forgive it or you!"

Raffles took my arm again. We were near the High Street gates of Palace Gardens, and I was too miserable to resist an advance which I meant never to give him an opportunity to repeat.

"Come, come, Bunny, there wasn't much inveigling about it," said he. "I did my level best to leave you behind, but you wouldn't listen to me."

"If you had told me the truth I should have listened fast enough," I retorted. "But what's the use of talking? You can boast of your own adventures after you bolted. You don't care what happened to me."

"I cared so much that I came back to see."

"You might have spared yourself the trouble! The wrong had been done. Raffles—Raffles—don't you know who she was?"

It was my hand that gripped his arm once more.

"I guessed," he answered, gravely enough even for me.

"It was she who saved me, not you," I said. "And that is the bitterest part of all!"

Yet I told him that part with a strange sad pride in

greed set the seal on my first angry resolution. But the anger was soon gone out of me, and when at length Raffles bridged the gap by coming to me, I rose to greet him almost with a shout.

He came as though nothing had happened; and, indeed, not very many days had passed, though they might have been months to me. Yet I fancied the gaze that watched me through our smoke a trifle less sunny than it had been before. And it was a relief to me when he came with few preliminaries to the inevitable point. "Did you ever hear from her, Bunny?" he asked.

"In a way," I answered. "We won't talk about it, if you don't mind, Raffles."

"That sort of way!" he exclaimed. He seemed both surprised and disappointed.

"Yes," I said, "that sort of way. It's finished. What did you expect?"

"I don't know," said Raffles. "I only thought that the girl who went so far to get a fellow out of a tight place might go a little further to keep him from getting into another."

"I don't see why she should," said I, honestly enough, yet with the irritation of an unworthy doubt deep down in my inmost consciousness.

"Yet you did hear from her?" he persisted.

"She sent me back my poor presents, without a word," I said, "if you call that hearing."

I could not bring myself to own to Raffles that I had given her only books. He asked if I was sure

that she had sent them back herself; and that was his last question. My answer was enough for him. And to this day I can not say whether it was more in relief than in regret that he laid a hand upon my shoulder.

"So you are out of Paradise after all!" said Raffles. "I was not sure, or I should have come round before. Well, Bunny, if they don't want you there, there's a little Inferno in the Albany where you'll be as welcome as ever!"

And still, with all the magic mischief of his smile, there was that touch of sadness which I was yet to read aright.



OUR IMPORTED CRIMINALS

By BROUGHTON BRANDENBURG

III.—The Truth About the Mafia

So widespread an interest has been aroused in this series of articles, which throw the first real light on the outrageous conditions existing among the alien criminal classes, that one of the leading publishing houses in New York has obtained the privilege of publishing them in book form. The two preceding articles dealt with naturalization frauds, smuggling, counterfeiting, revenue evasion, and the patroni bankers, and showed this country to be in many respects a veritable felon colony for Europe. The present paper deals with those mysterious murders, kidnappings, and other outrages variously laid to societies called the "Mafia" and the "Black Hand."



A SUBJECT of mystery, lending itself to stirring romance, which finds fresh food almost daily in Italian crimes in the United States, it is not to be wondered at that the "Mafia" is the cause of continual misrepresentation. The press bristles with sensational "Mafia," "Black Hand," and "Camorra" stories. What little attention the public has paid to the terrible influx of alien criminals into the country has been attracted by such things as the crime of the unspeakable beast at Buffalo; by the dastardly work of Brescia and Lucchini, foreign Anarchists, and the countless mysterious outrages among Italians laid to the door of the Mafia and the Black Hand. The condition is bad enough, but our misconception of it is worse, and I hope here to present and support my conviction, arising from my researches, that there is no such thing as an organized criminal secret society or Mafia in this country as yet, but that we are verging on worse things than Campania, Calabria, or Sicily ever knew.

It is difficult for an American to understand the Mafia, not as a society, but as a condition. It is only a name, a class reference, just as are "White Caps," "Hooligans," "Molly McGuire's," and "Ku-Klux" with us. Its age does not add one whit to its definite character, and the very origin of the word is colloquial. It springs from *malviventi* (ones of the evil life), and has its variation in *mafite* (a bad man) and *mafiosi* (participants in mafia). These words again have their variations in the dialects of Italia Meridionale, the Calabrese, Basilicatense, Sicilian, Apulian, and Abruzzese.

Given a strong-hearted, hot-blooded race, such as are the black Italians of the south, and then given centuries of oppression, mulcting, malicious injustice from the north, and frequent changes of rulers and codes of laws, landlords, and economic conditions, and it is not surprising that the southern Italian became a social guerilla in behalf of himself and his kin against the rest of the world. So did the "Moonlighters" in Ireland. Respect for laws which afforded him no protection, whether under Greek, Roman, Byzantine, Moorish, Norman, Spanish, or French rule, became an unknown quantity. Disregard and contempt grew into a tradition, and not enough years have elapsed since Garibaldi's famous march for freedom to alter the southern nature. If it forbore in patience for centuries before it took to the knife in the terrible "Sicilian Vespers," these latter times of peace and security must as patiently work the reformation. Poverty, such as is incomprehensible in this country, and profound ignorance the statistics of which are appalling, serve to check the development of civic virtues—aided by the oppression of the priesthood and the grinding, crushing *latifonda*: the system of ownership of the land by a few, who compel the many (who must till those lands or starve) to give one-half of the crop for the privilege of producing it. These things have thrown the Italian of the south on the defensive against all men, and Heaven help his oppressors of

the north if ever he takes the aggressive! As a people I have said the worst of them when calling them ignorant and lawless, for the blood which arouses to fierce slaying heat on provocation is by the same token a blood of generous, loving, loyal, and tender hearts. They are industrious, honest, thrifty, eager to learn, keen in judgment, cautious in operations, and tenacious of those ideals common to the Catholic peasantry the world over. I firmly believe that, with proper appreciation and handling, the millions of Italians from the south coming to the United States will form one of our most reliable and conservative classes of general society, but if we continue to treat them as "dirty dagos," pay them for fraudulent naturalization and voting, expose them to the contamination, subversion, and degradation of their own criminal classes, we must expect such abasement of our institutions as the colonial founders never could have foreseen. One man in every ten who comes here as an immigrant had better, for the good of society, be pitched overboard in mid-ocean, for he aborts our benevolent assimilation of the other nine. He is like poison among them, and under our police systems, that are not one-tenth as severe as those of Italy, he fosters crime and thrives on the proceeds. So it will come about that our imported fellow-citizens will take our tools of a beneficent civilization and turn them into weapons against our civic rights, our property, and our lives. They are doing it now.

It is this one man in ten who is *mafite*. When he

comes from the country districts he comes from the *mafia di campagna*, and when he comes from the city he comes from the *mafia di città*. If he have education, position, wealth, and high skill of legal, literary, medical, or technical sort, he is of the *mafia alta*; if from the classes of the ignorant and poor, he is of the *mafia bassa*.

The *mafia* has no laws, no written records, no membership rolls, and no organization more than comes from force of circumstance. It has no officers except as necessity dictates. Its leaders arise naturally, and its activity is spasmodic. It is at all times opportunist. The man who wishes to retire from the gang to respectability does so without asking consent of his fellows, and all that he need do is keep their secrets and stand ready to afford assistance in time of trouble. There are the following general punitive and other processes which are well understood: murder in order to silence, for punishment, or now and then for moral effect on the public; the alibi established by perjury; the anonymous letter of demand, threat, or warning, and false testimony or silence under all pressure in order to protect a comrade. Louis Troja, the Harlem banker, was killed as an example. Benedetto Madonia, whose body was found in a barrel in New York City, was killed to silence him.

During centuries these were the methods by which oppressed communities defended their rights against injustice and despotism, and, as I have said, age lent them virtue as they became ingrained, inbred, and traditional. Men of position, driven by political pressure, fled to the mountains and became bandits; by reason of superior gifts some became bandit chiefs, with here and there a common man, born a leader, who arose and outshone them all. The law of the knife became as virtuous as the law of the bullet among the mountaineers of Kentucky, West Virginia, and Tennessee to-day. There are thousands of men still living in Italy who were members of the bands that held the mountain roads before '70. Many, many of their compatriots are in the United States, and one eminently respectable Italian importer in New York whom I might mention had a name of dread in Basilicata. They called him "Il Lupo" ("The Wolf"), and now he is a member of the Italian Chamber of Commerce. But he is a good citizen.

It is odd, but there is just about one man in a dozen in the white race who is naturally predatory. When Victor Emmanuel won the confidence of reunited Italy, the banditti that had joined Garibaldi and Cavour in 1860, in their marches to the kingdom of Naples, one from the south and the other from the north, went peaceably back to their native valleys and took to the plow. Some few were able to hold to their old pursuits, partly by the fear, partly by the admiration, and mostly by the sympathy, of the countryside. Only in the last few years have they been wiped out. "Biondin" is still active near Biella. It is but yesterday that Giuseppe Musolino was captured,



ROOM IN WHICH THE RIVERDALE MURDERS WERE COMMITTED

Here on the night of September 19, 1904, unknown men shot down three Italians, Bruno, Vito, and Scarfo, after they had received letters from New York warning them not to proceed on their intended visit to Italy.



Both Mr. Gibson and Mr. Frost were asked to contribute to the Holiday Numbers of Collier's, and by a peculiar coincidence the two artists conceived the same idea, each presenting it according to his own conception and in his own peculiar vein. A further coincidence was that each artist wrote the same legend on his drawing—"Home for the Holidays." Mr. Frost's picture was published last week.

H O M



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FOR THE HOLIDAYS

DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

and, though he is safe in prison, the children cower when their mothers tell that Musolino is coming, and the Italian youth pulsates with a desire to live and be like him.

In the villages of the foothills and the mountain valleys are a handful of men among each hundred who have tasted the wine of outlawry, and, though the watchful carabinieri hold the spirit in check, these little handfuls congregate and relate old tales, now and then dealing out some blow of secret justice—driving a double-edged *coltello* into the breast of some thieving landlord's agent, robbing some wayfarer not careful of his money, blackmailing some well-to-do merchant or professional man, or leading just such movements as end in lynching bees in this country. Who does not recognize the type of men who form a *cosca* or country band of *mafia*?

A Nest of Thieves and Cutthroats

In the city the story is different. There the thieves, forgers, mercenary assassins, counterfeiters, smugglers, and general criminals, following out the lines of the countryside traditions, have their little groups and conduct their nefarious operations. The "Camorra" of Naples was the first crystallization of these criminals into a body that was a general public menace. Men of high place whose names were never known amalgamated the smaller bands. Real organizations were perfected, and in the Vicolo del Pallonetto of the Santa Lucia Quarter was the black heart of the system that plundered the greatest city of Italy for a long period of time. It has left a heritage that the city can not transfer. Naples is still the City of Thieves, and I shall always consider with pride some small share I have had in giving some of her lowest and meanest their partial deserts. The Pallonetto is a street of honest people to-day—that is, as honest as they can be and live in Naples—but in other days there was a story of a body with ghastly *pugnale* wounds to tell for nearly every stone step of its stairlike way. It is the birthplace of the modern spirit of the blood-money *mafia*.

This is the spirit which is our menace in America to-day. Nothing can better show what we have to dread, and where our true danger lies, than an account of the murder of Emanuele Notarbartolo, Mayor of Palermo—a terrible crime of the *mafia*, a mystery still unfolding; and, to quote Lombroso, the greatest of criminologists, "the Palizzolo case is the most notable crime of modern civilization." A few weeks ago three men who could have told the truth were done to death in a cottage on the outskirts of Chicago the night before they were to have started back to Palermo. The *mafia* of Palizzolo, called the "Crook of Palermo," reached across the Atlantic and struck, in the heart of the United States, swiftly, surely, safely.

Emanuele Notarbartolo was a man fifty-nine years of age, born of wealthy parents, well educated, and having a fine record in the war of the union of Italy. In 1861 he won high honors in prosecuting a campaign against the banditti who refused to return to civil pursuits, and became the natural enemy of the *mafia*. In 1876 he was elected Director of the Bank of Sicily. In 1882 he was captured and held for ransom, but contrived the capture of the band. He had gone to his mountain estate—Mendolilla—with Salvatore and Pidu Randazzo and five soldiers. Salvatore Randazzo was sent to the family to demand 51,000 lire. Prefect Bardessono and General Palivici were for sending a large force of troops to the mountains, but, on the written advice of the prisoner, the sum was paid, and the instant the prisoner was freed he led the pursuit so effectively that the noted chief Rini and his men, Pirajno, Baroni, Rotino, and Camperi, were captured. Notarbartolo persistently prosecuted his campaign for honesty, public and private. All the honors in the power of the people were conferred on him. He stood in Sicily as Folk stands in Missouri.

The Power of a Great Criminal

But a new power, an individual quantity, in the young, vigorous, and dashing Raffaele Palizzolo, began to arise, and in a few years he had grown into prominence and power. Dictatorial politics of other days made the conditions which created the *cosci* of *mafia*; the new style of gang politics, the idea of which Palizzolo is said to have got from Tweed, served to bring the *alta mafia* and the *bassa mafia* (the high and the low) into a united *mafia*, the cohorts of a demagogue, protecting and under the protection of Raffaele Palizzolo.

It made him Mayor, Councilor, and a Deputy of the Chamber at Rome, and he won his way into the directorate of the Bank of Sicily, which it must be understood resembles the public treasury. Notarbartolo found the honest citizens falling away from him. The reason was that by the use of the four great agencies of the *mafia* his opponents were undermining decent society and placing the good and strong men who were its natural pillars under secret pressure of many sorts. A man who had a wayward son would find that this son had been led into committing a crime which the *mafia* covered up, and promised to keep covered only so long as he obeyed it. Another man found himself innocently entrapped and compromised with disreputable women. The man who engineered it was *mafia* and a friend of Palizzolo. Merchants found that they prospered if they obeyed Palizzolo's wishes. Now and then men disappeared and were never heard of or were found on their own doorsteps dead. The public did not know what it meant, but one or two powerful men did, and if they were cowards they obeyed. Palizzolo got his men stationed everywhere. In every part of Italy

where he thought they were needed there was a helper, and they were all under the thumb of the *mafia*. His chief aid, his "Mephistopheles," as he is called—Di Blasi—was made Inspector of Public Security.

Brave, sturdy old Notarbartolo found that the Bank of Sicily was being pillaged. Men of the highest standing were involved. The *mafia alta* was leading the



CAGLIOSTRO'S BANK AND SALOON

This place, 141 Mulberry Street, New York, opposite the "House of Biazzi," was the scene of the daring and cold-blooded midday murder of a man supposed to be Andre Andano.

Fratello Aurelio
Questa sarà l'ultima lettera. I tuoi
piccoli fratelli sono infiammati.
Preparati per la tua morte.

A "BLACK HAND" LETTER

Felicia Aurelio disappeared from his home in Jamaica, L. I., August 8. Several "Black Hand" letters were found among his effects afterward, and his relatives believe that he was murdered. No trace has been found of him, and he has not returned to Italy. The letter reads: "Brother Aurelio. This will be the last letter. Your little brothers are hungry. Prepare to die." The spots are blood stains.



KNIVES TAKEN FROM ITALIAN CRIMINALS

The topmost knife is fully one hundred years old and is called a "grosso coltello." Below it is a vicious spring-back that was used by a Neapolitan murderer. The next is a typical mileno. The white-handled dagger is "La Pugnale," the "official" weapon of the Malviventi. Engraved on the blade is a skull-and-crossbones, and the motto "Memento Mori." The lowest weapon is of home manufacture—made by the village blacksmith, and is very common among the lower classes of Italians. These pictures are about one-third actual size.

country to ruin, and the *mafia bassa* laughed in the background, doing the bidding of their *capo*, "Don Raffaele." The veteran who had been with Garibaldi without one sign of fear set about driving Palizzolo out of power. But as a result, justice was frustrated on every hand. Papers that were necessary disappeared from official hands mysteriously. A bank inspection report forwarded to Rome was stolen from ministerial hands. But the falsifications were too gigantic to cover. The leader of the *mafia* saw the consequences. He had been eagerly waiting to rid himself of his righteous opponent, but wherever he went Notarbartolo was heavily guarded, and there was no opportunity. Then iniquitous genius rose to its zenith.

The Murder of Notarbartolo

One day, Notarbartolo, bidding good-by to his son, who was an officer of marines, his wife and daughter, went to the mountain estate of Mendolilla to look after his interests. With him was a trusty armed servant and the same trusted Randazzo. When ready to return to Palermo after a stay at Mendolilla, the plan of departure was kept secret till the last minute. Then they traveled to Causo, a small station nearby, and took train No. 3, as it is known. Notarbartolo entered a first-class compartment at the last moment, and his servant and a cooper from the estate, being delayed, got a third-class place at the rear of the train. The journey down to the coast ended at Termini Immerse, whence the train moved along the coast toward Palermo, thirty miles away, through a very populous section, passing the small stations of Trabia, Santa Nicola, Altavilla, Casteldaccia, Flavia, etc. No portion of Italy is a safer one or better guarded by municipal guards and carabinieri.

The train stopped a few minutes at Termini. Notarbartolo was alone in the compartment. Another brief stop was made at Trabia, and at Altavilla it passed Train No. 18, ran slowly at Casteldaccia, and then made no stops until in the station at Palermo. Notarbartolo did not alight. His wife and daughter awaiting him met the servant and the cooper. In great alarm they looked through the train and found it empty. It was now dark, but a bright moon flooded the countryside with light. Prefect Colmeyer being ill, the facts were related to Questore (Commissioner of Police) Rabbaglio, and he, knowing the state of things, refused to admit that Notarbartolo might have alighted and be coming on the next train. He declared it almost certain there had been foul play. Inquiries were wired back along the line without result.

About this hour an old woman named Santa Sorge, who had been to the station at Trabia to see her son away to America, was returning crossing the bridge over the *torrente Currieri* when she saw a dark shape on the rails of the railway and another near the bridge. It proved to be the body of an old man and his coat. Appearances indicated that he had been thrown from the train with the intention that he should alight in the water and be carried down to the sea nearby, but he had struck the bank. Her cries brought Sanfilippo, a guard, of the commune of Altavilla. With his horn he summoned other guards, and a grand alarm was spread, bringing the Sindaco or Mayor of Trabia Arcana, a brigadier of carabinieri, Panighetti, and a trainman named Mangio from the Trabia station.

Owing to bruises and blood, no one recognized the body as that of Notarbartolo. Murder was plain. There were twenty-seven wounds made with a large one-edged *coltello* and a small *pugnale*. Mangio, for the authorities, telegraphed to the station at Palermo, but "all were asleep." Some power had put on the *qui vive* the *mafia* agents posted in such positions as to delay or paralyze action, and they were awaiting the news of the murder. Total inaction or misdirected action followed for that night and part of the next day. The Questore went to the station, searched the train, and found in the compartment evidences of a struggle and large blood stains, with bloody finger-prints on the window, a broken knife-point, and other things. The conductor of the train, Giuseppe Carollo, remembered that Notarbartolo was alone at Termini, but at the last minute two passengers hastily entered the station and got in his compartment. He bothered no further about them, though he knew the danger always over Notarbartolo, but went to sleep.

The Suppression of Evidence

The brakeman, Garufi, said that when the train was stopping at Altavilla he saw two men leave the train, one wearing a long coat under which, he thought, was a heavy stick or a carbine. The *capo di stazione* at Termini, Salvatore Diletti, necessarily encountered the two men. He gave a description that would fit any one of ten men picked up on the streets of Palermo and volunteered the opinion they were crazy. There is no doubt but that he could have identified them. In an effort made to force proof of the coming and going of the two men, who took their tickets and such other facts, it was found that the tickets and reports had been turned in to a clerk, Raineri, in Palermo, and any evidence in them that might have been secured was carefully "lost." One of the knives used, the large *coltello*, was found in a tunnel near Trabia. It was discovered that Sanfilippo, the Altavilla guard, had been close on the spot. He suddenly emigrated to the United States and is here still.

The remainder of the story is a huge mass of mystery, perjury, miscarriage of justice, intimidation, and honest struggle to bring the guilty to bar. Except for

(Continued on page 27)

THE RUBAIYAT OF A PERSIAN KITTEN

PICTURES AND VERSE BY OLIVER HERFORD



UP from the Basement to the Seventh Flat
I rose, and on the Crown of Fashion sat,
And many a Ball unraveled by the way—
But not the Master's angry Bowl of "Scat!"



A MOMENT'S Halt, a momentary Taste
Of Bitter, and amid the Trickling Waste
I wrought strange shapes from Mah to Mahi, yet
I know not what I wrote, nor why they chased.



THEY are no other than a moving Show
Of whirling Shadow Shapes that come and go
Me-ward thro' Moon illumined Darkness hurled,
In midnight, by the Lodgers in the Row.



THO' Two and Two make Four by rule of line,
Or they make Twenty-two by Logic line,
Of all the Figures one may fathom, I
Shall ne'er be floored by anything but Nine.



THEN to the Well of Wisdom I—and lo!
With my own Paw I wrought to make it flow,
And This was all the Harvest that I reaped:
We come like Kittens and like Cats we go.



NOW I beyond the Pale am safely past,
O, but the long, long time their Rage shall last,
Which, tho' they call to supper, I shall heed
As a Stone Cat should heed a Pebble cast.



MYSELF when young did eagerly frequent
The Backyard Fence and heard great Arguments
About it, and About, yet evermore
Came out with Fewer Fur than in I went.



AND fear not lest Existence shut the Door
On You and Me, to open it no more,
The Cream of Life from out your Bowl shall pour
Nine times—ere it lie broken on the Floor.



WHY be this Ink the Fount of Wit?—who dare
Blaspheme the glistening Pen-drink as a snare?
A Blessing?—I should spread it, should I not?
And if a Curse—why, then upset it!—there!



AND that perverted Snarl beneath the Sky
They call the Dog-Head not his angry Cry:
Not all his Threats can make me budge one bit,
Nor all his Empty Bluster terrify.



AH, me! if you and I could but conspire
To grasp this Sorry Scheme of things entire,
Would we not shatter it to bits, and then
Enslaid it nearer to our Heart's Desire?



SO, if the Fish you Steal—the Cream you drink—
Ends in what all begins and ends in, Think,
Unless the Stern Recorder points to Nine,
Tho' They would drown you—still you shall not sink.

The Soul of Nicholas Snyders

OR The Miser of Zaandam By Jerome K. Jerome



ONCE upon a time in Zaandam, which is by the Zuyder Zee, there lived a wicked man named Nicholas Snyders. He was mean, and hard, and cruel, and loved but one thing in the world, and that was gold. And even that not for its own sake. He loved the power gold gave him; the power to tyrannize and to oppress, the power to cause suffering at his will. They said he had no soul, but there they were wrong. All men own, or, to speak more correctly, are owned by, a soul, and the soul of Nicholas Snyders was an evil soul. He lived in the old windmill which still is standing on the Quay, with only little Christina to wait upon him and keep house for him. Christina was an orphan whose parents had died in debt. Nicholas, to Christina's everlasting gratitude, had cleared their memory—it cost but a few hundred florins—in consideration that Christina should work for him without wages. Christina formed his entire household, and only one willing visitor ever darkened his door, the widow Toelast. Dame Toelast was rich and almost as great a miser as Nicholas himself. "Why should not we two marry?" Nicholas had once croaked to the widow Toelast. "Together we should be masters of all Zaandam," Dame Toelast had answered with a cackling laugh, but Nicholas was never in haste.

One afternoon Nicholas Snyders sat alone at his desk in the centre of the great semicircular room that took up half the ground floor of the windmill, and that served him for an office, and there came a knocking at the outer door.

"Come in!" cried Nicholas Snyders.

He spoke in a tone quite kind—for Nicholas Snyders. He felt so sure it was Jan knocking at the door; Jan Van der Voort, the young sailor, now master of his own ship, come to demand of him the hand of little Christina. In anticipation, Nicholas Snyders tasted the joy of dashing Jan's hopes to the ground; of hearing him plead, then rave; of watching the growing pallor that would overspread Jan's handsome face as Nicholas would, point by point, explain to him the consequences of defiance; how firstly Jan's old mother should be turned out of her home, his old father put into prison for debt; how, secondly, Jan himself should be pursued without remorse, his ship be bought over his head before he could complete the purchase. The interview would afford to Nicholas Snyders sport after his own soul. Since Jan's return the day before he had been looking forward to it. Therefore, feeling sure it was Jan, he cried "Come in" quite cheerily.

But it was not Jan. It was somebody Nicholas Snyders had never set eyes on before. And neither, after that one visit, did Nicholas Snyders ever set eyes upon him again. The light was fading, and Nicholas Snyders was not the man to light candles before they were needed, so that he was never able to describe with any precision the stranger's appearance. Nicholas thought he seemed an old man, but alert in all his movements, while his eyes—the one thing about him Nicholas saw with any clearness—were curiously bright and piercing.

"Who are you?" asked Nicholas Snyders, taking no pains to disguise his disappointment.

"I am a pedler," answered the stranger. His voice was clear and not unmusical, with just the suspicion of roguishness behind.

"Not wanting anything," answered Nicholas Snyders, dryly. "Shut the door and be careful of the step."

But instead the stranger took a chair and drew it nearer, and himself in shadow looked straight into Nicholas Snyders' face, and laughed.

"Are you quite sure, Nicholas Snyders? Are you quite sure there is nothing you require?"

"Nothing," growled Nicholas Snyders; "except the sight of your back."

The stranger bent forward, and with his long, lean hand touched Nicholas Snyders playfully upon the knee. "Wouldn't you like a soul, Nicholas Snyders?" he asked.

"Think of it," continued the strange pedler, before Nicholas could recover power of speech. "For forty years you have drunk the joy of being mean and cruel. Are you not tired of the taste, Nicholas Snyders? Would you not like a change? Think of it, Nicholas Snyders: the joy of being loved, of hearing yourself blessed instead of cursed? Wouldn't it be good fun, Nicholas Snyders—just by way of a change? If you don't like it you can return and be yourself again."

What Nicholas Snyders, recalling all things afterward, could never understand was why he sat there

listening in patience to the stranger's talk; for at the time it had seemed to him the jesting of a wandering fool. But something about the stranger had impelled him.

"I have it with me," continued the odd pedler, "and as for price—" The stranger made a gesture indicating dismissal of all sordid details. "I look for my reward in watching the result of the experiment. I am something of a philosopher. I take an interest in these matters. See." The stranger dived between his legs and produced from his pack a silver flask of cunning workmanship, and laid it on the table.

"Its flavor is not unpleasant," explained the stranger; "a little bitter, but one does not drink it by the goblet; a wineglassful, such as one would of old Tokay, while the mind of both is fixed on the same thought; may my soul pass into him, may his pass into me. The operation is quite simple; the secret lies within the drug." The stranger patted the quaint flask as though it had been some little dog.

"You will say, who will exchange souls with Nicholas Snyders?" The stranger appeared to have come prepared with an answer to all questions. "My friend, you are rich; you need not fear. It is the possession men value the least of all they have. Choose your soul, and drive your bargain. I leave that to you with one word of counsel only: you will find the young readier than the old; the young, to whom the world promises all things for gold. Choose you a fine, fair, fresh young soul, Nicholas Snyders, and choose it quickly. Your hair is somewhat gray, my friend. Taste before you die the joy of living."

The strange pedler laughed, and rising closed his pack. Nicholas Snyders neither moved nor spoke, until with the soft clanging of the massive door his senses returned to him. Then seizing the flask the stranger had left behind him, he sprang from his chair, meaning to fling it after him into the street. But the flashing of the firelight on its burnished surface stayed his hand.

"After all, the case is of value," Nicholas chuckled and put the flask aside, and, lighting the two tall candles, buried himself again in his green-bound ledger. Yet still from time to time Nicholas Snyders' eye would wander to where the silver flask remained half

"Sit down," responded Nicholas in kindly tone. "I have heard of it. So now you are master and the owner of your ship—your very own."

"My very own after one more voyage," laughed Jan. "I have Burgomaster Allart's promise."

"A promise is not a performance," hinted Nicholas. "Burgomaster Allart is not a rich man; a higher bid might tempt him. Another might step in between you, and become the owner."

Jan only laughed. "Why, that would be the work of an enemy, which, God be praised, I do not think that I possess."

"Lucky lad," commented Nicholas, "so few of us are without enemies. And your parents, Jan, will they live with you?"

"We wished it," answered Jan, "both Christina and I. But the mother is feeble. The old mill has grown into her life."

"I can understand," agreed Nicholas. "The old vine torn from the old wall withers. And your father, Jan; people will gossip. The mill is paying?"

Jan shook his head. "It never will again, and the debts haunt him. But all that, as I tell him, is a thing of the past. His creditors have agreed to look to me and wait."

"All of them," queried Nicholas.

"All of them I could discover," laughed Jan.

Nicholas Snyders pushed back his chair, and looked at Jan with a smile upon his wrinkled face. "And so you and Christina have arranged it all."

"With your consent, sir," answered Jan.

"You will wait for that?" asked Nicholas.

"We should like to have it, sir."

Jan smiled, but the tone of his voice fell agreeably on Nicholas Snyders' ear. Nicholas Snyders loved best beating the dog that growled and showed its teeth.

"Better not wait for that," said Nicholas Snyders. "You might have to wait long."

Jan rose, an angry flush upon his face. "So nothing changes you, Nicholas Snyders. Have it your own way, then."

"You will marry her in spite of me?"

"In spite of you and of your friends the fiends, and of your Master the Devil!" flung out Jan. For Jan had a soul that was generous and brave and tender and excessively short-tempered. Even the best of souls have their failings.

"I am sorry," said old Nicholas.

"I am glad to hear it," answered Jan.

"I am sorry for your mother," explained Nicholas.

"The poor dame, I fear, will be homeless in her old age. The mortgage shall be foreclosed, Jan, on your wedding-day. I am sorry for your father, Jan. His creditors, Jan—you have overlooked just one. I am sorry for him, Jan. Prison has always been his dread. I am sorry even for you, my young friend. You will have to begin life over again. Burgomaster Allart is in the hollow of my hand. I have but to say the word, your ship is mine. I wish you joy of your bride, my young friend. You must love her very dearly, you will be paying a high price for her."

It was Nicholas Snyders' grin that maddened Jan. He sought for something that thrown straight at the wicked mouth should silence it, and by chance his hand lighted on the pedler's silver flask. In the same instant Nicholas Snyders' hand had closed upon it also. The grin had died away.

"Sit down," commanded Nicholas Snyders. "Let us talk further." And there was that in his voice that compelled the younger man's obedience.

"You wonder, Jan, why I seek always anger and hatred. I wonder at times myself. Why do generous thoughts never come to me as to other men? Listen, Jan, I am in a whimsical mood. Such things can not be, but it is whim of mine to think it might have been. Sell me your soul, Jan. Sell me your soul, that I, too, may taste this love and gladness that I hear about. For a little while, Jan, only for a little while, and I will give you all you desire."

The old man seized his pen and wrote. "See, Jan, the ship is yours beyond mishap; the mill goes free; your father may hold up his head again. And all I ask, Jan, is that you drink to me, willing the while that your soul may go from you and become the soul of old Nicholas Snyders—for a little while, Jan, only for a little while."

With feverish hands the old man had drawn the stopper from the pedler's flagon, had poured the wine into



Christina
DRAWN BY CLAUDE LORRAINE

hidden among dusty papers. And later there came again a knocking at the door, and this time it really was young Jan who entered.

Jan held out his great hand across the littered desk. "We parted in anger, Nicholas Snyders. It was my fault. You were in the right. I ask you to forgive me. I was poor. It was selfish of me to wish the little maid to share with me my poverty. But now I am no longer poor."

twain glasses. Jan's inclination was to laugh, but the old man's eagerness was almost frenzy. Surely he was mad, but that would not make less binding the paper he had signed. A true man does not jest with his soul, but the face of Christina was shining down on Jan from out the gloom.

"You will mean it?" whispered Nicholas Snyders. "May my soul pass from me and enter into Nicholas Snyders!" answered Jan, replacing his empty glass upon the table. And the two stood looking for a moment into each other's eyes.

And the high candles on the littered desk flickered and went out as though a breath had blown them, first one and then the other.

"I must be getting home," came the voice of Jan from the darkness; "why did you blow out the candles?"

"We can light them again from the fire," answered Nicholas. He did not add he had meant to ask that same question of Jan. He thrust them among the glowing logs, first one and then the other, and the shadows crept back into their corners.

"You will not stop and see Christina?" asked Nicholas.

"Not to-night," answered Jan.

"The paper that I signed," Nicholas reminded him: "You have it?"

"I had forgotten it," Jan answered.

The old man took it from the desk and handed it to him. Jan thrust it into his pocket and went out. Nicholas bolted the door behind him and returned to his desk, sat long there, his elbow resting on the open ledger.

Nicholas pushed the ledger aside and laughed. "What foolery! As if such things could be! The fellow must have bewitched me." Nicholas crossed to the fire and warmed his hands before the blaze. "Still, I am glad he is going to marry the little lass. A good lad, a good lad."

Nicholas must have fallen asleep before the fire. When he opened his eyes it was to meet the gray dawn. He felt cold, stiff, hungry, and decidedly cross. Why had not Christina woken him up and given him his supper; did she think he had intended to pass the night on a wooden chair? The girl was an idiot. He would go upstairs and tell her through the door just what he thought of her.

His way upstairs led through the kitchen. To his astonishment there sat Christina asleep before the burned-out grate.

"Upon my word," muttered Nicholas to himself, "people in this house don't seem to know what beds are for."

But it was not Christina, so Nicholas told himself. Christina had the look of a frightened rabbit; it had always irritated him. This girl, even in her sleep, wore an impertinent expression—a delightfully impertinent expression. Besides, this girl was pretty—marvelously pretty. Indeed, so pretty a girl Nicholas had never seen in all his life before. Why had the girls, when Nicholas was young, been so entirely different? A sudden bitterness seized Nicholas; it was as though he had just learned that long ago, without knowing it, he had been robbed.

The child must be cold. Nicholas fetched his fur-lined cloak and wrapped it about her.

There was something else he ought to do. The idea came to him while drawing the cloak around her shoulders, very gently, not to disturb her—something he wanted to do; if only he could think what it was. The girl's lips were parted. She appeared to be speaking to him, asking him to do this thing—or telling him not to do it. Nicholas could not be sure which. Half a dozen times he turned away, and half a dozen times stole back to where she sat sleeping with that delightfully impertinent expression on her face, her lips parted. But what she wanted, or what it was he wanted, Nicholas could not think.

Perhaps Christina would know. Perhaps Christina would know who she was and how she got there. Nicholas climbed the stairs, swearing at them for creaking. Christina's door was open. No one was in the room; the bed had not been slept upon. Nicholas descended the creaking stairs.

The girl was still asleep. Could it be Christina herself? Nicholas examined the delicious features one by one. Never before, so far as he could recollect, had he seen the girl; yet around her neck—Nicholas had not noticed it before—lay Christina's locket, rising and falling as she breathed. Nicholas knew it well; the one thing belonging to her mother Christina had insisted on keeping. The one thing about which she had ever defied him. She would never have parted with that locket. It must be Christina herself. But what has happened to her?

Or to himself. Remembrance rushed in upon him. The odd pedler! The scene with Jan! But surely all that had been a dream? Yet there upon the littered desk still stood the pedler's silver flask, together with the twain stained glasses.

Nicholas tried to think, but his brain was in a whirl. A ray of sunlight streaming through the window fell across the dusty room. Nicholas had never seen the sun, that he could recollect. Involuntarily he stretched his hands toward it, felt a pang of grief when it vanished, leaving only the gray light. He drew the rusty bolts, flung open the great door. A strange world lay before him, a new world of lights and shadows that wooed him with their beauty—a world of low, soft voices that called to him. There came to him again the bitter sense of having been robbed.

"I could have been so happy all these years," murmured old Nicholas to himself. "It is just the little town I could have loved—so quaint, so quiet, so home-like. I might have had friends, old cronies, children of my own maybe—"

A vision of the sleeping Christina flashed before his eyes. She had come to him a child, feeling only gratitude toward him. Had he had eyes with which to see her all things might have been different.

Was it too late? He is not so old—not so very old. New life is in his veins. She loves Jan, but that was the Jan of yesterday. In the future Jan's every word and deed will be prompted by the evil soul that was once the soul of Nicholas Snyders—that Nicholas Snyders remembers well. Can any woman love that, let the case be as handsome as you will?

Ought he, as an honest man, to keep the soul he had won from Jan by what might be called a trick? Yes, it had been a fair bargain, and Jan had taken his price. Besides, it was not as if Jan had fashioned his own soul; these things are chance. Why should one man be given gold and another be given parched peas? He has as much right to Jan's soul as Jan ever had. He is wiser, he can do more good with it. It was Jan's soul that loved Christina; let Jan's soul win her if it can. And Jan's soul listening to the argument could not think of a word to offer in opposition.

Christina was still asleep when Nicholas re-entered the kitchen. He lighted the fire and cooked the breakfast, and then aroused her gently. There could be no doubt it was Christina. The moment her eyes rested

he was in features to wicked old Nick, the miser of Zaandam, and would wonder where he came from. Nor was it only the faces of the children that taught his lips to smile. It troubled him at first to find the world so full of marvelously pretty girls—of pretty women also, all more or less lovable. It bewildered him, until he found that notwithstanding Christina remained always in his thoughts the prettiest, the most lovable of them all. Then every pretty face rejoiced him; it reminded him of Christina.

On his return the second day, Christina had met him with sadness in her eyes. Farmer Beerstraater, an old friend of her father's, had called to see Nicholas; not finding Nicholas, had talked a little with Christina. A hard-hearted creditor was turning him out of his farm. Christina pretended not to know that the creditor was Nicholas himself, but marvelled that such wicked men could be. Nicholas said nothing, but the next day Farmer Beerstraater had called again, all smiles, blessings, and great wonder.

"But what can have come to him?" repeated Farmer Beerstraater over and over.

Christina had smiled and answered that perhaps the good God had touched his heart. But thought to herself that perhaps it had been the good influence of another. The tale flew. Christina found herself besieged on every hand, and, finding her intercessions invariably successful, grew day by day more pleased with herself, and by consequence more pleased with Nicholas Snyders. For Nicholas was a cunning old gentleman, Jan's soul in him took delight in undoing the evil the soul of Nicholas had wrought. But the brain of Nicholas Snyders that remained to him whispered: "Let the little maid think it is all her doing."

The news reached the ears of Dame Toelast. The same evening saw her seated in the ingle-nook opposite Nicholas Snyders, who smoked and seemed bored.

"You are making a fool of yourself, Nicholas Snyders," the Dame told him. "Everybody is laughing at you."

"I had rather they laughed than cursed me," growled Nicholas.

"Have you forgotten all that has passed between us?" asked the Dame.

"Wish I could," signed Nicholas.

"At your age—" commenced the Dame.

"I am feeling younger than I ever felt in all my life," Nicholas interrupted her. "You don't look it," commented the Dame.

"What do looks matter?" snapped Nicholas. "It is the soul of a man that is the real man."

"They count for something, as the world goes," explained the Dame. "Why, if I liked to follow your example and make a fool of myself, there are young men, fine young men, handsome young men—"

"Don't let me stand in your way," interposed Nicholas quickly. "As you say, I am old and I have a devil of a temper. There must be many better men than I am, men more worthy of you."

"I don't say there are not," returned the Dame; "but nobody more suitable. Girls for boys, and old women for old men, as I have told him. I hav'n't lost my wits, Nicholas Snyders, if you have. When you are yourself again—"

Nicholas Snyders sprang to his feet. "I am myself," he cried, "and intend to remain myself! Who dares say I am not myself?"

"I do," retorted the Dame, with exasperating coolness. "Nicholas Snyders is not himself when at the bidding of a pretty-faced doll he flings his money out of the window with both hands. He is a creature bewitched, and I am sorry for him. She'll fool you for the sake of her friends till you hav'n't a cent left, and then she'll laugh at you. When you are yourself, Nicholas Snyders, you will be crazy with yourself—remember that." And Dame Toelast marched out and slammed the door behind her.

"Girls for boys, and old women for old men."

The phrase kept ringing in his ears. Hitherto his new-found happiness had filled his life, leaving no room for thought. But the old Dame's words had sown the seed of reflection. Was Christina fooling him? The thought was impossible. Never once had she pleaded for herself, never once for Jan. The evil thought was the creature of Dame Toelast's evil mind. Christina loved him. Her face brightened at his coming. The fear of him had gone out of her; a pretty tyranny had replaced it. But was it the love that he sought? Jan's soul in old Nick's body was young and ardent. It desired Christina not as a daughter, but as a wife. Could it win her in spite of old Nick's body? The soul of Jan was an impatient soul. Better to know than to doubt.

"Do not light the candles; let us talk a little by the light of the fire only," said Nicholas. And Christina, smiling, drew her chair toward the blaze. But Nicholas sat in the shadow.

"You grow more beautiful every day, Christina," said Nicholas, "sweeter and more womanly. He will be a happy man who calls you wife."

The smile passed from Christina's face. "I shall never marry," she answered.

"Never is a long word, little one."

"A true woman does not marry the man she does not love."

"But may she not marry the man she does?" smiled Nicholas.

"Sometimes she may not," Christina explained.

"And when is that?" (Continued on page 22.)



"Taste before you die the joy of living"

on old Nicholas there came back to her the frightened rabbit look that had always irritated him. It irritated him now, but the irritation was against himself.

"You were sleeping so soundly when I came in last night—" Christina commenced.

"And you were afraid to wake me," Nicholas interrupted her. "You thought the old curmudgeon would be cross. Listen, Christina. You paid off yesterday the last debt your father owed. It was to an old sailor. I had not been able to find him before. Not a cent more do you owe, and there remains to you out of your wages a hundred florins. It is yours whenever you like to ask me for it."

Christina could not understand, neither then nor during the days that followed; nor did Nicholas enlighten her. For the soul of Jan had entered into a very wise old man, who knew that the best way to live down the past is to live boldly the present. All that Christina could be sure of was that the old Nicholas Snyders had mysteriously vanished, that in his place remained a new Nicholas, who looked at her with kindly eyes—frank and honest, compelling confidence. Though Nicholas never said so, it came to Christina that she herself, her sweet example, her ennobling influence it was that had wrought this wondrous change. And to Christina the explanation seemed not impossible—seemed even pleasing.

The sight of his littered desk was hateful to him. Starting early in the morning, Nicholas would disappear for the entire day, returning in the evening tired, but cheerful, bringing with him flowers that Christina laughed at, telling him they were weeds. But what mattered names? To Nicholas they were beautiful. In Zaandam the children ran from him, the dogs barked after him. So Nicholas, escaping through byways, would wander far into the country. Children in the villages around came to know a kind old fellow who loved to linger, his hands resting on his staff, watching their play, listening to their laughter; whose ample pockets were storehouses of good things. Their elders, passing by, would whisper to one another how like

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Real College Football

By David Starr Jordan

No college president is more popular with the student body over which he presides than is the president of Stanford University. Because of his sympathetic attitude, his estimates of collegiate affairs are highly valued.

COLLEGE football has come to stay. It has its advantages, its dangers, and its evils, but it fills a place which no other game can take. Its strength lies in team work, not in individual plays. Its members are bound together by the strongest of ties, the tie of college spirit. A football match is to the loyal spectators the crash of one beloved organization against another. A professional team has no such ties; there are, therefore, no successful football teams outside the colleges. Non-collegiate teams represent nothing. The public is only bored by the victories of local teams or athletic clubs. But a struggle of Harvard against Yale, or Michigan against Wisconsin, fires the imagination and touches the deeper feelings of college men, and through them the greater world whose imagination they direct. Whether this ought to be the case or not does not matter. This is the fact, and none of the more individual sports, as baseball or track athletics, has this effect.

The evils of football mainly centre around the use of money as an aid to winning. When money is used, no matter how subtly, it is no longer a matter of students playing; it is not an outflow of animal spirits; it takes its rank among the game agencies of demoralization. Against this tendency, student committees can not stand alone. It takes the full force of the college authorities. When the Faculty has failed to put its whole strength on the side of clean football, some form of corruption has appeared.

It is vitally essential then that the football men should be held to their work just as severely as any other students and at all times. It is necessary that no football man should be allowed to receive money from any source in consideration of his playing. This excludes him from scholarships, from receiving gifts from alumni or citizens, from occupying summer positions provided by interested friends, from any of the hundred opportunities of attending college without paying its cost. Every financial aid, each academic leniency given to athletics, tends toward the demoralization of college athletics. In baseball, a professional or hired team may defeat any college team composed of those who play only for sport. In like fashion, an invincible football team might be hired by direct or indirect means, if the Faculty would wink at its employment and supplement this wink by convenient and lenient re-examinations of the athlete too dull or too busy to attend to his classes.

The future of football depends on the conscience of the college authorities. If these are satisfied with victory and indifferent as to other considerations, we shall have in football a source of progressive demoralization. If they insist on clean games played by clean players, the game of football will endure to the delight of our grandchildren, an unfailing source of that joy and good fellowship called college spirit, which, if not the highest academic product, is really a thing worth having and worth cultivating.

The University and High Ideals

By Charles F. Thwing, LL.D.

No essayist or scholar in America has so exclusively devoted his studies and writings to collegiate subjects and the needs of American students as the President of Western Reserve University and Adelbert College.

THE spiritual ideals of highest importance in a democracy are liberty, love for truth, respect for duty, and the old cardinal virtues of love, justice, prudence, temperance, and courage. In this age, these are endangered through economical inequality. But the peril is rendered less perilous through an increasing sense of brotherhood. These spiritual ideals are at the present time put in peril by an increasing dread of poverty. There probably never was an age when the dread of poverty was so great, or when the evils of poverty were so small. In this condition the university has a most significant mission. Its highest purpose is to uphold the spiritual ideals—to minister to the virtues and the virtues. It is called upon to teach that the wealth most worth treasuring lies in the mind and character and not in the hand. The one is eternal, and the other must be temporary. It declares the most obvious truth that poverty with honor is infinitely to be preferred to wealth accompanied with any suspicion of dishonor. It declares that living is far less than life; that things seen are of smaller worth than things unseen; that the lust of the eye and the pride of life are as nothing in respect to truth, duty, love, and faith.

The university in its service for the people of its own

nation is not only to render service of that kind which the nation peculiarly needs; it is also to render a service to all men of that sort which by its history or location or constitution it is specially fitted to render.

A democratic people needs the constant inspiration of highest ideals. This filling of its needs is most fittingly done by the university. Itself seeking the highest ideals, untouched by selfishness, the university is able to move democratic communities unto the highest and the best, and to keep before them the duty of a love for truth and moral excellence, and an appreciation of the beautiful. This appreciation exercises itself in all the arts. A political democracy is prone to make its fine arts merely decorative. It is hard to convince all that the fine arts minister to the highest education of man. The university, however, through both teaching and example, should impress upon the democracy that painting and poetry, architecture, sculpture, music, and drama represent fundamental desires, passions, and needs of the human character, and that they inspire truth, sincerity, purity, and honest aspirations within the human soul.

The college ideal is becoming the people's ideal. The proportion of students to the population increases with each decade. The proportion is now twice as great as it was a half-century ago. The State University is becoming the academic ideal of nearly every commonwealth, and it is easier to secure from a Legislature grants for its support than for any other of the State's institutions. The great ideals of truth, duty, right, and human service rule. Gold, cheap society, carnal pleasures, and meretricious fame do not and never shall occupy the academic throne.

The Higher Athletics

By Henry M. Simmons

Through his "The Unending Cosmos," "New Tables of Stone," and other works, the pastor of the Minneapolis Lutheran Church is widely known as a writer on philosophical subjects and social tendencies.

STRENGTH is always honored, and ought to be; but it changes form with human progress. The first ideal is strength of body, to subdue beasts or other foes. The Hebrews honored their Samson slaying a lion and a few Philistines. The Greeks had a similar hero in Hercules. Even the Christian Church adored its St. Christopher, who desisted praying as proper only for women, and served the Lord more acceptably by his stout limbs carrying pilgrims through the river. The Renaissance brought muscle again into favor; and Michelangelo's "Moses" is criticised as "half prize-fighter."

This favor remained—for it is hardly a century since even the British Parliament adjourned in honor of a pugilist. Even more intellectual companies honor muscle. The great Greek athlete, Milo, held up the falling roof at Pythagoras' lecture, but the modern college athlete is probably not at the lecture at all. A cynic defined a college as a boating association whose members, on rainy days, tried to improve their minds by a little study. A university football hero now gets more honor than all the professors. Nor need we complain, for so far as athletic games aid bodily development and health, they are, of course, good. It is not wise to be horrified even by boxers bruising each other a little—so long as we give the highest public homage to battalions butchering each other.

But strength has now assumed a higher form, and athletics have risen to much mightier deeds. Power has passed from brawn to brain, from arms to arts—and thereby become far more effective. There is no need of a Hercules to slay a lion, when a man can shoot him half a mile away. There is no need of St. Christopher to bear men through the river, when art can build a Brooklyn bridge or a boat that can bear a thousand. Even the best arm of an oarsman is a plaything compared with the piston-rod of a steamer which gracefully and swiftly carries the population and produce of a township across the ocean without once resting. The swiftest runner is but a snail to a railway train or a telephone.

In physical contests the very beasts can beat us. The prowess and persistence seen in even a football game is hardly up to that of fighting buffaloes or bulldogs, and the sublimest kick of a college student is less mighty than that of a horse or a mule. Strength is seen rather in games of intellect, in which man masters lightning and elements, makes the earth his football and plays with heavenly spheres—making the sun paint his pictures in the photograph, and weighing furthest stars by his spectroscopes. Here are higher athletics, by which he gains the strength, not merely of muscle, but of the mightiest powers of nature. Still higher are the moral athletics, by which he gains the power of right. Without this, indeed, even arts are weak, and Wendell Phillips said: "You may build your Capitol of granite, and pile it high as the Rocky Mountains, but if it be founded upon or mixed with iniquity, the pulse of a girl will in time beat it down."

The People Should Be "Boss"

By William D. Hoard

The former Governor of Wisconsin and noted agricultural journalist is, both from platform and pen, a vigorous advocate of primary election reforms. In view of recent State elections this suggestion is of interest.

THE central idea of a republican form of government is resistance to all forms of tyranny and abuse of power. Just as long as the American people keep alive this sentiment they will continue to maintain a republican form of government. The ever upspringing evil that confronts us is the unscrupulous and corrupt politician, the man who seizes upon the machinery of politics to defeat the will of the people. Two steps are necessary to carrying out a republican form of government: 1, to nominate an official; 2, to elect him. The corrupt politician found our system of ballot-box election so crude and easily convertible to his use that he was able by gross frauds to defeat the public will. To meet this evil the Australian system of voting was adopted. But only half of the work of rescuing the people from the corrupt influence of the unscrupulous politician was accomplished.

He could no longer follow the voter to the ballot-box and see that he got his money's worth. But the old caucus system whereby he could nominate his tool still remained. Once nominated, he depended on party spirit and party loyalty to elect him, and so the corrupt politician still remained master of the people.

The one thing more needed is the adoption of the Australian ballot system in the nomination of officials. The selfish politician fights this reform just as he did the other. He sees clearly enough that the voter will be left free to record his own choice. He can not run caucuses with a cut-and-dried plan, for there will be no caucuses. All the corruption in cities and elsewhere has resulted from the weakness of the caucus system. Honest people who want honest government often can not get their candidates nominated, and so they are obliged to take what they can get or refuse to vote.

Governor Yates of Illinois has said, "The time is coming when every citizen must vote directly for his candidate." And it is coming, because it is the only way to take our republican form of government out of the hands of corrupt politicians and place it where it belongs, in the hands of the plain people.

All there is to the primary election matter is that the voter votes by the Australian ballot "directly for his candidate." He has his say as to who shall be nominated as he has as to who shall be elected.

Will Germany War with Us?

By Albion W. Small

The Professor of Sociology at Chicago University and the editor of the "American Journal of Sociology," having spent two years in Germany studying its international relations, speaks authoritatively upon this topic.

IT is not overcautious engineering to figure out the heaviest load probable, and then to build the bridge strong enough to bear that burden multiplied by six. Good statesmanship also forestalls not merely the probable, but the possible. There is doubtless more truth than fact in the legend of Von Moltke, when informed by his adjutant that the die had been cast for war with France. The man who was silent in seven languages is said to have ordered, "Third portfolio on the fourth shelf." The same might occur in the General Staff of every first-rate nation. Possible campaigns are already on paper, just as plans and specifications for additional buildings and equipment are on file in business offices for use when the market demands.

The reasoning by which M. Bloch so impressed not only the Czar, but a large international public, concurs with many other considerations in making a war on the soil of western Europe, or between a European nation and the United States, with the home territory of either as the fighting-ground, seem too remote for belief. If Prince Henry ever again approaches New York it will doubtless be in a spirit not less amicable than that of his first visit. No American fleet is likely to manoeuvre within striking distance of Kiel or Hamburg for any more warlike purpose than was in evidence during last summer's amenities.

It would be absurd to say that there is visible probability of war between the United States and any first-class power. It would be much more absurd to say that war with Germany is so impossible that measures to prevent it are needless. Great Britain is more concerned with keeping the empire from falling to pieces of its own weight than with territorial expansion or trade monopoly at our expense. Neither France, Spain, Italy, nor Russia is pursuing a policy that challenges distinctively American claims. If any phase of the Chinese question should become a *casus belli*, we could hardly be drawn in until the conflict became

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on September 22, 1903, and concluded three months ago, a pitiful failure to present a case that was in any way as strong as the complete acquittal of Palizzolo and the vindication of the Mafia of Sicily.

The Government declared the development of the south had been thrown back a quarter of a century. A pall seemed to hang over Sicily. If the miscarriage of justice had a terrible effect in Italy, it turned a balance in the United States. Of this we were and are sweetly unconscious.

Immediately after the result of the Palizzolo case became known in the United States there was an outbreak of blackmailing, murder, robbery, kidnapping, and kindred crimes among Italians such as had never been known before, and the American public began to talk of a "wave of crime," not guessing the subtle influence in the decision of "a foreign political murder case," mentioned in bare paragraphs in a few of our important papers.

In the last election Palizzolo was defeated by Di Stefano, the member of the Peace Congress, which shows the mold of public opinion in Palermo when it can use the secret ballot. But every day sees some evidence of the real power—the many little hands or feet centralized in the genius of one unscrupulous man.

Politics crystallized the high and low mafia under Palizzolo. We have numerous bands of the *boss mafia*, some few fugitives of the *alfa mafia*, and are moving rapidly on to the time when some one of the many Italians now prominent in politics in New York, Chicago, and elsewhere may arise and become a second Palizzolo. In other places I have related the crimes of some of their present political leaders. The scattered, incoherent bands, here and to come, await the electrifying touch of executive power from the *alfa mafia*, and then will come—hell. That is the truth about the "mafia" in the United States.

A List of Murders

Not long since I went over all this ground with Inspector McClosky, head of the New York Detective Bureau, and at the end of the conversation he said: "We can and are still fully able to handle any other situation presented, but what are we going to do with these fellows—what are we going to do with them?"

Here is a list of notable assassinations the circumstances of which I have investigated and which I am convinced are gang murders, and so may be called the work of the *alfa mafia*.

Felix Auriemma, twenty-eight, waiter, shot and killed August, 1904, at the corner of Grand and Mulberry Streets, New York.

James L. Hussey, twenty-three, a driver, shot and killed in hallway of Italian tenement at 351 East Thirtieth Street, November, 1904. Had unexplained connections with several Italians.

Calisto Salvo, shot in the hallway of his home, 225 Third Street, Passaic, New Jersey, on the night of Wednesday, April 15, 1904.

Meyer Weisbard, Hebrew, gold jewelry pedler with Italian patronage and dealings with Italians, found with throat cut in a trunk on Pier 10, February 6, 1905. The place where he was killed was never found by the police.

Unknown Italian, found stripped, with throat cut, at foot of Seventy-third Street, Brooklyn, March, 1905.

Micale Bianco, jack dealer, clubbed to death, at Bellport, Long Island, November 5, 1904, and his body hidden in the woods.

Unknown Italian, found in East River, February 8, 1898, terribly mutilated. A thigh of this body was found later at the foot of Pacific Street, Brooklyn.

Giovanni Demando, killed October 10, 1904, in his home, 64 Franklin Street, Brooklyn. While he was sitting surrounded by friends, three young Italians boldly walked in and deliberately riddled him with bullets, turned and walked out.

Giuseppe Catania, an Italian grocer of Brooklyn, found in April, 1904, in a gunny-sack, at Bay Ridge, with throat cut. Connection with "barrel murder" gang was shown later.

Louis Troja, banker and saloonkeeper, found dead on the floor of his saloon in East Ninety-seventh Street, N. Y. York, in 1902, after receiving a warning letter.

Andrea Andano, shot down in the entrance of the Caghiostro bank and saloon, with crowds of people about, September, 1904. Two men committed the murder. They drew masks over their faces before they fled.

In the above cases not one person was arrested, no even could be fancied to be connected with the murders.

Sixty-three other cases since January 1, 1905, might be cited in which there were indications of quarrelling, private vendetta, or robbery, that would lead one to believe they were not gang murders.

Some Minor Outrages

There are not many cases of assault. The halfway step is rarely taken, but two that are notable are the following:

Francesco Bagnasco, thirty-five, waiter, of 220 West Houston Street. Found on the street, Tuesday night, October 12, 1904, with both cheeks slashed to the ear, and some small wounds that indicated he had been marked with the symbols of some *cozz*. He refused to say where the assault occurred or who were his assailants.

Father Cenozo Cigalino, assaulted by an unknown Italian with a club, Sunday night, September 19, 1903, at Port Chester, New York, and left for dead. He had been trying to break up a "Black Hand" *cozz* in that region.

It is useless to attempt to present anything of a showing of the Mafia and Black Hand letter cases, in which the receipt of such letters has been made public. Thousands of

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The Riverdale Murders

On the 16th of last September there were living in a small cottage in Riverdale, on the outskirts of Chicago, three men who worked on the railroad. They had come there from Italy nearly two years before, a fourth man, Angelo Novello, being with them at that time. He started back to Palermo in August. I have been unable to find that he ever reached home. On the evening of the date mentioned the three were making their preparations to start for New York the next day to take a North German Lloyd steamer for Naples. That day they had bought knives and revolvers for each. They had received an anonymous letter warning them to prepare for a violent death, and one man had just got a farewell letter from his brother, who conveyed in veiled phrases his further warning of impending doom. Two were men of common fibre, the third a man of education. The two were asleep in different rooms, and the third sat at a table writing some letters. Suddenly a pane of glass in the room where the one man slept was shattered, and as he sprang to his feet he was shot dead. The other sleeper never rose from his couch, but died as he lay. The third man endeavored to make his escape, but the assassins entered and killed him also. They looked for the letter of warning, and left on it the print of bloody fingers. Several hundred dollars in the dead men's pockets were untouched. The police and newspaper men struggled in vain to get an opening in the case. From names on letters and hearsay of other Italians, names were given the men. No significance was found in their identity. The case became a mystery of the past, a Mafia crime. If there had been but one Italian officer working on the affair he could have instantly given astounding developments.

The Long-Armed Moslem

The men's names were, first Bartolo Scaccia, the educated man, and his letters came from Giuseppe and Andrea Scaccia, olive oil exporters of Casteldaccia, Sicily. The others were Antonio Virano and Vincenzo Bruno. Can any one who has read even the brief résumé I have given of the Palizzolo case compare the facts without a sudden quickening of interest and a growing conviction of connection between them. Here are the points of connection. The men come from Casteldaccia, one of the storm centres of the Palizzolo case. They left there at a time when many others connected with the case were leaving. The Scaccia family were arrayed with Palizzolo. A Vincenzo Bruno was suspected and accused with Fontana, Garufi, and the others. The crime is obviously a *mafia* crime. They could have belonged only to a *circa* of Palizzolo's cohorts, coming from where they did. They set about returning as soon as they heard of Palizzolo's acquittal and had received letters from their *compadres*.

Instead of being the ordinary gang murder of three Italians, I believe the Riverdale tragedy is one which should startle patriotic Americans—being an instance, probably the

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first, of the Grand Mafia of Sicily stretching its arm across the Atlantic and by murder silencing the lips and preventing the return of three men who might add by their presence in Italy to the danger of their chief. Done with ease, security, and without police comprehension in a land of liberty, law, and order.

A fascinating example of the operations of a limited gang, and of our inability to cope with such, let alone the Grand Mafia should it fasten upon us, is the famous "barrel murder."

On the night of April 21, 1903, a barrel was found on the street at Avenue D and Eleventh Street, on the East Side of New York, containing the body of a man, evidently an Italian, dressed in night clothes and with thirteen stab wounds in his neck and breast. The body was still warm when found. In an hour the police machinery was in full motion. A terrible gang murder had been done, but newspapers and police were at sea until District Chief Flynn, of the United States Secret Service, advised Inspector McClusky that his men had been for months shadowing a gang of Italian counterfeiters, and on Monday night of the date mentioned had seen the murdered man with them. To the Secret Service men, who knew the others, the man was known as "the newcomer." He was well dressed, and did not appear to be a laboring man. Inspector McClusky's men, acting on this tip, located the members of the gang, and, while the papers were full of the mystery, waited until they had all the important ones under their eyes. All were to be arrested at once. Inspector McClusky called in his men, put them in squads of fours, and, knowing the desperate task on which he was sending them, told them to "get their men but not to get hurt." On Wednesday night the greater portion of the twelve wanted were brought in. They were Giuseppe Morello, thirty-four, agent, 178 Chrystie Street, known as the chief of the band and a dangerous man; only one finger on his right hand; Giuseppe Panaro, 25 Rivington Street; Antonio Genova, thirty-eight, importer, 514 Fifteenth Street; Lorenzo Lubiedo, forty-two, merchant, 308 Mott Street; Vito Laduca, twenty-four, laborer, 308 Mott Street; Domenico Pecoraro, thirty-two, farmer, 182 Chrystie Street; Pietro Inzerillo, forty-four, confectioner, 226 Elizabeth Street; Tommaso Petto, twenty-four, a clothing presser, known as "The Ox," by reason of his strength; Ignazio Lupo, forty, importer, 433 West Fourth Street; Giuseppe Lalamia, laborer, 308 Mott Street, and Giuseppe Guardano, twenty-two, laborer, 165 Mott Street.

Evidence, yet no Conviction

The newspapers said at the time that the prisoners were sullen, smiling, or confident, and uncommunicative, denying everything; but a scene quite the reverse and intensely dramatic occurred in the assembly room of the Detective Bureau that night. Four men were assigned to each prisoner, coats off and sleeves rolled up. The prisoners were hustled in, flung on the floor and ordered stripped in less than two minutes. Stricken with fear, in a panic that was a psychological study, they wept and prayed, each with his resary in his hands, while the powerful officers tumbled them about, shaking huge *coltelli* and loaded revolvers from every one. Then they were put individually through the "Third Degree," but sought refuge in pretence of lack of knowledge of English. Some of the things found were cigars in the pockets of Petto and Morello identical with those on the dead man, and a pawn ticket for a watch that was later proved to be the dead man's. The shoes on the dead man were of the same sort as those worn by a member of the gang. After the victim had been more than once identified as some one else, it was proved that he was Benedetto Madonna of Buffalo, formerly a stone mason, but for some time connected with the gang, and once sent on a mission for it to Pittsburgh, as proved by letters found in Morello's house. All the band denied knowing him. The collar on the dead man was found to be identical with Morello's. The barrel and sawdust were identical with those in Inzerillo's café, bearing the same marks in every way. It was found that Madonna had been with Salvatore Maculoso, a barber, at 406 East Houston Street, had told him that he had come to New York to see if his brother-in-law, Di Primo, a member of the gang, was not in trouble, and had found that Di Primo was already in prison. Going to him, Di Primo said the gang had deserted him and robbed him of his money. Madonna came to New York once more in his brother-in-law's interests and knew he was in danger. He was with the gang at its headquarters at 8 Prince Street and 15 Stanton Street, being seen there by Secret Service men, who, when all seemed to have quieted down, left their watch for the night. A few hours later Madonna's body was found.

I have given the principal points adduced by the police and Secret Service. In the trial there was enough perjury to keep half the gang in prison for the next twenty years, but they were cleared one and all and pitched back into the lap of society. From my knowledge of conditions among the Italians in New York to-day, I am compelled to predict a terrible harvest from this sowing.

To exterminate the *boss mafia* and prevent a grand mafia—make a death penalty for such conspiracy, create a sufficient Italian police Secret Service, and on resulting evidence deport about six shiploads.

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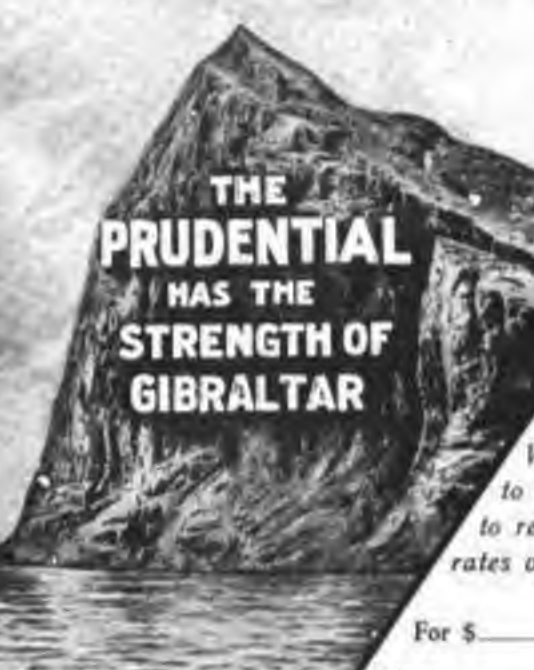
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THE BACHELOR GIRL

DRY POINT BY OTTO SCHNEIDER



CHICAGO KEEPS TRACK of its public men with a precision remarkable in an American city of its size. A few years ago Judge PETER S. GROSSCUP of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals was a man highly honored in Chicago, and, as far as he was known, elsewhere. He has made some of the most excellent speeches of recent years. He understands what the new issues are in politics and he speaks well upon them. But he has been doing certain things in Chicago which he ought not to do, and he is in all probability "down and out" as far as any political hopes that he may have are concerned. Chicago still fails politically at times. It failed to defeat MADDEN at the last election. But it has more recent victories to its credit than any other American city. Public opinion now gives orders to the politicians. They were already on the run and DENEEN's election has much accelerated their pace. If the nominations were made to-day JOHN HARLAND would probably be the candidate of the Republicans, and he would have more than an even chance of victory. This progress in political standards is not won without vigilance. Judge GROSSCUP's rapidly falling reputation is the result of the close attention which Chicago gives to its own affairs. We have in the past praised him highly. We believe to-day that his character has been debauched by political ambition. Of the injunction in favor of the street railways, which is being so bitterly resented, we say nothing, it being a legal matter. Of the appointment of a notoriously unfit candidate to the position of Master-in-Chancery, because he was the son of Senator HOPKINS, no such reserve in opinion is necessary. About his indorsement of "Doc" JAMIESON, when Mr. ROOSEVELT, for reasons of his own, chose to give that statesman an office, it would not be easy to speak too sharply. Judge GROSSCUP has seen his best days in American public life.

DISAPPOINTMENT

MR. FOLK WILL BE GOVERNOR in a fortnight from the present time. He will have many appointments to make at once, and some important policies on which to take his stand. It probably is a fortunate thing for him personally that the Republicans carried Missouri. It removes from power and influence a lot of Democrats who have been the most difficult enemies for him to handle and it practically makes him master of his party in Missouri. Incidentally, it may be as well for him in four years to lead a doubtful State. He occupies the most promising ground of any Democrat in politics to-day, for, by his accomplishment, he has become identified in the minds of people all over the nation with the new kind of politics, the issues of morality against immorality, of illegal combinations and protected wrongdoers against the people. The old order is passing away. Mr. ROOSEVELT was swung in so easily partly because he represented the new and better objects which the people are now asking their statesmen to pursue. Mr. FOLK's victory was made more unmistakable by the immense distance which he ran ahead of his ticket. He was the only Democrat elected, and he ran ahead of his ticket in every county in the State. This cutting was done on a ballot which is extremely difficult to split. Had the style of ballot used in Massachusetts been used in Missouri, the amount of split voting would have been far greater. The fact that Mr. FOLK said he preferred the election of the Democratic ticket, which contained the names of COOK and ALLEN, undoubtedly also reduced the Republican vote for him, and we should have much preferred not to have had him make that statement. It was his only concession to the difficulties of the situation, and we hope it may be the last. If, in his new position, his courage and ability are what we believe they are, his future will take care of itself, and his influence will continue to be one of the best in our country.

THE FUTURE IN MISSOURI

WHEN LORD ROSEBERRY PRAISED Lord SALISBURY, the other day, enthusiastically, the "Spectator" surmised that England was the only country where a statesman was likely to make occasion to celebrate the virtues of his lifelong opponent. The "Spectator" was doubtless right. We had a feeling of regret, however, that America had not yet reached that stage of mannerly appreciation. Our politicians seldom praise opposing leaders, living or in the grave, unless it be some canonized figure safely in the distant past. Even then, the partisan spirit frequently inspires in our emphatic statesmen idiotic judgments of JEFFERSON, on the one hand, or HAMILTON, on the other. Surely all this barking over almost meaningless party names grows very

AN ODISSEY COMPARISON

tiresome. The narrowness and hypocrisy which it engenders are more tiresome still. It would be a pleasant event if Lord ROSEBERRY's example should be emulated in America. It would be agreeable to find politicians catching up, in frankness and impartiality, with the people, if they can not get ahead of them, yet how seldom do we hear ungrudging praise of a leader in one party from any conspicuous politician in another. Independence is not divisible into water-tight compartments. Freedom and magnanimity in expressing personal opinions are connected with intelligent independence in act. It is satisfactory to observe that Mr. JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS announces his intention of supporting the President in steps he may make toward revising the tariff, securing reciprocity, and regulating monopoly. The Democrats may perhaps have learned by this time that opposing all Republican measures, good and bad, is a losing policy. New alignments are now possible at any time—new parties even. If a fight should begin, all along the line, with President ROOSEVELT leading one side and the Senate oligarchy the other, it would conduce to the ultimate glory of the President, it would benefit the country, and it would be a disgrace to the Democrats if they did not support the President's real democracy against the henchmen of special privilege and plutocracy.

DEMOCRATS WITH A FUTURE have been held recently to include in their number GEORGE B. McCLELLAN, Tammany Mayor of New York. He and Mr. MURPHY have given an astute administration. They have shown ability, and they have been wise enough to be virtuous in many things, that a good reputation might cover some large iniquities. When Mr. McCLELLAN signed the RENSEN gas bill, which was regarded by an undivided public opinion as a steal, the young Mayor's well-wishers tried to explain the act as stupid rather than corrupt, although MURPHY's brother was a beneficiary. The national election is over now, and the mask is likely to be less and less in use. In renewing a gas contract refused by the Low administration, in doing it as quietly as possible, in surreptitiously defrauding the people whose vigilant defender the charter commands him to be, Mr. McCLELLAN comes out finally in the famous old Tammany colors. Not for nothing do the Standard Oil interests pay to PATRICK H. MCCARREN a salary estimated at \$20,000. He killed the municipal lighting project which the Low administration defended, and he and MURPHY are together in this latest steal. Not an electric light, not a jet of gas, not an oil lamp, hardly a tallow candle, can be burned by the people of New York City to-day without a tribute to JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER; and Mr. McCLELLAN can henceforth be classed as a man who may grow rich, but will never receive the Governorship or any other honor from the people of his country or his State. What he may expect is only what can be given to him by Tammany-Hall or the dishonest corporations in harmony with which it works.

GOOD BY, McCLELLAN

THE MAN WHO LOST \$20 in gold over the side of an ocean steamer, and calmly exclaimed "Let it go," had points in his favor. He took philosophically the only course which appeared practicable. Objections to intervention in the East have some of this fundamental reasonableness. At present there seems to be no way in which outside nations can affect the conflict, and therefore arguments against their doing so are welcome. Captain MAHAN's objections are as cogent as most of that expert thinker's reasons. They may by many be deemed inconclusive, but they give much to think about. The gist of them is that men who can make such a record as the Russians have made at Port Arthur have a right to continue the war on land and sea until they have had enough. A Russian lieutenant wrote of one of the Port Arthur combats: "The ravine below streamed with blood, and in one place corpses lay so thick that a dam was formed. The men in our advanced trenches were driven out or bayoneted, but before the Japanese got a yard further they were all shot down. The night attack and the ensuing sortie were ghastly affairs. We have got to a stage at which we all laugh at blood and murder, and no man would shed a tear over the death of his own father." Captain MAHAN, in one of his recent comments, asked: "In view of such suffering, shall those who have in it no part save sympathy, rising little above idle sentiment, advocate interference, as we hear from time to time? Have not the men who have done what KUROPATKIN and STOESEK, and their valiant soldiers have done, a right to demand 'hands off' till their

LETTING IT GO



Government asks interposition?" As far as "right" is concerned, what about the way Japan was treated after defeating China? Intervention that helped her now could certainly not give her back more than she lost then. Captain MAHAN says: "Japan had no recourse but to declare war, and at the moment she did." In such circumstances "right" is not the troublesome question. Neither England nor the United States is likely to intervene just at present, but for reasons not unlike those which led to the man's order about his \$20 gold piece.

DEATH IS DARK ENOUGH in any form. To Mrs. GILBERT it came in as happy a manner as it knows. The actor usually loses more than the rest of us by old age. The really great actress JANUSCHKE had died a few days earlier than Mrs. GILBERT, forgotten by the public, imbibed, in a charity home—her death worth to the average newspaper but an inch or two of type. Mrs. GILBERT made the luckiest of exits. She never lost the favor of that fickle public by whose whim the actor lives. In the last years

A HAPPY
ENDING

of her life one success was followed by another. The younger players with whom she was associated loved her. She was cheerful, spirited, and never dependent. Her salty humor never left her. When she became a star, for the first time, this year, at eighty-three, she was kept warm by the plaudits and sympathy of every one. When death approached it made no threats. It gave no time for longing and regret. Often cruel, it was as merciful in this case as it could be. Death seemed to vie with life in giving its best to one who had asked no favors of existence—who had never made complaints.

PROSPER MERIMEE OBSERVED that any writer could bring tears to his reader's eyes by the simple device of breaking a poodle's leg. The increase of pure mush in dog lore is now momentous. "Can't you do something?" cries a distressed reader. "I inclose a document which seems to me about the limit." We hope it is. It is called "Yours With All My Heart—Her Own Story, as told by the beautiful Italian gazelle-hound Fairy." There is, of course, a deluge of such literature for Christmas, but surely nothing could better suit the extremists in dog sentiment than this tale of

SENTIMENTAL-
ITY AND DOGS

Fairy. Our correspondent sends a picture of Fairy in her basket. "There," says Fairy, "were all my little worldly goods. I crept in and crossed my forepaws, and looked out at them all with wistful eyes and listening ears. I was too sad to be proud of my beautiful face and form against the soft blue background." It is very modest of Fairy, but the picture does rather exploit that touching crossing of the paws. Indeed, as we gazed upon it, our lips unconsciously gave expression to a protesting "Wow," and it is to be feared that we shall never read the entire illustrated life. Good-by, Fairy. Our heart is too stony for the language which you speak.

WHY DOES WOMAN REFORM MAN so much more than he reciprocates? Even if she leads no axe crusades against saloons, she is preoccupied with keeping him from drink, and her checks upon his flagrant tendency to vice are of inestimable value in the long-drawn-out business of differentiating humanity favorably from his arboreal cousins of the jungle. Woman's opinion and protest are powerful against all the male's favorite vices, and also against his mere brutalities. Who has not observed a woman stopping two boys from fighting on

VICES OF
THE SEXES

the street, when they wished to fight, and all the surrounding crowd of smiling men desired that they should fight? Man does not reciprocate. He lets the corset take its deadliest course. He even accepts bustles when they are in fashion. He says nothing to lace stockings and low slippers, to excess of personal gossip, or to the elaborate alarm with which his women friends view domestic cows and mice. He pays for the sweet concoctions with which females destroy their teeth and interior machinery at most other times as well as at matinees.

THE BIGGER THE COUNTRY, the louder the methods required for fame, and the smaller the chance for the individual to stand out where the whole community can see him. It is natural to mankind to desire limelight and a pedestal. Man is anxious not only to see, but to be seen. It is not vanity; it is not, in spite of MILTON, an infirmity; it is a corollary of our social nature. The love of fame is a weakness only when it is extreme. Even

the true philosopher likes it, although he smiles when more is paid for it than it is worth. Some statesmen and some artists are so concerned about their reputation that they remind the philosopher of the glories of a lady who puts her head in the lion's jaw daily, not so much for the twenty-five dollars a week that results as for the admiration of the wondering crowd. Also it reminds him, if he happens to be one familiar with the stage's ways, of the eagerness of each petty actor that his two lines shall have favorable opportunity; of his belief that only luck keeps him from making SARAH BERNHARDT and TOMMASO SALVINI look like nothings; of his love of sauntering with tragic air and conscious facial lines among the haunts of men. We all want money, and too keen a wish makes us sordid. We should all be glad of fame, but too much eagerness about it makes us look like idiots.

F A M E

IRONQUILL'S RETURN to the State whose spirit he has sung makes it more than ever true that nothing is the matter with Kansas. It will be a more excellent place to live in now that Mr. WARE is a lawyer-poet instead of a Commissioner of Pensions. Mr. ROOSEVELT assures us that no Commissioner has ever combined faithfulness to public interest with satisfaction to the G. A. R. to compare with Mr. WARE. Perhaps we may class this with the President's other amiable superlatives. The now famous motto, "The Lord hates a liar," gave more joy to the outside world than to the pension attorneys who were confronted with it in the Commissioner's room. An allegation that one year in the Pension Bureau equaled two in purgatory is more delightful to observant and dis-

BACK TO
KANSAS

interested spirits than to the hungry pension seekers, who grow so much thicker as the war recedes. The President's pension order has added to the list over four thousand names. Mr. WARE's retirement will be welcomed by many would-be beneficiaries as a possible further step in swelling the noble list. The poetic Commissioner himself, we fancy, will be happy back in Kansas. He has one of the essentials of a happy life—a decided way of believing in himself. When the critic's words have crumbled, and his flesh to dust is humbled, a verse of his, he fancies, may remain alive. He is a good poet, and his faith is justified. The washerwoman's song is real poetry. It is full of the honest scepticism mixed with sympathy with belief that marks so many humane souls to-day. Perhaps the gay fable of the Kansas zephyr will outlast them all. We reprint it to recommend an Ironquill revival:

Once a Kansas zephyr strayed
Where a brass-eyed bird pup played,
And that foolish canine bayed
At that zephyr, in a gay,
Semi-idiotic way.
Then that zephyr, in about
Half a jiffy, took that pup,
Tipped him over, wrong side up;
Then it turned him wrong side out,
And it calmly journeyed thence,
With a barn and string of fence.

MORAL:

When communities turn loose
Social forces that produce
The disorders of a gale,
Act upon the well-known law:
Face the breeze, but close your jaw.
It's a rule that will not fail:
If you bay it, in a gay
Self-sufficient sort of way,
It will land you, without doubt,
Upside down and wrong side out.

When Mr. WARE took office there was a mild increased demand for the rhymes of Ironquill. If all readers of American verse liked them as much as we do, the sale would be some thousand times greater than it is. Kansas should be glad of her returning son, not only for the talents that are his, but for the remarkable enthusiasm with which he dedicates them to Kansas. Mr. WHITE told us that nothing was the matter with the State. Mr. WARE goes further. He assures us that Kansas is one of only three States to live in song and oratory, while all the rest, with their idle claims, will only be remembered as mere names. Virginia, Massachusetts, and Kansas! It is a noble trio, and if it might be possible to say a word for certain other divisions of the land, there is yet something inspiring in Ironquill's breezy Western confidence and partiality.



"To Make a Hoosier Holiday"

By George Ade

IF YOU will take a map of the State of Indiana and follow with your pencil one of the many railway lines radiating from Indianapolis, you will find, if you are extremely diligent in your search, a black speck marked "Musselwhite." It is not an asterisk, meaning a county seat—simply a speck on the enameled surface. Furthermore, it is one of many specks. A map which shows all of the towns of the Musselwhite kind looks like a platter of caviar—a mere scramble of dark globules, each the same as the others.

As a matter of fact, Musselwhite seemed one of a thousand to the sleepy travelers in the parlor cars. Lying back on their upholstered griddles, slowly basking to a crisp, they would be aroused by a succession of jolts and grinds, and would look out with torpid interest at a brindle-colored "depot," a few brick stores ornately faced with cornices of galvanized iron, a straggling row of frame houses priggled out with scallops and protuberant bay windows, a few alert horses at the hitch-rack and a few somnolent Americans punctuated along the platform. Then the train would laboriously push this panorama into the background and whisk away into the cornfields, and the travelers would never again think of Musselwhite. Certainly they would never think of it as a hotbed of politics, an arena of social strivings, a Mecca for the remote farmhand and a headquarters for religious effort. Yet Musselwhite was all of these—and more.

The town had two wings of the Protestant faith, but they did not always flap in unison. They were united in the single belief that the Catholic congregation at the other end of town was intent on some dark plan to capture the government and blow up the public school system.

The Zion Methodist Church stood across the street from the Campbellite structure. Each had a high wooden steeple and a clangorous bell. Zion Church had an undersized pipe-organ which had to be pumped from behind. The Campbellites had merely an overgrown cottage organ, but they put in a cornet to help out—this in the face of a protest from the conservative element that true religion did not harmonize with any "brass band trimmings."

In the Campbellite Church the rostrum was movable, and underneath was a baptismal pool wherein the newly converted were publicly immersed. Whenever there was to be a Sunday night "baptizing" at the Campbellite Church, the attendance was overflowing. The Methodists could offer no ceremony to compare with that of a bold descent into the cold plunge, but every winter they had a "protracted meeting" which kept the church lighted and warmed for seven nights in the week. During this "revival" period the Campbellites were in partial eclipse.

It must not be assumed that there was any petty rivalry between the two flocks. It was the strong and healthy competition between two laborers in the vineyard, each striving to pick the larger bunch of grapes. If the Zion Church gave a mush-and-milk sociable, it was only natural that the Campbellites, in their endeavor to retain a hold on the friendly sympathies of Musselwhite, should almost immediately make announcement of a rummage party or an old people's concert. The Campbellites had their Sunday-school in the morning, preceding the regular service, and the Methodists had theirs in the afternoon. The at-

tendance records and missionary collections were zealously compared. Unusual inducements were offered to the growing youth of Musselwhite to memorize the golden text and fight manfully for the large blue card which was the reward for unbroken attendance. In Musselwhite, as in many other communities, there were parents who believed in permitting the children to attend two religious services every Sunday, thereby establishing a good general average for the family, even if the parents remained at home to read the Sunday papers. The children found no fault with this arrangement. The morning Sunday-school was a sort of full-dress rehearsal for the afternoon service, to which the children flocked in confident possession of those hidden meanings of the Scripture which can always be elucidated by a hardware merchant who wears dark clothes once a week.

At Christmas time the "scholars" found themselves in a quandary. Each church had exercises Christmas Eve. A child can not be in two places at the same time, no matter how busy his effort or how earnest his intention. And so it came about that the congregation offering the more spectacular entertainment and the larger portion of mixed candy drew the majority of the lambskins. The rivalry between the Methodists and the Campbellites touched perihelion on Christmas Eve. An ordinary Christmas tree studded with tapers, festooned with popcorn, and heavy with presents no longer satisfied the junior population, for it had been pampered and fed upon novelty. The children demanded a low comedy Santa Claus in a fur coat. They had to be

given star parts in cantatas, or else be permitted to speak "pieces" in costume. One year the Campbellites varied the programme by having a scenic chimney-corner erected back of the pulpit. There was an open fireplace glowing with imitation coals. In front of the fireplace was a row of stockings, some of which were of most mirth-provoking length and capacity, for the sense of humor was rampant in Musselwhite. A murmur of impatient and restless curiosity rather interfered with the recitations and responsive readings which opened the programme. It rose to a tiptoe of eager anticipation when Mr. Eugene Robison, the Superintendent of the Sunday-school, arose and, after a few felicitous remarks, which called forth hysterical laughter, read a telegram from Kriss Kringle saying that he would arrive in Musselwhite at 8:30 sharp. Almost immediately there was heard the jingle of sleighbells. The older and more sophisticated boys identified the tone as coming from a strand of bells owned by Henry Boardman, who kept the livery barn, but the minds of the younger brood were singularly free from all doubt and questioning. A distinct "Whoa!" was heard, and then the Saint, swaddled in furs and with a most prodigious growth of cotton whiskers, came right out through the fireplace with his pack on his back and asked in a loud voice: "Is this the town of Musselwhite?" His shaggy coat was sifted with snow, in spite of the fact that the night was rather warm and muggy, and his whole appearance tallied so accurately with the pictures in the books that the illusion was most convincing until "Tad" Saulsbury, aged twelve, piped in a loud voice: "I know who it is. It's Jake Francis."

His mother moved swiftly down the aisle and "churned" him into silence, after which the distribution of presents proceeded with triumphant hilarity.

It was generally conceded that the Campbellite chimney-corner entertainment rather laid over and topped and threw into the shade any other Christmas doings that had been witnessed in Musselwhite. That is why the Methodists were spurred to unusual effort one year later and that is why "Doc" Silverton, Sam Woodson, and Orville Hufty, as a special committee on arrangements, met in the doctor's office one evening in November to devise ways and means.

"They're goin' to give another chimney-corner show," said "Doc" Silverton. "We've got to do something to offset it. I claim that the Christmas tree is played out. Since they've started shippin' in these ever-green trees from Chicago, a good many people have their own trees right at home. We can't very well take up the chimney-corner idea. It's too much like trailin' along behind the Campbellites and takin' their dust."

"We've got to give 'em something new and different," said Orville Hufty. "I sent and got a book that's supposed to tell how to get up shows for Christmas, but it's all about singin' songs and speakin' pieces, and we know by experience that such things don't ketch the crowd here in Musselwhite."

"I've been thinkin'," said Sam Woodson, very slowly, "that we might do this: Go to the Campbellites and segest that we take turn about in givin' exhibitions. That is, if they hold off this year, we'll give them a clear field next year."

"Not much?" exclaimed "Doc" Silverton, with great decision. "That'd look like a clean backdown. Don't give 'em anything to crow about."



Miss Wheatley waited in the pastor's study

Let's beat 'em at their own game. We can do it if you'll help me on a little scheme that I've been layin' awake nights and thinkin' about. Don't laugh when I tell you what it is. It's nothin' more or less than a weddin'."

"You mean to have somebody get married on Christmas Eve?" asked Mr. Hufty, looking at him coldly.

"That's it exactly," replied "Doc" with a grin of enthusiasm.

"What's gettin' married got to do with Christmas?" asked Sam Woodson.

"People get married every day," added Mr. Hufty.

"Not the people that I'm thinkin' about," said "Doc," leaning back and looking at them serenely.

"Can you imagine what kind of a crowd we'll have in that church if we advertise that old 'Baz' Leonard is goin' to get married to Miss Wheatley?"

The other two committeemen gazed at "Doc" in sheer amazement, stunned by the audacity of his suggestion. "Baz" Leonard and Miss Wheatley! It took several moments for them to grasp the Napoleonic immensity of the proposition.

"Well, I'll be jiggered!" said Mr. Hufty. "How did you come to think of anything like that?"

"Is 'Baz' goin' to marry her?" asked Sam Woodson.

"He is," replied "Doc," "but he don't know it—yet. I'm bankin' on the fact that he won't overlook a chance to show off in public, and that Miss Wheatley is about due to get married to some one."

"I think you'd be doin' her a favor if you picked out somebody besides 'Baz,'" suggested the cold and unresponsive Woodson.

"'Baz' is the man," said "Doc" firmly. "If we've got a public character in this town it's 'Baz' Leonard. If there's a woman in town that's supposed to be out of the marryin' class, it's Miss Wheatley. Her gettin' married to any one would be about the biggest piece of news you could spring on Musselwhite. But gettin' married to 'Baz' Leonard! Say! They won't have a handful of people at their chimney-corner show. And you can bet they'll never keep Jake Francis over there to play Santa Claus. Any time that old 'Baz' gets married again, Jake'll want to be there to see it."

"I don't see how you're goin' to work it in on a Christmas Eve exhibition," said Woodson, but even as he spoke he chuckled reflectively, and it was evident that the beautiful possibilities of the plan were beginning to ramify his understanding.

"Simplest thing in the world," said "Doc." "We announce that we're goin' to give Miss Wheatley a Christmas present."

"You'd better postpone the show till April 1," suggested Mr. Hufty, and then all three committeemen leaned back in their chairs, exchanged glances, and roared with laughter. It was evident that no vote would be necessary.

"I've thought it all out," continued "Doc." "We can have the regular entertainment, then the distribution of presents. We'll have Santa Claus bring in the marriage license and present it to 'Baz.' Then we'll lead the happy couple to the altar, and after Brother King has done a scientific job of splicin', we'll give them their combination Christmas and weddin' presents. The different Sunday-school classes can chip in and buy presents for them. They'll be glad to do it."

"It sounds all right, but can we talk 'em into it?" asked Mr. Hufty. "'Baz' has fooled around her a little, but I never thought he wanted to marry her."

"I'll guarantee to have him on hand when the time comes," said "Doc" confidently. "I want you two fellows to have the women go after Miss Wheatley. We must take it for granted that they're already engaged. Have the women go over and congratulate her, and then convince her that if she has a church weddin' she'll get a raft of presents. It's the third and last call with her, and I don't think we'll have to use blinkers or a curb bit."

And so, next day, there began the strangest campaign that ever Cupid waged by proxy. Rumor—strong, persistent, undeniable—had it that "Baz" Leonard and Miss Beulah Wheatley were to become as one, indivisible. "United in the holy bonds of wedlock" is the way it was put by the editor of the "Courier."

Unless you, indulgent reader, have lived in a Musselwhite, you can not fully comprehend how convulsing was the excitement that laid hold upon the whole township when the story went jumping from house to house, across farm lots, over ditches, through the deep woods, until it was gleefully discussed around the lamp-light as far away as Antioch and Burdett's Grove. For "Baz" Leonard was a man who had posed in the fierce light of publicity for many years. In Rome he would have been a senator. In Musselwhite he was a constable. As a war veteran, as a member of the Volunteer Fire Department, as a confirmed juror, as custodian of a bass drum, as judge of elections, as something-or-other, he contrived to be where the common run of mortals had to look at him and rather admire his self-possession and dignified bearing. To be in the foreground of activities, to be in some way connected with every event which partook of the ceremonial, this was the one gnawing ambition of Ballantyne Leonard. His front name, by some system of abbreviation known only to small towns, had been condensed to "Baz." His wife had died soon after the war. He lived in a small frame house, more thoroughly covered by mortgage than by paint. A pension and the occasional fee coming to a constable provided him with the essentials of life—tobacco and one or two other items less important. As a factor in the business life of Musselwhite he was a comparative cipher, but at public functions he shone. Take it on the Fourth of July. On a borrowed horse, with a tri-colored sash once around his waist and once over the shoulder, he led the parade. On election nights he read the returns. The job of pumping the organ in the Zion Church he refused because he could not perform his duties in view of the congregation. Every winter, when the Methodist revival had stirred the town to a high-strung fervor, he walked up the

main aisle and joined the church, becoming for a few nights the nucleus of a shouting jubilation. Every summer he attended a soldiers' reunion, drank to the memory of blood-stained battlefields, and was let out of the church as a backslider. If a traveling magician or hypnotist requested "some one from the audience to kindly step upon the stage," "Baz" was always the first to respond. The happiness of his life came from now and then being on a pedestal. "Doc" Silverton knew what he was talking about when he said that on Christmas Eve he would have his man on hand, ready to be married.

As for Miss Beulah Wheatley, she was a small, prim, and exceedingly antique maiden lady who looked out at the world through a pair of bull's-eye spectacles. Those whose memories extended back far enough testified that, as a girl, she had been "not bad lookin'," and they could account for her having been marooned all these years only on the cruel theory that some marry and some don't. Miss Wheatley was a pocket edition of Joan of Arc when it came to church activities, her efforts being concentrated on foreign missionary work. She was a landmark of Zion. "Doc" Silverton once calculated that she had embroidered twenty-seven pairs of slippers for the coming and going preachers. It was known that she owned the house in which she lived, and it was vaguely rumored that she had money invested. In Musselwhite, flitting about like a lonesome and unmated bird among the satisfied and well-fed



"I ain't afraid. I've had the cards stacked on me!"

domestic pigeons, she was a pathetic joke. People respected her because she was pious and a good housekeeper, but likewise they poked fun at her, for the "old maid" is always a fair target.

No two people in Musselwhite were more surprised by the announced engagement than Mr. "Baz" Leonard and Miss Beulah Wheatley. "Baz" met the first congratulations with good nature, his only sensation being one of gratification that the public should be interested in his private affairs. Later on, when his denials were poolpoohed into silence, and he was given positive proof that Miss Wheatley had been up to Babcock's store, picking out dress goods, he became alarmed. Even this alarm was tempered by the joy of being the most-talked-about man in Musselwhite, and "Doc" Silverton never lost faith. At the first opportunity he called "Baz" into the office and gave him a long and violent handshaking. "It's somethin' you ought to have done years ago, 'Baz,'" he said, leading his visitor over to an operating chair. "She's a fine woman, and she's got a little property, and I don't see that you could do better."

"I'd like to know how them reports got started," said "Baz." "I ain't seen Miss Wheatley for goin' on six weeks, and when I did see her we didn't talk about nothin' except them Plymouth Rock chickens she bought from—"

"That's all right, 'Baz,'" said "Doc," patting him on the shoulder. "You kept it quiet as long as you could, but Miss Wheatley's a woman, you know, and she was so proud of gettin' you away from all these widows around town, you can't blame her for braggin' a little. Now that it's all settled, we're goin' to give you the biggest weddin' that was ever seen in this neck of the woods."

Thereupon he outlined the plans for Christmas Eve, minimizing the fact that Miss Wheatley would be a party to the exercises, and enlarging upon the glory that would come to the groom. He told how the organ would thunder, how the church would be jammed, how the infant class would strew flowers in the pathway of the hero, and "Baz," listening, was lost.

In the meantime Mrs. Woodson and Mrs. Hufty had been working on Miss Wheatley. They did not falsify to her, but they led her to believe that Mr. Leonard had said many things that were really said by "Doc" Silverton, and they did it in such a way that the feminine conscience did not suffer a single pang. Miss Wheatley gathered, from the nature of their conversation, that they were the emissaries of the would-be groom. Certainly their assurances were emphatic, and she, as if in a dream, permitted herself to be measured for a wedding gown.

And so Miss Wheatley and "Baz" Leonard were engaged and neither had spoken to the other a word that was even remotely suggestive of matrimony. "Doc" Silverton, past-master at politics and all manner of deep scheming, "clinched" the matter by giving a supper at the Commercial Hotel. "Baz" was present and Miss Wheatley was present and many witnesses were present. When the pie had been served, "Doc" arose and made a speech of congratulation to the couple. He referred to the undying splendor of Mr. Leonard's war record, his long and honorable career as a public servant, and the high esteem in which he was held by the beautiful little city of Musselwhite. It was meet and proper, said "Doc," that such a man should choose for his companion and helpmate an estimable lady whose light had never been hidden under a bushel, etc.

"Baz" and Miss Wheatley looked at each other across the celery tops, bewildered, but lacking the moral courage to arise and protest. They were being carried along on a wave of popular enthusiasm. It seemed exhilarating to Miss Wheatley. "Baz" wore an air of melancholy doubt, especially after the supper at the Commercial Hotel, when he had been given the privilege of taking a long, hard, and critical look at Miss Wheatley in her best clothes.

Word came to the committee that the groom was weakening. "Baz" had been meditating and gazing upon two pictures. One was pleasant—he at the church with a yellow rose in his coat and hundreds of people looking at him. The other was a long-drawn vista of straight and narrow matrimony under the supervision of a small but determined woman.

"I guess we'll have to call it off," he said, as he met "Doc" Silverton in front of the post-office, and he looked across the street in a guilty and shamefaced manner.

"You can't call it off," said "Doc." "You've announced your engagement in the presence of witnesses and we've fixed up the whole programme."

"I didn't announce it—you did."

"Well, you were present and silence gives consent. If you try to back out now she can sue you for breach of promise."

"What'll she git?"

"I'm surprised at you, 'Baz'—after all that your friends have done for you in this thing."

"Baz" studied a display of Christmas goods in a window and rubbed his chin reflectively. Finally he said, "I ain't got any clothes that's fit to wear."

"Doc" hesitated. The committee had not undertaken to outfit the bridegroom. But he knew that the failure of his pet enterprise would fill the town with Campbellite hilarity, so he said, "We'll see that you get a new suit."

Christmas Eve came. It found Musselwhite keyed up to the highest pitch of glad expectation. Every aspiring comic in the town had exhausted his stock of inventive humor in thinking up presents to give to "Baz" and Miss Wheatley. From cardboard mottoes of a satirical character to a nickel-plated kitchen stove, the gifts, large and small, were waiting behind the pulpit of the Zion church. As many people as could elbow their way into the seats and aisles and corners of the church were waiting. Miss Wheatley, all in white, with smelling salts, also six married women to give her courage, waited in the pastor's study. And down the street, in a small frame house, a grizzled veteran, who had faced death on many fields of carnage, lay back on his bed and told a despairing committee that he was ill, even to the point of death, and that there could be no wedding. He had put on the new black suit. The black bow tie had been carefully balanced by Sam Woodson. "Baz," with the dull horror of impending calamity numbing his resolution, had even combed his hair, and then, when Mr. Hufty looked at his watch and said, "It's about time to start," "Baz" had been stricken.

"Where does it seem to hurt you?" asked Sam Woodson.

"All over," said "Baz," looking steadfastly at the ceiling. "I'm as weak as a kitten."

"Your pulse is all right," said "Doc" Silverton, "and you've got a good color. Was Freeman Wheatley over to see you to-day?"

"Baz" rolled over and looked at the wall, and then answered hesitatingly, "Yes, I seen him for a little while."

"What did he say to you?"

"He said she didn't have as much property as most people think and that no livin' man could get along with her."

"I thought you was slick enough to see through Freeman Wheatley," said Mr. Hufty. "He wants to sidetrack this thing so he'll come into her property."

"This is no time for foolin'," said "Doc" Silverton, arising and rolling up his sleeves. "There's nothin' the matter with 'Baz' except he's a little overheated by the pleasure of this gladsome occasion. I'll bleed him and cool him off a little and he'll be all O. K."

Saying which he produced a pocket surgical case and took out a long glittering knife.

"Don't you go to cuttin' into me," said "Baz," sitting up in the bed.

"Then you quit this tomfoolery and come along with us," said "Doc" sternly. "We ain't got a minute to spare."

"Baz" thereupon showed immediate improvement. With a deep sigh he stood up and they bundled him into his overcoat.

The moonlit street was quite deserted. It seemed that every one in town was waiting at the church. "Doc" Silverton walked ahead with the silent victim. Behind, Mr. Hufty and Sam Woodson executed quiet dance steps in the snow, indicative of their joy.

In front of the Gridley house "Baz" stopped. "I need a drink of water," he said. "I think it'd brace me up."

"You can get one at the church," said "Doc."

"I'd rather step in to the Gridley well here. It's the best water in town."

The committee waited at the front gate. "Baz" dis-

appeared around the corner of the house and they heard the dry clanking of the iron pump and the splatter of water, and then there was silence and a pause, but no "Baz" appeared.

"Mebbe he's slipped out the back way," suggested Mr. Hufty in a frightened whisper, and the committee ran for the pump. The Gridley back yard lay quiet in the moonlight and there was neither sound nor sight of bridegroom.

"He couldn't get away so soon," said "Doc." "I don't see any tracks in the snow."

"D'you s'pose—" began Sam Woodson, looking upward, and then he pointed to where Mr. "Baz" Leonard sat in the high crotch of a cherry tree.

"This is a put-up job," said Mr. Leonard. "I'm just gettin' on to it."

"Baz, you're actin' like a child," began Mr. Hufty. "Come on, now; they're waitin' for you."

"Let him stay up there and freeze," said "Doc."

"I'm done with him. I didn't think an old soldier would be afraid to face a crowd of people."

"I ain't afraid," said "Baz," shifting his position. "I've had the cards stacked on me, that's all."

"Go over to the church, Sam," said "Doc" Silverton, after an awkward pause. "Tell the whole crowd to come over here and take a look at the bridegroom that's gone to roost like a chicken." Sam started.

"Don't you bring no crowd here," shouted "Baz" as he began to descend. "This is the lowest trick that was ever put up on a human being."

Thus ended his resistance. They led him like a lamb to the slaughter.

People in Musselwhite said it was the making of "Baz" Leonard. For years after that he walked a chalk mark and his habits seemed to improve, for he was afraid to attend a soldiers' reunion. He should have been happy, for he lived in a cottage that was spick and span, and had a capable woman to tell him what to do at every turn. And yet there were times when, at Sunday morning services, he would look across the church at "Doc" Silverton with a reproachful light in his eyes, as if to say, "You did this to me."

Notable Books in the Season's Display

By Robert Bridges

THE season's books have all been published, the display of Christmas literary wares is now complete, and during this month the great public will spend much time in sampling the feast that has been prepared for them by the book-makers. The number of books does not seem to be so large as in former years, and the fuss made about them appears to be less. A noticeable decline has taken place in the Breakfast Food style of advertisement to push fiction. The clamor over editions of one hundred thousand has died down and a chastened air of sober and accurate statement pervades the book trade.

This is a good thing for the author who has been unduly puffed up, and for the publisher, whose profits may now reasonably approach his printed declarations.

The only notable books of biography this year are "Recollections and Letters of Robert E. Lee," in which the great general who had the respect of all Americans is depicted by his son and by his own written words; and Moncure D. Conway's "Reminiscences." Last year furnished three books of equal importance—Morley's "Gladstone," Senator Hoar's "Autobiography," and General Gordon's "Reminiscences." There is a growing consciousness among Americans of the value and vital interest of these biographical records of their great men—and they have become a permanent and profitable part of the publishing business, instead of the perfunctory work of an executor who generally bore the expense of an official biography that was little read.

In fiction there are several books that stand head and shoulders above the crowd—Rudyard Kipling's "Traffics and Discoveries," Jack London's "The Sea-Wolf," Robert Grant's "The Undercurrent," and Howells's "The Son of Royal Langbrith." As a *tour*

de force Dr. Weir Mitchell's "The Youth of Washington" should also be mentioned.

The Kipling book has been discussed in every phase—sometimes intelligently, often flippantly, and occasionally with solemn malice. The frequent comment of the discontented is that the old charm and freshness of the "Plain Tales from the Hills" has departed. To test this I read them all over with an open mind, and ready for a full acceptance of the old charm as superior to the new. I believe that the deliberate judgment of an appreciative reader who will make this comparison will be entirely in favor of the latest volume. The Kipling of the "Plain Tales" was essentially a clever journalist, filling a column with undeniably scintillating fireworks. But the assured skill of the literary artist, the breadth of sympathy and the freedom of imagination which belong to a really great writer are all in "Traffics and Discoveries." Even the much-maligned Pycroft is a creation of substantial vigor and undying humor—just a little below the great Mulvaney himself. The Kipling of Kim and "They" is worth a dozen of the "Plain Tales" youngster.

Jack London would never have found his literary consciousness if there had not been a Kipling. In "The Sea-Wolf" he has attempted a very big problem. He seemed to master it for two-thirds of the book and then grew conventional. His style is full of picturesque vigor, and his power of definite characterization is remarkable. There are two books with which "The Sea-Wolf" can be compared for terribleness, "Wuthering Heights" and "The Master of Ballantrae"—and that is putting it in very distinguished company. But its shortcoming in this comparison is its lack of that grace and subtlety of style which belong to the highest literary art. Mr. London can not hew his way to that shrine with a broad-axe.

Precision of statement and relentless clearness in analysis are the compelling qualities of Judge Grant's "The Undercurrent." It is a mature book in every way—dealing with the complexities of mature life among people who think seriously. The whole question of Divorce is treated without sensationalism, but with great depth of feeling. It is not a treatise, for the characters are vitally a part of American life. It is as true to the realities as Mr. Howells himself. With such books the fiction of the season gains dignity and importance.

Among other notable volumes of fiction are "The Madigans," by Miriam Michelson—a new writer, with considerable ingenuity in fancy and a rasping vocabulary; "A Young Man in a Hurry," by Robert W. Chambers, who is always amusing and often sympathetic; "The Seekers," by Harry Leon Wilson—an attempt to apply the arguments of Ingersoll to a family of respectable Presbyterians; "Christmas Eve on Lonesome," by John Fox, Jr.—short stories of the Kentucky Mountains in the delightful vein of "The Little Shepherd"; and that exquisite rural idyll, "The Soldier of the Valley," by Nelson Lloyd—a mingling of delicate humor and pathos that can reasonably be compared with Barrie's shorter stories.

A chapter might be written about the season's poetry—the amusing attempts to be profound, and the profound efforts to be funny. But out of the ruck there are a few worthy of preservation: Henry van Dyke's "Music and Other Poems," a real poet's work, in line with the best traditions of English verse; Bliss Carman's "Songs from a Northern Garden," Frank Dempster Sherman's "Lyrics of Joy," and Clinton Scollard's "The Lyric Bough." These worthily represent the poetic accomplishment of the present generation of Americans.

The Credit of the School

By Owen Oliver

IF YOU were some chaps," the "Prof" said, as he handed his suit-case into the train, "I should remind you that the credit of the school is in your hands; but there's no need to mention that to you and Tomlin."

"No, sir," said I.

"No, sir," said Tomlin.

We were the oldest of the boys who were remaining at school for the Christmas holidays.

"It's most unfortunate that I should be telegraphed for just now," he went on, pulling his mustache like he does when he's thinking. "I wanted to give you boys a good time during the holidays, although—The fact is, I shall have to shut up the school unless I get a lot more new boys. Can I trust you to open any letters that come for me, and send a polite note to any parents, saying that I've had to go away at a few minutes' notice, through the illness of my mother, and that you've sent the letters on to me?"

"Yes, sir," we promised.

"You won't let the youngsters kick up a row, or aggravate Mrs. Jones, or get into mischief in the town, I know. So I sha'n't worry about that."

"No, sir," we said.

"Good-by. I wish I could have given you more pocket money, but—"

Then the whistle blew, and the train steamed off. Tomlin and I raced it till we ran into the station agent. Luckily we winded him, and got away before he could run. He is a surly old pig and makes a fuss about any little thing you do.

"You'd think people would be glad to send their kids here," Tomlin said, when we had stopped running, "after old Ranny"—the "Prof's" name is Ransome—"making such a record as he has on the gridiron."

"He doesn't crack himself up enough," I explained. "I saw his advertisement the other day, and it only said, 'good education on moderate terms.' Who cares about good education? And how's he to make money if he doesn't charge enough? If he put in that he was

a Harvard grad., captain of the football eleven, and the crack all-round athlete, there'd be more sense in it!"

"And told them to ask some of us what sort of a school it was! Liddell or Fanny Long could talk them if they were the sort that wanted their kids to cram, and if they were the sensible sort, you could tell them about the sports, Bolster." (They call me that because my name is Boulder.)

"Or you," I said, "or almost any of the chaps. I say, Tommy! Suppose some of the old boys should call while Ranny's away? Then we could tell them."

"Ye-es," said Tomlin, "but suppose they're the cramming sort, and ask us about the lessons?" Tomlin and I are not very good at cramming.

"I might take them on the 'rith'," I said, "or chemistry, but if it came to Latin or geom'—whew!"

"I'll brush up a bit of the Virgil we did last term," Tomlin offered, "and leave the book open at the place on his desk. If they want review, there's young Siggers can remember anything, if he likes. We'll make him work up the 'Marmion' again, the little beast! I've meant to give him a licking for a long time, and now Ranny's away—"

"You can't," I objected. "We're on honor."

"No-o, I suppose not, unless he's fresh. We can't have that. You and I have to keep order, you know."

"Rather," I agreed. "We'll tell the boys now."

There was rather a row, at first, when we told them. Siggers said he wasn't going to learn review for anybody, and Benson said he shouldn't mind me and Tomlin, and Tomlin offered to fight the two of them, and Sandy MacGrigor said he'd fight Tomlin by himself, and Fatty Todd called "Fire!" and pretended to warm his hands on Sandy's hair, and Sandy sat Fatty down with a bang, and Taffy Evans had put a drawing pin on the chair. There would have been an awful row, only I had the presence of mind to shy a book among them!

"Look here!" I shouted. "Who's going to back up Ranny, now he's down on his luck? His mother's awfully sick, and he said he left the credit of the school

in our hands. Hands up who don't care for the credit of the school."

Of course, nobody put hands up, and Tomlin called for three cheers for Ranny, and we shouted like mad. Then I told them that Tomlin and I had to see that they kept bounds and didn't kick up rows, and all that sort of thing; but for the rest they could elect a committee and settle things how they liked. So they elected me captain and Tomlin vice-captain, and we explained about the new kids that Ranny wanted, and how their people might come to see the school; and Siggers said he'd do the review, and Todd offered to do French, because he had a French nurse when he was a kid, and the others all offered to do something. So we passed votes of thanks to them all, and decided to have three meetings a day.

At the first meeting Benson proposed that we should all write to the people we knew, and tell them it was the best school, and they ought to send their kids, and it was carried. Tomlin and I told the others what to say, and we had two meetings to correct the spelling, and another to make Todd leave out that there wasn't enough pie, and we passed a resolution that he was a pig.

There was only one letter from a parent the morning after Ranny left, and she wasn't a real parent, only an aunt. She said her nephew was a dear, innocent little fellow, and she trusted that the rough, rude boys would not be allowed to annoy him; and she hoped that the linen and underclothes were well aired, and that discipline was maintained by moral suasion; and she wanted to know if Ranny's wife would give little Willie a mother's care.

We wrote back to her very politely:

"DEAR MADAM—Mr. Ransome is away because his mother is ill, but we have sent your letter to him. The things are awfully well aired, and he can maintain discipline without moral suasion, because he is a Harvard crack athlete, over six feet, and it is the best school in any State. He is not married, but we think he would marry Miss Fleming if he had enough boys at the school. She is rather young, but she is not stuck up, and we think she would give your

nephew a mother's care when she knew how to. We do not call boys by their Christian names here, but we will not tell anybody, and we think you had better send him, and the boys are all right to new kids if they do not put on frills, and they would freeze to him. Your obedient servants,
"G. BOULTER,
"F. TOMLIN."

The next day there weren't any letters, and we thought it was because the modest, and Siggers (he is a cheeky) proposed that we shot in another, and they charged times. This is what we said.

"Ripston Boarding Academy, where, and the 'Proff.' is the record breaker in all sports. The food is good, and there's and Sat., and when anybody's a scholarship you can come and see it for yourself."

The next day there were several answers to the letters we had written. A lot of the school because we didn't learn anything. We sent him a translation of twenty lines that Tomlin did with a crib, and told him that one boy could say a canto of "Marmion" right off, and if he'd send us some oxygen and hydrogen, we'd make it into water and send it back to him in a bottle. Sandy MacGrigor's cousin wrote and asked if there was any reduction for twins. We told him there was no reduction, but to send them along, and we'd see that they cut their eye-teeth. Benson's aunt wrote and reminded him that she wasn't married and hadn't any "kids"; but she sent him a dollar and a big cake and a lot of mince pies between us. We passed a vote of thanks and sent her a copy, and said that if she ever did have any kids we hoped she'd send them.

The next day a parent called. We told Mrs. Jones that Ranny wanted us to see him, so she had to let us. He was a big, fat, shiny Hebrew, and had rings all over his fingers. He did not look the sort of parent that the school wanted; but we knew Ranny could not afford to be particular. So we were very polite to him, and Tomlin began construing the Virgil, but he held up his hands, and said he didn't want his "liddle Ikey" to learn stuff like that. Then he winked at me with one eye and at Tomlin with the other.

"Money is vud you vand to learn boys about," he said. "Now suppose you came to me to borrow vun hundred dollars; an' you gave good security, so I only sharge you den ber cent? Vot would you have to bay me back ad the end of the year?"

I told him *grito*, but he laughed till he had to hold his sides.

"Vy, my liddle Ikey knows bedder than thad," he said. "I meant den ber cent ber month!"

I said that Mr. Ransome didn't do it that way, and the man said that he didn't understand how to make money, and if he didn't, how could he teach liddle Ikey?

"Now," he went on, "you're two sharp young gentlemen. Does your masder make money? Or do the dradespeople come worrying for their bills? Dell me vud you hear people say about thad, an' I'll give you a half-dollar each."

He jingled the money in his trousers pockets, and I stared at Tomlin and Tomlin stared at me, and I thought how nice the man would be to kick.

"People don't talk to us about Mr. Ransome," I said, "and we don't want your chicken-feed."

"And I don't think this school would do for your son," Tomlin told him. "The boys are rather— Well—there's none of them would take your money to tell about Mr. Ransome."

"Ah!" said the man. "Ah-h! Now I understand!" He laughed again as if Tomlin had said something funny. "You want me to make it a dollar! You'll just get on with liddle Ikey!"

He patted Tomlin on the shoulder, and Tomlin jumped back as if he had been shot, and rubbed his shoulder with his handkerchief and went very red.

"You don't understand," he said. "Mr. Ransome is a gentleman, and he expects us not to do that sort of thing."

The man looked at us very hard.

"You mean you're afraid of him?" he asked.

"No," I said, but Tomlin got redder and redder. He always flies off the handle.

"Yes," he shouted. "I'm afraid he'd call me a cad. You—you blowhard!" He clinched his fists, and I thought he was going for the man.

"Put on the brakes, Tommy!" I said. "He doesn't know any better. If you want to write to Mr. Ransome, sir, we'll give you his address; but I don't think he'll teach your son your sort o' business. He—he's awfully down on sneaking."

The man nodded slowly.

"Differend people have differend ideas of business. My idea is to make a good profit. Bud I do not sneak, an' I don't vand liddle Ikey to sneak, an' I'll send him here."

"He won't like it," Tomlin said. "When the boys know what you asked us to do—"

"Dud, dud!" said the man. "You can not sneak on him."

I looked at Tomlin and Tomlin looked at me, and we knew that he had scored off us.

"No-o," I told him. "We can't; but I don't think he'll get on with our boys."

The man wagged his finger at us.

"I'll dell you," he said. "I have made my money, an' I can make liddle Ikey a rich man; bud I can not make him a gentleman. He has got to grow to thad ad his school. Ven I saw your advertisement I said to myself, here is a masder can make wad he likes of his boys. I'll go and see if he makes them into gentlemen. If you had taken my money I had not send liddle Ikey here, you see! I bay cash down an' all the extras, dell your masder. Here is my card— Now, vill you dake the money as a bresend?"

We thanked him, but said that we would rather not. So he planked down his card and went. When we took up the card we found a half-dollar under it! And Tomlin and I thought that he wasn't really so bad, and we would see that "liddle Ikey" had a fair deal.

The next day two parents called and three wrote. They all seemed very decent, and the two who called said they would send their boys. One of them came into the fourth classroom and made us quite a speech, and said we were just the sort he hoped his boys were, and young Siggers (he is a cheeky chap) called out, "They're all right if they're your sort, sir." And the

dumplings in it than we did have, and Todd was a chump. Todd said that Tomlin was a gasbag, and we voted that he should be locked up in the cellar for fear the general should see him. Luckily I had a ruler, so I stopped the fight, and we voted that they were to take a back seat, and that we would ask for the chicken fricassee and lots of dumplings, but, as I was captain, I must tell the General that it was extra on his account, and Mrs. Jones said we could have it because we hadn't been so much trouble as she expected, and she would put on her best cap and gown.

Tomlin and I went to the station to meet the General. He was very tall and straight and fierce-looking, and he had a white mustache and white hair, and his eyes seemed to go through you when he asked a question; but he was not stuck up, and shook hands with us, just as if he had been an ordinary man.

We were afraid at first that he would not come and see the school, because Ranny was away; and he said he could not talk to us about it without our master's consent, but we explained that we were managing things for Ranny, and what we had done about the advertisement, so he said he'd come. He hadn't seen our advertisement, and he looked at it for a long while with his nose-nippers, and said "Umph!" several times.

"So you think it's a good school?" he said.

"Umph! *W'at* do you think it's a good school?"

"The boys learn a lot," I said. "At least some of them do. Tomlin will construe some Virgil if you like, sir."

"Don't understand a word of it. Umph! Some of the boys do some lessons, and Tomlin can do some Virgil! Is that all?"

"Mr. Ransome's an awful swell at games," Tomlin said. "He was captain of the Harvard eleven, and a record breaker at the broad jump, swinging the hammer, and all sports, and did the mile in four-fifty, and nearly all the boys are good sports."

"Umph!" said the General. "Umph! And Mr. Ransome is the best 'Proff.' you say?"

"Yes, sir," we both answered at once.

"Why?" The General seemed to fix us with his eye, and we both looked at one another, and Tomlin kept shifting from one foot to the other. You often know things that you can't explain to people.

"He—" Tomlin began and stopped. "Well, sir, he always treats you as if you weren't a cad, and so you *can't* be, you see, sir; and if he says a thing, you know it's all right, and—and—you know what I mean, Bolster?"

"It's what he said when we broke up, sir," I explained. "Only I can't remember it properly; that he could help us to become scholars and he could help us to become athletes, but the most important thing we had to do for ourselves, and that was to grow up like—like gentlemen, you know, sir. But he *does* help us in that, sir, and I think that's what we mean."

"Umph!" the General said. "I see. Umph!—I'll write to your master. I am pleased to have made your acquaintance."

He took up his hat, and was going, but we asked him to stop to dinner. He said he couldn't at first, but when we told him about the chicken fricassee, he said he would. It was an awful good fricassee, and everything went off jolly well, though that young chump Evans nearly made a mess of it. He told the General that Mrs. Jones had put on her best dress and cap because he was coming, and you should have seen the way she looked at him! But the General bowed and said that a lady could pay no greater compliment than to look her nicest, and Mrs. Jones smiled and bowed, too, and let Taffy have a second helping of chicken after he had asked three times; and when the General was going, he promised me and Tomlin that he would send all the twenty boys.

We wrote and told Ranny all about it, and said we hoped his mother was better. He wrote back and said she was, and our letter had done her a deal of good. He was mighty pleased by the way we wrote, and put in all sorts of nice things about us; but he always makes out you're better than you are. That's where he has you.

We all went to the station to meet him, and Miss Fleming had gone to meet him at the junction, so she was there too. She was a peach all right, and old Ranny caught hold of our hands and pumped them up and down, and seemed quite choky when he spoke.

"You don't know what it means to me, boys," he said. "I'm hanged if I know how to thank you enough. Miss Fleming wants to thank you, too. She—she is going to join us at the school."

Lots of girls who were going to be the professor's wife would just have bowed and stared at you, but she isn't that sort. She held out both her hands and said, "Please be friends with me!" and we rushed at her and all got hold of her hands at once, and young Siggers threw up his cap and shouted like the fresh little kid he is (but he does the right thing sometimes). "Three cheers for the new boy!"

And she looked peachier than ever, and smiled as if she was almost crying.

"I shall try to be a good boy," she said, "for the credit of the school."



She was a peach all right, and old Ranny seemed quite choky when he spoke

old boy seemed mightily pleased and invited us all to dinner in the town, and it was a dinner.

The morning after there were three letters from other parents saying that their boys would come, and another letter that excited us awfully. It was from Major-General Sterne. He was trustee of a fund which had just been collected for sending twenty sons of dead officers to school, and he proposed to call the next day and see ours, which was one of many that had been recommended to him as suitable for a boy or two. He felt responsible, he wrote, for seeing that the lads were brought up to follow in their fathers' footsteps as officers and gentlemen, and, if possible, he would like to have an opportunity of talking to some of the past and present pupils, to see what sort of boys the school turned out.

We felt very responsible when we read this, and we had a meeting that lasted nearly all the morning to decide how we could make ourselves most gentlemanly. Benson was for putting on our Sunday clothes, and so was I at first; but Siggers (he is really a decent kid, though he is so cheeky) said old Ranny wouldn't like us to humbug any one, even if it was to get a hundred new boys. We thought that was right, and we'd do things just as we always did. Only Todd proposed that we should ask Mrs. Jones to give us chicken fricassee, although it was Irish stew day, and put more dumpling in the fricassee, because generals were used to having plenty to eat, and we could ask him to have some.

Tomlin said it would be cheating to make him think we had chicken fricassee on Irish stew days, and more

The Burglar and the Blizzard

The Christmas Adventure of a Country Gentleman, an Aristocratic Robber, and a Lady of Quality, told in Three Parts



By Alice Duer Miller Illustrated by Charlotte Harding

GEOFFREY HOLLAND stood up, and for the second time surveyed the restaurant in search of other members of his party, two fingers in the pocket of his waistcoat, as if they had just relinquished his watch. He was tall enough to be conspicuous and well-bred enough to be indifferent to the fact, good looking, in a bronzed blond clean-shaven way, and branded in the popular imagination as a young and active millionaire.

At a neighboring table a man leaned forward and whispered to the other men and women with him: "Do you know who that is? That is young Holland."

"What, that boy? He doesn't look as if he were out of school."

"No," said one of the women, elaborating the comment, "he does not look old enough to order a dinner, let alone managing mines."

"Oh, I guess he can order a dinner all right," said the first man. "He is older than he looks. He must be twenty-six."

"What do you suppose he does with all that money?"

The first thing he did with it at the moment was to purchase an evening paper, for just then he snapped his fingers at a boy, who promptly ran to get him one.

"Well, one thing he does," answered the man who had first given information, "he has an apartment in this building, upstairs, and I bet that costs him a pretty penny."

In the meantime Holland had opened his paper, scanned the headlines, and was about to turn to the stock quotations, when a paragraph of interest caught his eye. So marked was the gesture with which he raised it to his eyes that his admirers at the next table noticed it and speculated on the subject of the paragraph.

It was headed: "Millionaires' Summer Homes Looted," and said further:

"Hillsborough, December 21.—The fourth in a series of daring robberies, which have been taking place in this neighborhood during the past month, occurred last night, when the residence of C. B. Vaughan of New York was entered and valuable wines and bric-a-brac removed. The robbery was not discovered until this morning, when a shutter was observed unfastened on the second story. On entering the watchman found the house had been carefully gone over, and, although a few objects only seem to be missing, these are of the greatest value. The thief apparently had plenty of time, and probably occupied the whole night in his search. This is the more remarkable, because the watchman asserts that he spent at least an hour on the piazza during the night. How the thief effected an entrance by the second story is not clear. During the past five weeks the houses of L. G. Inness, T. Wilson, and Abraham Marheim have been entered in a manner almost precisely similar. There was a report yesterday that some of the Marheim silver had been discovered with a dealer in Boston, but that he could not identify the person from whom he bought them further than that she was a young lady to whom they might very well have belonged. The fact that it was a young lady who disposed of them to him suggests that the goods must have changed hands several times. The Marheim family is abroad, and the servants—"

Here a waiter touched his elbow.

"Mr. and Mrs. Vaughan have come, sir," he said.

"Send up to my apartment and tell Mrs. May we are sitting down to dinner," returned Holland promptly, and advanced to meet the prosperous looking couple approaching.

"I'm afraid we are late," said the lady, "but can you

blame us? Have you heard? We have been telegraphing to Hillsborough all the afternoon to find out what has gone."

"You are not late. My sister has not come down yet. I was just reading about your robbery. Have you lost anything of value?"

"Oh, I suppose so," said Mrs. Vaughan cheerfully, sitting down and beginning to draw off her gloves. "We had a Van Dyke etching, and some enamels that have gone certainly, and Charlie feels awfully about his wine."

"Yes," said Mr. Vaughan gloomily. "I tell you, the thief is going to have a happy time with that champagne. It is the best I ever tasted."

"Upon my word," said Geoffrey, "they are a nice lot of countrymen up there. Four robberies and not so much as a caw."

"You need not be afraid," said Mrs. Vaughan, rather spitefully. "In spite of all your treasures, I don't believe any thief would take the trouble to climb to the top of your mountain."

Holland's selection of a distant hilltop for his large place pleased no true Hillsboroughite. As an eligible bachelor he was inaccessible, and as a property-holder he was too far away to increase the value of Hillsborough real estate by his wonderful lawns and gardens.

Mrs. Vaughan's irritation did not appear to disturb Geoffrey, for he laughed very amiably, and replied that he could only hope that the thief was as poor a pedestrian as she seemed to imagine, as he should not like to lose any of his things, and he added that in his opinion Vaughan ought to be starting for Hillsborough at once.

"Pooh," said that gentleman, "I can't go with the market in this condition—would lose more than the whole house is worth."

"You would go duck-shooting in a minute," said Holland, "and this would be a good deal better sport."

Mr. Vaughan ignored this remark. "The thing to do," he said, "is to offer a reward, a big enough reward to attract some first-class detective."

"All right," said Geoffrey readily. "I'll join you. Those other fellows ought to be willing to put up a thousand apiece—that will be five thousand. Is that enough? We can have it in the papers to-morrow. What shall I say? Five thousand dollars reward will be paid for information leading to the conviction—and so on. I'll go and telephone now," and with a promptness which surprised Mr. Vaughan he was gone.

When he came back his sister was in her place, and they were all discussing the burglary with interest. Mrs. May, who was somewhat older than her brother, had some of the more agreeable qualities of a gossip, that is to say, she had imagination and a good memory for detail.

"For my part," she was saying, "I have the greatest respect and admiration for him. Do you know, he could not find anything worth taking at the Wilsons', after all his trouble. I have often sat in that drawing-room myself, and wondered, if they should offer me anything in it as a present, whether I could find anything that would not actually disgrace me. I never could. He evidently felt the same way. The Wilsons make a great to-do about the house having been entered, and tell you how he must have been frightened away—frightened away by the hideousness of their things! Those woolly paintings on wood, and the black satin parasol that turns out to be an umbrella-stand."

"My dear Florence," said her brother mildly, "how can a black satin parasol be an umbrella-stand?"

"Exactly, Geof, how can it? That is what you say

all through the Wilsons' house. How can it be! However, it is not really black satin, only painted to resemble it. The waste-paper baskets look like trunks of trees, and the match-boxes like old shoes. Nothing in the house is really what it looks like, except the beds; they look uncomfortable, and some one who had stayed there told me that they were."

"Dear Florence," said Mrs. Vaughan, "it is so like her kindness of heart—it runs in the family—to try and make my burglary into a compliment. But really, though it is flattering to be robbed by a connoisseur, I could forego the honor. You see you have taken away my last hope that my very best escaped his attention."

"No, indeed, the best is all he cares for. Honestly, Jane, haven't you an admiration for a man of so much taste and ability? Just think, he has entered four houses, and there is not the slightest trace of him."

"There must be traces of him," said Geoffrey. "The Inness house was entered after that snowstorm in the early part of the month. There must have been footprints."

"Of course," said Mr. Vaughan, "that is what makes me think that the watchmen are in it. It's probably a combination of two or three of them."

"Well, that lets Geoffrey out," said the irrepressible Florence. "No one would take his watchman into any combination—he is a thousand and two and feeble for his age. However, there is no use in discussing the possibility, for it is not a combination of watchmen, begging your pardon, Mr. Vaughan. It is a lonely genius, a slim dark figure in a slouch hat. That is the way I imagine him. Do you really suppose that a watchman would take six pair of Mrs. Inness's best linen sheets, embroidered with her initials, the monogram so thick that it scratches your nose, and a beautiful light blue silk coverlet—all just out from Paris? I saw them when she first had them."

"What," said Geoffrey, addressing the other male intellect present, "do you make of the young woman who disposed of some of the Marheim silver in Boston?"

But it was Mrs. May who answered: "She is, of course, the lady of his love—a lady doubtless of high social position in Boston. There was a book about something like that once. He is just waiting to make one more grand coup, rob the bank or something, and then the world will be startled by the news of their elopement. They will go and live somewhere luxuriously in the South Pacific, and travelers will bring home strange stories of their happiness and charm. Perhaps, though, he would turn pirate. That would suit his style."

"I hope," said Holland, "that he won't take a fancy to rob the Hillsborough Bank, for I consider it public spirited to keep quite a little money there. You begin to make me nervous."

"No bank robbery could make me nervous," replied his sister; "that is the comfort of being insignificant. I have not enough money in any bank to know the difference, and as for my humble dwelling in Hillsborough, who would take the trouble to rifle it when Geoffrey's palace is within an easy walk? Besides, I haven't anything worth the attention of a respectable burglar like this one."

"Thank you," said Geoffrey, "I'm sorry I spent so much time choosing your Christmas present a year ago."

"Oh, of course, Geof, dear, that wonderful old silver is valuable, but it is put away where I defy any burglar to find it. There is only my sable coat, and I am going to send for that as soon as I have time to have it cut over."

"In my opinion," said Mr. Vaughan, "the man is no longer in the neighborhood. He would scarcely dare make a fifth attempt while the whole country was so aroused. You see Hillsborough has always been an attractive place to thieves. It is such an easy place to get away from—three railroads within reach. A man would be pretty sure to be able to catch a passing freight train on one of them at almost any time, to say nothing of the increased difficulty of tracing him."

"I don't suppose he will ever be caught," said Florence. "When he has got all he wants he will simply melt away and be forgotten. If he were caught—"

Here she was interrupted by the waiter, who laid a telegram at her plate. It had come to her brother's apartment, and been sent down.

"Who is telegraphing me?" she said, as she tore it open. "I hope Jack has not been breaking himself."

Opening it, she read: "Your house was entered about five o'clock this afternoon. Tea-set and sable coat missing."

11

THE next evening at seven o'clock, Holland stepped out of the train at the Hillsborough Station. He wore a long fur-coat, for the morning had been bitterly cold in New York, and, though the snow was now falling in small close flakes, the temperature had not risen appreciably and a wild wind was blowing.

He looked about for the figure of McFarlane, for he had telegraphed the old man to meet him at the train with a trap, but there was no one to be seen. The station, which in summer on the arrival of the express was a busy scene with well-dressed women and well-kept horses, was now utterly deserted except for one native who had charge of the mails.

"Hullo, Harris," Geoffrey sang out. "Is McFarlane here for me?"

"Ain't seen him. Guess it's too stormy for the old man," Harris replied, dropping the mailbag into his wagon.

"Then you've got to drive me out."

"What, all the ways to your place? No, sir. I guess it is too stormy for me, too."

But Geoffrey at last, by the promise of three times what the trip was worth, induced Harris to change his mind. He stepped into the mail-cart, and, having stopped at the post-office to leave the bag and at the stable to change the cart for a sleigh, they finally set out on their five-mile drive.

"Guess you come up to see about Mr. May's house being robbed," Harris hazarded before they had gone far.

"You're a nice lot, aren't you?" returned Geoffrey. "Five robberies and not a motion to catch the thief!"

"Oh, I dunno, I dunno, there is a big reward out today," said Harris, divided between pride in the notoriety and shame at the lawlessness of his native town.

"Yes, but not by any of you."

"Well, the boys did talk some of a vigilance committee, if any more houses was robbed."

"They are going to wait for him to make up his half-dozen?"

"Well, to tell the truth," said Harris, "it seems like he only went for you city folks, and I guess the boys thought you could better afford to lose a few things than they could to lose their sleep. That's about the size of it."

Geoffrey could not but laugh. "That's a fine-spirited way to look at it, I must say."

"Well," returned Harris, who appeared to have need of the monosyllable in order to collect and arrange his ideas, "ain't lack of sand exactly, either, for most of the fellows about here thinks it is a woman."

"A woman?" cried Geoffrey, remembering the lady in Boston.

"Yes, sir," said Harris, "a young woman. Look at the things took. What burglar would want sheets and a lady's coat? Beside, just before the first one happened, Will Brown, he was driving along up your way, and a young woman pretty as a picture, Will said, slips out of the wood and asks for a lift. Well, Will takes her some two miles, and when they got to that piece of woods at the back of your place she says of a sudden that she guesses she wants exercise, and will walk the rest of the way, and out she gets, and no one has seen her since. Seems kinder strange, no house but yours within six miles, and you away."

"It would have seemed quite as strange if I had been at home," returned Geoffrey, amused at this imputation.

"Well," Harris went on imperturbably, "you can't tell the rights of them stories. Will Brown, he's a liar, just like all the Browns, still this time he seemed to think he was telling the truth. Looks like we were going to have a blizzard, don't it?"

When they reached the McFarlane cottage, Mrs. McFarlane appeared bobbing on the threshold. She was an old Scotch woman, and covered all occasions with a courtesy. It appeared that Holland's telegram had been duly telephoned from the office, but that her husband was down with rheumatism, the second gardener dismissed, and the "boy" allowed to go home to spend Christmas, so that there had been no one to send. Geoffrey suggested that she might have telephoned to the local livery stable, and she was at once so overcome at her own stupidity that she could do nothing but bob and murmur, until Geoffrey sent her away to get him something to eat.

It was near ten o'clock when he determined to take a turn about his house. The next day he intended removing all valuables to the vaults of the Hillsborough Bank.

It was a long walk from the cottage, and Geoffrey as he trudged uphill against the wind was surprised to find how much snow had already fallen. He had expected to return to New York the next day, but now a fair prospect of being stalled on the way presented itself. It took him so much longer to reach the house than he had supposed that he abandoned all idea of entering it. It stood before him grimly like a mountain

of gray stone, its face plastered with snow. He walked round it, feeling each door and window to be sure of the fastenings. Once past the corner, the house sheltered him from the wind. He was conscious of that exhilaration snowstorms so often bring, while at the same time the atmosphere of desolation that surrounds all shut-up houses, even one's own, took hold of him. Unconsciously he stopped and felt in his pocket for his revolver, and at the same moment faintly in the interior of the house he heard a clock strike.

The sound was not perhaps alarming in itself, yet it sounded ominously in Geoffrey's ears. He recognized, or thought he recognized, the bell. It was that of an old French clock he had bought and had never had put in order. He had never been able to make it go, but once, touching it inadvertently, he had aroused in it a breath of life so that it had struck once—this same sweet piercing note. Who, he wondered, was touching it now?

Geoffrey was one of those who act best and naturally without delay. Now he hesitated not at all. He had the keys of the house in his pocket, and he moved quickly toward a side door, which he remembered swung silently on its hinges. It was not so much that he believed that there was any one in the house—perhaps to the most apprehensive a burglar comes as a surprise—but he felt he had too good grounds for suspicion to fail to investigate.

He unlocked the door without a sound. As he stepped within, doubt was put an end to by the patch of white light, that streaming out of the library door fell across the passageway before him. He stooped down and took off his boots, and then cautiously approached the open door and looked in, knowing that darkness and preparation were in his favor.

His caution was unnecessary, for his entrance had not been heard. The Hillsborough theory of the femininity of the burglar instantly fell to the ground. A man of medium size was standing before one of the bookcases, with his elbow resting near the clock; he was holding a volume in his hands with the careful ease of a book fancier. The man's back was turned so that a sandy head and a strongly built figure were all Geoffrey could make out. Had it not been for a glimpse of a mask on this face he might have been a student at work.

So intent did he appear that Geoffrey could not resist the temptation to make his entrance dramatic. Creeping almost to the other's elbow, revolver in hand, he said gently: "Fond of reading?"

The man, naturally startled, made a surprisingly quick movement toward his own revolver, and had it knocked out of his hand with a benumbing blow. Geoffrey secured the weapon, and, seeing the man's retreat, may be excused for supposing the struggle over.

He underestimated his adversary's resources; for the burglar, retreating with a look of surrender, came within reach of the electric light, turned it off, and fled in the total darkness that followed. Geoffrey sprang to the switch, but the few seconds that his fingers were fumbling for it told against him. When he turned it on the room was empty. The door by which the thief had gone opened on the main hall and not on the passageway, so that Geoffrey still had time to secure the outer door. Next he lighted the chandelier in the hall.



Revolver in hand, he said gently: "Fond of reading?"

but its illumination told nothing. It was Geoffrey's own sharp ears that told him of light footsteps beyond the turn of the stairs. Here Holland recognized at once that the burglar had a great advantage. The flight of stairs from the hall reached the upper story at a point very near where the back stairs came up, while they descended to widely different places in the lower story, so that the burglar looking down could choose his flight of stairs as soon as he saw his pursuer committed to the other, and thus reach the lower hall with several seconds to spare. Fortunately, however, Geoffrey remembered that there was a door at the foot of the back stairs. With incredible quickness he turned off the light again, threw his boots upstairs, in the ingenious hope that the sound would give the effect of his own ascent, dashed round and locked the door at the foot of the stairs, and then at the top of his speed ran up the front stairs and down the back. The result was somewhat as he expected. The burglar had reached the door at the foot of the stairs, and, finding it locked, was halfway up again when he and Geoffrey met. The impetus of Geoffrey's descent carried the man backward. They both landed against the locked door with a force that burst it open; Geoffrey on top and armed, had little difficulty in securing his bruised foe and marching him back to the library, where he now took the precaution of locking all the doors.

Geoffrey, who had felt himself tingling with excitement and the natural love of the chase, now had time to wonder what he was going to do with his capture. He thought of the darkness, the storm, the absence of the two undermen, and the helplessness of the McFarlanes. Then he remembered the telephone, which fortunately stood in a closet off the library.

He turned to the burglar. "Stand with your face to the wall and your hands up," he said, "and if I see you move—I'd just as lief shoot you as look at you," with which warning he approached the telephone and, still keeping an eye on the other, rang up Central. There was no answer. He rang again—six, seven times he repeated the process unavailingly. He tried the private wire to the McFarlane cottage with no better result.

At this point the burglar spoke.

"Oh, what the devil!" he said mildly. "I can't stand here with my hands over my head all night."

"You'll stand there," replied Geoffrey with some temper, "until I'm ready for you to move."

"And when will that be?"

"When this fool of a Central answers."

"Oh, not as long as that, I hope," said the burglar, "because, to tell the truth, I always cut the telephone wires before I enter a house."

There was a pause in which it was well Geoffrey did not see the artless smile of satisfaction which wreathed the burglar's face. At length Geoffrey said:

"In that case you might as well sit down, for we seem likely to stay here until morning." He calculated that by that time Mrs. McFarlane, alarmed at his absence, would send some one to look for him—some one who could be used as a messenger to fetch the constable.

In this suggestion the burglar appeared to acquiesce, for he sank at once into an armchair—an armchair toward which Holland himself was making his way, knowing it to be the most comfortable for an all-night session. Feeling the absurdity of making any point of the matter, however, he contented himself with the sofa.

"Take down your mask," he said, as he sat down.

"So I will, thank you," said the burglar, as if he had been asked to remove his hat, and with his left hand he slipped it off. The face that met Geoffrey's interested gaze was thin yet ruddy, and tanned by exposure so that his very light brilliant eyes flared oddly in so dark a surrounding. Above, his sandy hair, which had receded somewhat from his forehead, curled up from his temples like a baby's. His upper lip was long, and with a pleasant mouth gave his face an expression of humor. His hands were ugly, but small.

They sat for some time without moving, the burglar engaged in bandaging the cut on his right hand, with obvious indifference to Holland's presence. Geoffrey meanwhile studying him carefully. The process of bandaging over, the man reached out his hand toward the bookcase, and, selecting a volume of Sterne, settled back comfortably in his chair. Holland stared at him an instant in wonder, and then attempted to follow his example. But his attention to his book was much less concentrated than that of his captive, whose expression soon showed him to be completely absorbed.

They must have sat thus for an hour before the burglar began to show signs of restlessness. He asked if it were still snowing, and looked distinctly disturbed on being told it was. At last he broke the silence again.

"You don't remember me, do you?" he said.

Geoffrey slowly raised his eyes without moving—his revolver was drooping in his right hand. He ran his mind over his criminal acquaintance unsuccessfully, and repeated:

"Remember you?"

"Yes, we were at school together for a time."

Geoffrey stared, and then exclaimed spontaneously:

"You used to be able to wag your ears."

"Can still."

"Why, you are Skinny McVay."

The man nodded. Neither was without a sense of humor, and yet saw nothing comic in these untender reminiscences.

"I remember the masters all hated you," said Geoffrey; "but you were straight enough then, weren't you?"

Again the man nodded. "I took to this sort of thing a month or so ago."

After a moment, Geoffrey said:

"Did not I hear you were in the navy?"

"No," said McVay. "I was at Annapolis for a few months. I had an idea I should like the navy."



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THE END

PAINTED BY



THE DAY

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but heavens above! I could not stand the Academy. They threw me out. It seems I had broken every rule they had ever made. It was worse than State's prison."

"Are you in a position to judge?" asked Geoffrey.

"No," said McVay, as if he nevertheless had information on the subject.

"Well, you will be soon," said Holland.

"Yes," remarked McVay ruminatively, "I've done a lot of things in my time."

"Well, I don't want to hear about them," said Geoffrey, who had no intention of being drawn into an intimate interchange.

It must have been toward morning, when he suddenly flung down his book with a force that brought Geoffrey's revolver upon him, and exclaimed:

"Look here, Holland, you've got to let me go and get my sister."

"Your what?"

For a few minutes Geoffrey's determined attention to his book discouraged his companion, but presently, rapping the pages of "Tristram Shandy" with the back of his hand, he exclaimed:

"Sterne! Ah, there was a man! Something of my own type, too, it sometimes strikes me. Ordinary standards meant nothing to him—too original—sees life from another standpoint, entirely. That's me! I—"

"Sit down!" roared Geoffrey.

"Oh, it's nothing, nothing," said McVay, "only I talk better on my feet."

"Well, you wouldn't talk as well with a bullet in you."

McVay sank back again in his chair. "Yes," he said, "that's true. Why, Holland, I have no doubt you would be surprised if you knew the number of things that I can do—that I am really proficient in. Anything with the hands"—he waved his fingers in the air—"is no trouble to me at all. I have at once a natural skill that most people take a lifetime to acquire."

"I'm told there's work for all where you are going."

McVay looked a trifle puzzled for an instant, but, never allowing himself to remain at a loss, he said:

"Work! Do you really mean to say that you believe in a utilitarian heaven, where we are going to work with our hands? For my part—"

"I had reference to the penitentiary," said Geoffrey.

"Oh, yes, of course, the penitentiary. There are some wonderful men in the penitentiary. You don't admit that, I suppose, with your conventional ideas; but to me they are just as admirable as any other great creative artists—sculptors or financiers. I see you don't quite get that. You are hemmed in by conventional standards, and your possessions, and all the things to which you attach such great importance."

"I don't attach so much importance that I steal them from other people," said Geoffrey.

"Philistine, Holland, philistine! Is not any one who has anything stealing from some one or other? Of course. But I see you don't catch the idea. Well, I dare say I would not either in your place—rather think I would not. My sister is just the same way. Sweet girl, witty in her own way, but philistine. She, who is in many ways my superior, is so good as to be my companion apparently on equal terms, but it would be impossible for me even to mention these ideas to her—ideas which are of the greatest interest to me."

"I wonder," said Geoffrey, "how much of all this rubbish you believe."

McVay smiled with great sweetness. "I wonder myself, Holland. Still it is undeniably amusing, and the main thing is that I enjoy life—a hard life, too, in many ways. Fate has dealt me some sad blows. Look at such a coincidence as your turning up to-night, of all nights in the year."

"It was scarcely a coincidence. I came—"

"Oh, I know, I know. You came to see after your sister's things, but still, if you look at it a little more carefully, you will see that it was a coincidence that you should be by nature a man of prompt action. Nine men out of ten in your place— Still, I'm not depressed. You can not say, Holland, that I behave or talk like a man who has ten years of hard labor before him, can you? I dare say you have never been thrown with a person who showed less anxiety. Yet as a matter of fact there is something preying on my mind—something entirely aside from anything you could imagine."

"You don't tell me," said Geoffrey, who did not know whether to be more amused or infuriated at his companion's conversation.

"I am about to tell you," said McVay graciously. "I am very seriously worried about my sister. In fact, I don't see that there is any getting out of it; you will have to let me go out for an hour or so and get her."

"Let you do what?"

"Get my sister. She's living in a little hut in your woods, and I am actually afraid she will be snowed up."

"It seems highly probable."

"Well, then, I must go and get her."

Geoffrey stared at him a moment, and then said, "You must be crazy."

"Maybe I am," answered McVay, as if the suggestion were not without an amusing side. "Maybe I am. But that is not the point. Think of a girl, Holland, alone, all night, in such a storm. Now I put it to you, it is not a position in which you would leave your sister, is it?"

Geoffrey began a sentence, and, finding it inadequate, contented himself with a laugh.

"There you see," said McVay. "It's out of the question. The place is draughty, too, though there is a stove. Do you remember the house at all? You would be surprised to see how nicely I've fixed it up for her."

"No doubt I should," replied Holland, thinking of the Vaughan and Markheim valuables.

It is surprisingly livable, but it is draughty," McVay went on. "The truth is, I ought to have gone South, as I meant to do last week. But one can not foresee everything. The winters have been open until Christmas so often lately. However, I made a mistake and I am perfectly willing to rectify it. If you have no objection, I'll go and bring her back here."

"If you have any respect for your skin, you won't move from that chair."

"Oh, the devil, Holland, don't be so—" he hesitated for the right word, not wishing to be unjust—"so obtuse. Listen to that wind. It's cold here. Think what it must be in that shanty."

"Very unpleasant, I should think."

"More than that, more than that—suffering, I have no doubt. Why, she might freeze to death if anything went wrong with the fire. It is not safe. It's a distinct risk to leave her. Let alone that a storm like this would scare any girl alone in a place like that, there is some danger to her life. Don't you see that?"

"Yes, I see," returned Geoffrey, "but you ought to have thought of that before you came burgling in a blizzard."

"Thought of it! Of course, I thought of it. But I had no idea whatever of being caught. With old McFarlane laid up, and the two boys away, it did seem about the safest job yet."

There was a pause, for Geoffrey evidently had no intention of even arguing the matter, and presently McVay continued: "Now you know you would feel badly to-morrow morning if anything went wrong with her and you knew you could have helped it."

"Helped it?" said Geoffrey. "What do you mean? Let you loose on the county for the sake of a story no sane man would believe?"

"Well," returned McVay judiciously, "perhaps you could not do that, but you could go yourself."

"Yes," said Geoffrey, "I could—"

"Then I think you ought to be getting along."

"Upon my word, McVay," said Holland, "you are something of a humorist, aren't you?"

McVay again looked puzzled, but rose to the occasion.



A young lady disposed of the goods

"Oh, hardly that," he said. "Every now and then I have a way of putting things—a way of my own. I find often I am able to amuse people, but if you are cheerful yourself, you make other people so. I was just thinking that it must be a great thing for men who have been in prison for years to have some one come in with a new point of view."

"I am sure you will be an addition to prison life. It's an ill wind, you know."

"It's an ill wind for my sister, literally enough. Come, Holland. You certainly can trust me."

"Why, what do you take me for?" said the exasperated Geoffrey. "Do you really suppose that I am going looking for a den of your accomplices in order to give you a chance to escape?"

"Accomplices?" exclaimed McVay, and for the first time a shade of anger crossed his brow. "Accom-

plishes! I have no accomplices. Anything I do, I think I am able to do alone. Still," he added, putting aside his annoyance, "if you feel nervous about leaving me, I'd just as lief give you my word of honor to stay here until you come back."

"Your what?"

McVay made a slight gesture of his shoulders, as if he were being a good deal tried. "Oh, anything you like," he said. "I suppose you could lock me up in a closet."

"I don't think we need trouble to arrange the details," said Geoffrey dryly. "But I'll tell you what I will do. After I get you safely in jail to-morrow, I'll get a trap and go and look up this hut."

"It may be too late then."

"It may," said Geoffrey, and continued to read.

Yet he had no further satisfaction in his book. He knew that the burglar kept casting meditative glances at him as if in wonder at such brutality, and, in truth, his own mind was not entirely at ease. If by any chance the story were true, if there were a woman at his doors freezing to death, how could he sit enjoying the fire? But, on the other hand, could any one have a more evident motive for deception than his informant? What better opportunity for escape could be arranged? It was so evident, so impudent, as to be almost convincing. What more likely, for instance, than that the hut was a regular rendezvous for criminals and tramps—that by going he would be walking into the veriest trap? Yet again there was the report, confirmed by Harris's story, that a woman was in some way connected with these robberies. The wind whistled round the house, with a suggestion of difficulty, of combat with the elements, of actual danger, perhaps, that suddenly gave Geoffrey a new view of delay. Had it not something the air of cowardice, or at least of laziness? He found his eyes had read the same page three times, while his brain was busy devising means by which McVay could be secured in his absence—if he went.

At length he rose suddenly to his feet.

"I'll go," he said, "but before I go, I'll tie you up so safely that, if I don't come back, you'll starve to death before you'll be able to get out or make any one near you. On those terms, do you still want me to go?"

"Oh, yes, I want you to go," said McVay, "only for goodness sake be careful. If you should feel any temptation to lie down and go to sleep, don't yield to it; they say it's fatal. The great thing is to keep on walking—"

"Oh, shut up!" said Geoffrey. In view of the possibility that he was going to meet death at the hands of his fluent companion's accomplices, he found this friendly advice unbearable.

"This hut, I take it," he said, "is an old woodcutter's shanty in the north woods?"

"Yes, something over a mile and a half north of here."

"I know the place," said Geoffrey. "Now come along, and we'll see how I can fix you up until I come back."

He had in mind a heavy upstairs cedar closet. It had been designed by a thoughtful architect for the storing of summer wearing apparel, and was strongly built. It had besides the advantage of having a door that opened in, and so was difficult to break open from the inside. Here, having removed a complete burglar's outfit from his pockets, Geoffrey disposed McVay, being met with a readiness on McVay's part that seemed to prove either that he was sincere in his belief in Holland's safe return, or else was perfectly confident of being able to open the door as soon as Geoffrey's back was turned.

"But he'll find himself mistaken," Geoffrey murmured as, having locked the door, he turned away. At this instant a faint knocking was audible, and, gathering that McVay had some final instructions to give, Geoffrey again opened the door.

"By the way," said the burglar, and for the first time a certain constraint, amounting almost to embarrassment, was discernible in his manner. "My sister has no idea about—it would be a great shock to her—in fact, you understand, she has not discovered exactly how our money comes to us."

"Do you expect me to believe that?" asked Geoffrey.

"I grant it does not sound likely," returned McVay, "and, indeed, would not be possible with any other man than myself. But I hit upon a pretty good yarn—worked out well every way. I told her—"

"I don't want to hear your infernal lies."

"But it might be convenient for you to know. I told her," McVay chuckled, "that I was employed as night watchman at Drake's paper mills. That, of course, kept me out all night, and—"

"She must think night watchmen get good wages."

"That was just it. I told her Drake was an old friend of mine, and just wanted an excuse to give me an allowance until he found me a better job. You see I just lost a nice job in a bank—"

"I suppose it would be indiscreet to inquire why."

"Well, we won't discuss it," said McVay, with an agreeable smile. "Of course, she could understand that such an inferior position as a watchman's had to be kept a profound secret, hence our remote mode of life, and the fact that I don't allow a butcher or baker to come near us. I tell her that if it were known that I had held such a poor position it would interfere with my getting a better. So if you should happen to feel that you have to explain to her why I am detained here—"

"If I should explain to her," said Geoffrey. "What do you suppose I am going to do?"

"Well, I suppose you will find it necessary," said McVay. "Indeed, as a matter of fact, I would much rather have you do it than do it myself. Still, you might bear in mind to tell her as gently as possible. If she were your own sister—"

"Oh, go to the devil!" said Geoffrey, and slammed the door.

(To be continued)

"If Youth But Knew!"

By Agnes and Egerton Castle

Authors of "Incomparable Belairs," "The Bath Comedy," "The Pride of Jennico," Etc.

A Series of Six Tales of Love and Adventure,
Laid in Westphalia in the Days of King Jerome

III. The Burgrave's Farewell

to climb the rocky path to the feudal nest of granite, he paused to look down at the brown waters that rushed, so swift and dark, so cruelly cold, from unexplored caverns on the flanks of the mount. As he paused, he found that the traveling Fiddler had overtaken him and was about to pass onward along the highroad.

"We shall meet soon again, I trust, friend," he cried affably, and himself turned to ascend the path.

"Who can tell?" said the Fiddler in a grave voice. The young man glanced up at his destination, black and grim against a pale sky, and a chill came upon him like a sudden shadow.

THE Burgrave was elderly, to have so young a wife; but he was a handsome man, square-built and portly. His manners were very fine—so fine, indeed, as to be confusing to his guest, straight from England and English reticence. The Burgrave smiled frequently, and joked, too, to a vast extent, with his wife and niece; but it was noticeable to Steven that the former seemed ill at ease, and that the latter now and again regarded her relation with an eye in which surprise and contempt were mingled.

Indeed, to the Count himself, his host's most boisterous laugh not unfrequently rang hollow; and, when they were alone together, it was not without some vague discomfort that he would find the Burgrave's gaze fixed upon him with a stoniness totally at variance with the bland expansion, the flattering expression which hovered upon his lips.

ON the morning of the third day, Steven, invited to inspect the view from the battlements in an exceptionally clear light, found himself alone with Burgravine Betty on the topmost turret of the Burg. The Burgrave's great laugh was echoing up to them from the inner recesses of the winding stair.

"O Heavens!" said the lady suddenly. Steven turned. The cry was so tragic, apparently so unwarranted. The Burgravine's eyes were dry, but there was real terror on her pretty face.

"Why did you come?" she whispered. "In the name of mercy! was it not evident that it was a trap?"

"A trap!" he stammered.

"Yes, yes! O, do you not feel it? He is watching us like a cat—a cat going to spring; and I am the wretched mouse waiting—waiting. O, I can stand it no longer. I shall go mad. If only you had not come. How did he know? What did I tell him? There was nothing to tell, say you; we had done no harm. That is just it! I told him a lie, of course, and he found out it was a lie—that is of course, too. A man who spies all about his place! And now he believes I am hiding something, and he is waiting only to be quite sure. O, sir, you might have known! A man who shuts up his wife for jealousy is not seized with such effusive hospitality toward handsome strangers without a reason of his own."

The warm olive had crept back to her face with the comfort of being able to speak at last. And for the life of her she could not have helped a flash of her blue eyes upon the final sentence.

"Then, madam," he cried—he was still bewildered, but there was a brooding something in the air that gave a truth to her words—"I will go now—to-day."

"Go?" she echoed in scorn. "Ay, go, if you can," she went on with a change of tone. "He has got you well in his meshes; you are clogged, sir, and bound by his politeness and his hospitality. And if you think he will let you go before he has carried out his purpose with us, you little know the Burgrave."

"Carried out his purpose with us?" The very vagueness of the suggestion added to its unpleasantness. Steven lifted his head indignantly. "And what may that be, pray?"

She glanced at him a second with a slight uplifting of lip and eyebrow. To a lady who had graduated in the Court of King Jerome, this big young man, with his English simplicity, was a trifle irritating.

"Mon Dieu!" she said then, turning aside with a shrug of her shoulder, "how embarrassing you are! Do you know your poets? Well, then; he would like to find us playing at Paolo and Francesca, if you please, that he might play the Malatesta!"

"Great Jupiter!" cried the ingenuous youth. Then he saw the lady hang her head and droop a modest eyelid—it was Seylla and Charybdis! Beyond any doubt,

he must walk out of these insecure precincts at the very earliest opportunity.

They were perched high up in the blue, and down below the country lay spread like a green cloth on which a child has set its toys. Vonder white ribbon wandering so far below; there ran his road. Would he were on it! He turned to her, took her soft hand, bent and kissed it.

"Madam," said he, "it is best it should be 'Good-by'—for both of us; it is best."

He spoke very truly, poor young man, but into the touch of his lips and the pathos of his speech her vanity read another meaning.

"Cousin!" she cried suddenly, and clutched at his hands with both of hers. "O, take me with you! Take me back to my own people! If I stay here, he will kill me, or I shall kill myself!"

And as his troubled face and involuntarily repelling fingers were far from giving her the response she craved, she rushed across and bent over the crumbling parapet.

"Refuse your help," she cried desperately, "and I will throw myself down!"

(Had little Sidonia but been at hand, to tell him how well accustomed she was to such threats!)

Steven was quite pale as he caught her back against his breast.

"Good Lord!" He shivered, thinking of those giddy depths. She clung to him, her scented head against his shoulders.

"Surely, surely, it is not much I ask," she murmured faintly. "See how I trust you, kinsman! Only your protection, your escort back to our own people. It is not much to ask!"

It meant his whole life, and he knew it. But what can a young man do with a woman's arms about him and a woman's whisper pleading in his ears?

"Ha-ha-ha!" came the Burgrave's laugh from below. Countess Betty slid out of "Bean Cousin's" arms. She lifted a warning finger: "I will arrange," she whispered, nodding. "Now must we be seen no more alone together."

Sidonia's voice rang up toward them. "I will write," whispered Betty again, finger on lip. O Heavens! how could she look arch and smile at such a moment?

"MY friend, I have been showing our cousin how far your estate extends," said the lady gayly, tripping across to take the Burgrave's arm with more ease than she had as yet displayed since his return.

"I trust our cousin has profited by your instruction, and that he realizes the boundaries of my property," said the Burgrave of Wellenshausen, with his genial smile and his icy eye.

Steven's heavy conscience read a hateful significance in the remark; a sweat broke on his forehead.

As he turned, his glance fell upon the little Baroness Sidonia's pure child-face, and he felt miserable and ashamed to the core.

THE Burgrave's jaunty Jäger stood and saluted in military fashion. The Burgrave wheeled round in his chair and bent his brows. It was dark in the great stone room but for the single shaded lamp on the writing-table which flung a pallid circle of light upon his intent countenance. So might some ancestor of his have looked, four hundred years before, as he planned with his henchman the trick that should rid him of an enemy.

"I have to report, my lord," said the fellow, "that the Count Kilmansegg's traveling-carriage is ordered to be in readiness at the foot of the hill to-night."

"So!" The exclamation was almost triumph.

The man pulled a slip of paper from the breast of his tunic and held it out. "Will your lordship open it carefully?" he remarked imperturbably, as the Burgrave's eye shot flames and he stretched out an eager hand. "The gracious lady has not yet seen it. And I have promised Elisa that it should not be crushed."

The Burgrave held the note to the light. It was in French and very terse: "All is ready. I will wait for you at the entrance of the East Tower at nine o'clock."

The Burgrave stared at the words for an appreciable time. An apoplectic wave of blood rushed to his bald head, and the veins thereon swelled like cords. Then he folded the paper again with minute precaution and handed it back to the man.



Steven was quite pale as he caught her back

IT WAS a great folded sheet, and bore, on a huge seal, a spreading coat-of-arms. It was addressed: "To the High-born Steven Lee, Graf Waldorf zu Kilmansegg, at the Silver Stork Inn, Wellenshausen," and contained a brief but courteous message:

"Honored Sir—I have just returned to my house and hear, with desolation, that I have missed the amiable visit which you have vouchsafed to it. Hoping that you may not yet have left the neighborhood, I send this in haste. Will you not retrace your steps—if you think our poor hospitality still worth acceptance—and give me the exceeding gratification of calling myself your host?"

"Charles-Ludwig, Burgrave of Wellenshausen."

The young traveler, who had been looking back on his stolen visit to the castle on the peak, and on his evening with the ladies sheltered behind its forbidding walls, as an adventure of some spice (though, in its integrity, harmless enough), was seized with disappointment. So much for all latter-day romance; so much for the reputed Bluebeard of Wellenshausen; for the husband so ferociously jealous, report said, that he must shut up his Fatima in a tower as tight as St. Barbara's. Why, so far from striking off Fatima's head, he sends in haste to recall the audacious visitor and craves to be allowed to expend upon him the treasures of an amiable disposition.

"Ah, Fiddler, my friend," thought Count Steven sagely, "you and your music have discoursed wild nonsense ament the surprises of life, ament the golden rose of youth . . . but the world is a workaday place, drab and dull of hue; and the dreams with which your words have filled my thoughts are but the children of my own fantasy and your own fiddle-bow."

He looked across the inn-yard, through a screen of vine-leaves, to where the Fiddler was seated on a bench, playing away with a will, eyes beaming upon a ring of dancing children. The heaviness of the morning was clearing; yellow shafts of sunlight pierced the mists. Steven hesitated. The messenger from the Castle, a smart Jäger in a green-and-mulberry uniform, stood on one side with the decorous indifference of his condition, his lips pursed for a voiceless whistle to the tune that made gay the poor inn-yard. A little further away, the young nobleman's traveling chaise was even now being packed under the supervision of his Lordship's body-servant. . . . The Burgrave's invitation was banality itself, almost trivial; yet the programme for the day's journey was more everyday still.

THE Fiddler drew a long last note, and the children raised a shout of protest. A bell began to jangle, ugly and persistent. "School-time!" cried the musician. He got up and nodded across to Steven. "Has my Lord Bluebeard invited you back upon his height?—Don't go."

"You advise me not to go!" cried the other in amazement. He had had but two days' acquaintance with this crazy fellow, who, partly by the witchery of his music and partly by the air of mystery which surrounded him, partly again by some odd personal power, had fascinated him as no other human being had ever done before. This sober counsel, certes, was quite the last thing the young man had expected from lips that hitherto, upon every occasion, had suggested the out-of-the-way step, the fantastic resolve, urged them passionately, in the name of Youth and Opportunity.

Of course that decided it. "Don't go," said the Fiddler. Steven Lee, Count Kilmansegg, if Austrian by name, was half English by blood and more than half by education. And he was twenty-two; combativeness and obstinacy rose in arms. He had not been long his own master. Inevitably he went.

He drove in state to the foot of the crag, and while his box and valise were loaded upon the mule that was

"Return it to the wench and bid her deliver it," he said briefly. "Well, what now?"

"I beg pardon, my lord, but this has cost me my watch-chain to-day. And I took upon myself to promise her further two gold pieces."

"Fool!" said the Burggrave harshly. "Could you not have done as much by love-making? Men are scarce in these parts."

The *Jäger* shrugged his shoulders. "She took the kisses as well," he said cynically. "What will his Lordship have? Women are like that!"

The other flung the coins across the table with an oath. Those were better days, of old, when a man could have his bidding done in his own castle without any such bargainings. But as the servant wheeled and left, the fierce smile of triumph came again to the master's lips: "The entrance of the East Tower! You have chosen well, my turtle-doves!" The Burggrave gradually lost himself in reflection.

COUNTRESS BETTY had the megrims and declined to appear at supper. For a sufferer, however, she had a bright eye; and she moved about her room with the alacrity of a busy bird. She was alone, some belated notion of prudence having bade her dismiss her handmaiden during the final preparation. She was gazing wistfully at the dimensions of the small traveling-bag (which was all that, in conscience, she could allow herself, since Cousin Kilmansegg would have to carry it himself down the precipitous roads) and the numberless objects which, at the last moment, seemed to her indispensable, when there came a tap at her window. She started—and only the sense of unacknowledged guilt weighing on her soul kept her from screaming aloud for help—when she perceived, pressed against the uncurtained pane, a man's face.

The next instant, however, she had recognized the wandering Fiddler; she hurried to meet him. This singular being, familiar and welcome in nearly every house of the countryside, was known to her chiefly as the friendly guide of her high-born visitor and "kinsman," the young Count.

"A message?" she cried eagerly.

The man swung himself in and sat on the deep window-seat. His face was wet with rain. He gazed upon her for a second quizzically; and when he spoke, it was not in reply.

"Here I come," said he, "up the ivy, at the risk of my neck. I, upon whom your worthy lord and master would set his dogs without a moment's compunction if he caught me. What a plight should I be in had I counted upon your tender heart sparing a tremor for my perils! 'Tis enough to make a man desire to walk in by the door for the rest of his life!"

"But in Heaven's name," she exclaimed, having but a matter-of-fact spirit, in spite of its dainty envelope, "you did climb up all the way to tell me something. Was it not a message?" He bowed.

"From him?" He laid his hand on his heart: "From myself," he answered.

She glanced at him and then at her bolted door with some alarm. He read her thought.

"God forbid!" quoth he, smiling with an air that put him in his poor raiment, at an extraordinary distance above her. "I should not so presume, madam. Are you aware," he pursued, "that your husband's confidential *Jäger* was in intimate conversation with Count Kilmansegg's postilion in the village to-day?"

"Mercy!" she cried, reading the portent.

"After which, my dear madam, he clomb the hill in a company that lightened the way for him; having, in fact, his arm round the trim waist of your own handmaiden."

Countess Betty sank on a couch, white to her lips.

"Your trusted handmaiden," repeated the Fiddler emphatically.

"Alas! if I had hesitated," said the lady, piously turning up her eyes to the vaulted ceiling, "this would decide it; I dare not risk another night in this castle."

"Taking risk for risk," said the musician carelessly, "if I were timid, I should prefer the waiting hazard."

"You mean?" she panted, round-eyed in alarm.

"I mean," said he, "that it is raining exceedingly hard, and that between this and the foot of the crag you will get wet, madam; so wet as to damp forever the most ardent flame."

The Burggrave rose with dignity. "I will have you know, sir, that I am merely accepting Count Kilmansegg's protection back to my own family, because I know I can trust to his honor."

"Quite so," said Fiddle-Hans soothingly. "And it is, of course, infinitely preferable to set forth by night in secret, with a handsome young man, than to summon any more aged or nearer relative to your help! A father, maybe—or a brother? But it is raining, as I say, madam, very hard. And I am afraid when you arrive in Austria, your noble family may consider your journey ill-managed."

Her bosom heaved. "It is very unjust," she moaned, "that you men can do everything, whereas we poor women—" she paused on the brink of tears.

"Ah," he retorted, "you women are the crystal cups that hold the honor of the House! That is why we must set you in a shrine, madam. To-night it is still sanctuary in your presence, and I can still kneel before you. To-morrow—?"

The color rushed into her face. She tried to speak with haughtiness, but her voice faltered.

"To-morrow—what then?"

"It is inconceivable how much wiser it is to remain under a husband's roof on such a night!"

There came a knock at the door. With squirrel nimbleness the Fiddler twisted round and vanished.

The Burggrave took a rapid survey of the room, whisked the bag into a cupboard, the jewel-cases on the top of it, and went to the window to close it.

"One moment, one moment," she called, as the knocking was discreetly repeated, and paused with her hand on the casement. Certainly it was most uncomfortable weather! Then she opened the door. Sidonia entered.

"Little aunt, is your head better?"

"Yes, child, yes. You have supped? Is it so late?"

Before the girl could answer, the bell of the castle clock began to boom nine strokes. "Nine o'clock!"



Sidonia gathered the folds of the cloak about her and fled upon her errand

shrieked the Burggrave. "What's to be done?" She struck her forehead with a distraught air. "I dare not trust that false Elisa," she murmured in her mind.

Then her eye met Sidonia's candid gaze and she caught her hand. "Listen, child; you shall do something for me. M. de Kilmansegg is going away to-night."

The girl's pupils widened, her face grew paler, but she did not speak.

"'Twas I bade him leave. Your uncle's causeless jealousy—"

The girl nodded. The Burggrave, in truth, had been no pleasant companion that night, but had drunk heavily, and alternated between glowing spells of silence and loud and almost offensive pleasantries aimed at his guest, both of which had, not unnaturally, considerably embarrassed Count Kilmansegg.

"'Twas my duty!" (O, how virtuous felt the Burggrave of Wellenshausen!) "I had promised him (poor youth, he is my cousin!) that I would bid him 'Good-by.' But now"—(positively Countess Betty thought her niece must see the halo growing round her head!)—"now it has struck me that if your uncle heard of it, he might misconstrue—My dear, you must go and tell Count Steven from me—"

"I?" cried Sidonia, and started.

"You must," insisted the lady harshly. "He is waiting in the East Tower. Tell him this: My aunt has sent me to say 'Good-by' for her, it is better so. It is better so. Do not forget to say that. What are you waiting for, girl? Go! Perhaps you are afraid of the rain!" cried the Burggrave scornfully, and seized the traveling-cloak that was lying ready on the bed. "Here, put this on; wrap the hood over your head. Now run, there is not a moment to be lost."

There was perhaps more urgency, more fear, in her voice and manner than she had been aware of, for Sidonia, after a quick look at her, gathered the folds of the cloak about her and fled upon her errand. The Burggrave drew a long sigh of relief, then rang her hand-bell sharply.

"Elisa," said she to the alertly responsive damsel, and, on the spot, froze her with a glance for the impertinent air of confederacy with which she had entered, "light up a fire and serve supper to me. My head is better. Trim the candles and give me 'La Nouvelle Héloïse.' How you stare, wench! Have you fallen in love that you do your work so ill to-day?"

STEVEN'S reflections, as he waited in the best sheltered corner of the deserted tower, listening to the heat and gurgle of the rain, were of an unsatisfactory description. The folly of weakness is the worst of follies; the realization of it the most galling. He was about—no use in trying to blink the fact—he was about to ruin his own life; to take upon himself an intolerable burden; to commit, technically at least, a crime against hospitality; to put a stain upon his ancient name; and all without receiving in return the slightest gratifica-

tion or being able to proffer, even to himself, the exoner-ation of any approach to passion. The mere thought of the long, intimate drive was a bore. The prospect of a possible lifelong companionship with the Burggrave was intolerable. Fiddle-Hans, mysterious wretch that he was, had much to answer for. And yet, had Steven followed his advice, things would not be at this pass.

SHE came in upon him with a rapid step and a rustle of wet garments. She stopped at the mouth of the passage and said in a loud whisper: "Are you there, M. de Kilmansegg?" As he came forward, she clutched him with her little cold hand. "Hush," she went on, "I think I heard steps behind me."

Both listened, not daring to breathe. Oh, what a situation for a youth whose pride it had been to hold his head high in the world!

Nothing was heard, however, save the wide, dismal murmur of the rain over the land and the nearer drip and patter.

"No, there is nothing," he said, and reluctantly passed a limp arm round her shoulders. To his surprise, they were jerked from his touch with resentment. The next moment, however, by a mutual movement, they caught at each other; for there came a mysterious grinding about their ears, and almost immediately the solid ground seemed to give way under their feet.

"Gracious Powers! is the tower falling?" cried he. Even as he clasped the figure beside him, with the instinctive, protecting action of the man for the woman, he was aware that the slender thing in his arms could not be the Burggrave. But, at the same instant, he felt that they were sliding, and before he could do aught but throw himself backward to avoid crushing her, they were shot with celerity down a steep incline. After a few seconds, with a shock, his feet reached level ground, and for a space he lay dazed and breathless, with her weight across his breast. Stars danced before his eyes. Vaguely, as from a great distance, he heard overhead the echo of a laugh, a thud, and once more the grinding sound, as of heavy, rusty bars. It was the laugh that brought him to his senses; too often, lately, had it rung unpleasantly in his ears.

She raised herself in his arms.

"Are you hurt?" he cried as he lay.

"No," she answered quickly; "don't get up!" He heard, by the sudden change in her voice, how she flung the muffling hood from her head. "Don't get up! don't stir! I must find out where we are."

He recognized the young, clear tones. It was Sidonia. But he was just surprised. One thing flashed clear out of his confusion: it might be that had brought this about, he was glad. To the heart of him, he was glad it was not Countess Betty!

He felt the girl struggle to her feet, heard her grope with her hands above his head. There came a moment of great stillness; he knew she was listening. Unconsciously he hearkened too, and then there grew upon them, out of the roaring darkness, the cry of waters, rising up with a sort of cavernous echo as from a great depth. And, with a flash, his mind leaped back to that fearsome race of brown river that swirled so strangely from the foot of the Burg-crag, just above the village bridge.

He felt his hair bristle. But when she spoke again, the sound of her voice, with its extraordinary accent of decision, roused him like a stimulant.

"We are safe if we but keep where we are," she said. "You may sit up if you like, but do not attempt to stand." And then she added: "You do not know the place—I do."

She sat down beside him; and in the dark he felt her close presence once more with gladness.

"What is this place, then?" he asked, unconsciously whispering.

"It is the old oubliette," she answered with a simplicity which almost made him laugh.

Vague memories of cruel medieval romance awoke in his brain. Oubliette! The word itself was suggestive, and not agreeably so. "An oubliette is—?"

"The secret trap by which the castellan of old quietly got rid of enemies or of inconvenient prisoners. You see," she proceeded, with her astounding composure, "through this tower, in former days, was the sallyport—there used to be no other way; and were any one, whose existence interfered with the views of the Lord of Wellenshausen, passing out or in, it was easy to set the machinery in motion, with the result—" she broke off.

"Of landing him in our enviable situation," he finished pettishly.

"Not at all," retorted she. "It is the mercy of Heaven for us that time and storm have been at work in these forgotten regions and provided us with so opportune a ledge—"

"What would have happened else?" he asked in a tone that strove to emulate her coolness.

"Sit quietly and listen."

He felt her reach for a stone, felt the tension of her vigorous young body as she flung it. He heard the missile strike the rock sharply, rebound, and then rebound again. Then, after a silence, rose a faint sound, the ghost of a splash, the gulp of greedy, still, far-off waters, infinitely sinister. He shuddered.

"No one knows how deep it is," said she, "nor what lies hidden there. I can tell you, when I first discovered this pit, it terrified me. Old Martin had told me its legends, but I had laughed at him. One day, some months ago, I scrambled in from the outside and explored the place. But I had no notion the old trap-stone in the sallyport still worked. Now I remember,"

she cried with sudden sharpness, "seeing Uncle Ludo wandering about the place to-day—" She stopped suddenly, struck by a new thought.

"But, in Heaven's name, what have I done to him?" exclaimed the young man. And then his uneasy conscience whipped him silent.

"It is a horrible trick," resumed the girl passionately—"you, his guest—" An indignant sob caught her in the throat. "You, his guest!" she repeated. "O, whatever he thought of you, he should have remembered that! I can never forgive him."

And the guest who had meditated, however unwillingly, betrayal of his host, blushed painfully under the cloak of blackness. He heard her swallow her tears and knew that she clinched her hands. After a while she went on more quietly—

"How wise it was of Aunt Betty to tell you to go away? And, O, how glad I am that she sent me instead of coming herself to bid you 'Good-by.'"

"You would both have been killed," she went on, sinking her voice. "Uncle Ludovic must be mad—mad with his foolish jealousy. Ah, dear Lord! if I had not been with you—"

She gave a shudder. He, on his side, had no words—silent in shame before the exquisite innocence; silent in admiration before the self-forgetting courage of this slip of a creature, who thought nothing of her own danger. "Here, indeed, is good blood—here is the spirit of race!" he thought, touched in his most sensitive chord.

Presently, however, the humor of the situation struck him and he laughed. "There was Thistle-down Betty, incapable even of acting up to her own unfaithfulness, snug in her bower doubtless; and there was the outraged husband, gloating over his medieval vengeance. Steven wished he could be present at their next conjugal meeting. Sidonia, childlike, echoed his laugh softly beside him in the dark. It struck him serious on the instant. The morrow seemed a long way off!

"And now," said he, "what are we to do?"

"Hey, good sir!" said she, "nothing but wait. We shall not die this time, M. de Kilmansegg, for my poor uncle"—she laughed in scorn and triumph—"he did not discover, I warrant, that there is a way out of this old death-trap as well as a way in—a way other than by the hidden lake and the bark of Monsieur Charon. But, till the daylight comes, sir—"

"Daylight?" he said, and knew not whether he were glad or sorry at the whole night's prospect.

"Till daylight comes we must take patience here. For one false step would send our bodies to join the bones of the forgotten enemies of Wellenshausen."

"So, then—?"

"Then, I should say, the best thing we can do is to go to sleep."

Again he was mute, pierced to the innermost fibre of his manliness. It was as if her child-heart had been suddenly revealed to him—its trustfulness, its simplicity, its courage.

"If you move a little to the right, carefully," she said after a pause, "you will find it softer, I think. The earth has grown up there, and there are, I remember, ferns. You will really not be too uncomfortable."

She was positively doing the honors of the family oubliette! There came a tender smile to his lips, and almost a mist of tenderness to his eyes.

"But you," said he, "good fairy, guardian angel, do you never think of yourself? Will you lean against me?" he went on almost timidly.

He gathered her to him. What a slight, warm thing she was! She trembled as he passed his arms round her, and he instantly desisted. "Would you rather not?"

"I don't know," she whispered. He thought there was a quaver as of tears catching her breath.

All the chivalry in him leaped to her service. He drew back. With some difficulty he unwound his heavy cloak from about himself. He was stiff and bruised, and the uncertainty of his balance in the blackness gave him an eerie sensation of precipices yawning for him on all sides.

"What are you doing?" she cried severely.

"Let me put this over you," he pleaded. "And then you can roll up your own mantle and make a pillow of it—against me, thus."

"But you—but you—" She struggled against his covering hands so impetuously that he caught her with a grip of alarm. And then the sound of the rock crumbling away and leaping into the gulf gave its significant warning.

"You must keep quiet," said he, for the first time asserting the leadership. "And you must let me hold you and cover you. It is my duty to serve you, Mademoiselle Sidonia, my right to protect you. Sleep if you can. You will be safe, for I shall watch."

She remained motionless a moment and then submitted without a word. He placed his arm about her; her head drooped to his shoulder. There fell silence. In time he felt her rigidity relax, heard her quick breath grow calm and regular.

SOMETHING raised a blood-curdling lament that went sobbing and echoing through the cavern. If he had not held her, he would have started in frank alarm. She only gave a drowsy laugh.

"'Tis Barbarossa, the old owl," said she.

And again fell the silence, filled for him with whirling thoughts.

How right had this Fiddle-Hans been in his warning!

How merciful had Fate been to save him from his own folly!

Were he now rolling along the wet Imperial road with the Burgrave's wife, he would have had, doubtless, to clasp her much as he clasped Sidonia. Precarious as it was, his present situation was infinitely preferable. He felt like a father, holding his pretty child, all warm with tenderness; not a dishonest, cold lover with the woman he can not love.

Sidonia's light breathing grew fainter and more rhythmic. She was asleep. He had longed, but hardly dared to hope, that she could sleep. In his heart he went down on his knees to her and thanked her, stirred by the eternal parent instinct, perhaps, but also by another emotion, tenderer still and more vital—a reverent bending of his whole manhood before the purity and trustfulness that lay in his embrace.

THE night progressed with lengthening hours. He had begun to make out some kind of bearings for himself in the dark; to find, by the cold airs that occasionally blew in upon him from one direction, by the guidance of the sounds that grew in the night's stillness—the gusty increases, the placid subsidence of the rain, the rustle of leaves and twigs—in which quarter of their prison lay that opening to the outer world by which they should escape.

Sometimes his mind wandered far away. Now and again he almost lost himself in a vague dream; but ever he came back with a shock to the present peril and his responsibility.

And the child still slept!

He began to grow weary and cold. His arm became stiff, then numb. The burden that had seemed so light upon it grew almost intolerable. Sometimes, as drowsiness pressed upon him, he thought himself in a nightmare, from which he must wake to find himself huddled in a corner of his traveling-chaise. But he would have died sooner than disturb the placid being in his embrace.

Then, at the moment when the tension of enforced immobility brought such a feeling of exasperation and oppression upon him that he almost felt as if his wits were leaving him, he turned his head instinctively in



He came clambering down to them with the agility of a goat

the direction of the air current, and relief came. The rain was over. The clouds had cleared away, and a patch of sky looked in upon him, framed by jagged rocks; it held two or three faint stars; he could see a branch outlined dimly against the translucence, and leaves trembling in outer freedom.

Nothing more than this, and yet it was balm. The torture that gripped him subsided. He gazed and forgot the cramping of his limbs. The first stars passed slowly and vanished; others swam into his vision and formed new shapes in the peep of sky. Some were brighter, some more dim, some twinkled; one burned with a steady glow. They varied in color, too. He had had no idea that, even through such a miserable hole, the heavens had a pageant to offer of such absorbing interest. And the passing of this pageant gave him a comforting sense of the flow of night toward morn.

Once Sidonia woke with a start and a cry.

"I am here," he quickly said soothingly.

She reared herself from his arm. It was numbed to uselessness; he caught her with the other fiercely. That pit, gaping so close by in the night, had come,

during the long hours, to seem to him an unknown monster watching, waiting for its prey.

She, but half awake, gropingly passed her little hands over his face and breast. "I dreamed you had fallen," she murmured. And then, so secure in his hold, stretched herself like a weary child and slid a little further from him so that her head rested on his knee. His eyes had grown more accustomed to the darkness; or perhaps there was already a raising of the deepest veils of night, for he could almost distinguish her form as she lay. He bent over her; she was speaking dreamily: "When you were hurt, in the forest, this was how your head rested on my lap—" In another moment she was asleep again.

His arms were free—the sense of constraint was gone. And now the time went by almost as quickly as before it had lagged. He saw with surprise that the stars were extinguished; that his patch of sky had grown pearl gray. Sundry stirrings in the leafage without spoke of an awakening world. A bird piped. The walls of their prison began to take shape. . . . He saw the white glimmer of her hand in the folds of the cloak. . . . And then he knew he must, after all, have slept at his post, for the next thing he knew was coming to himself, with a great spasm, and seeing in a shaft of yellow sunlight, gray rock, brown earth, and Sidonia's golden head upon his knee. And, but a yard from her little, sandaled foot, the horrible black chasm!—O, shame, he had slept, and Death lurking for her! The sweat started on his forehead.

A SIGH of music was blown into the cavern. She turned her head and gazed up in his face with wide, bewildered eyes.

"It is Fiddle-Hans," she murmured and rubbed her eyes, as though she thought she were still dreaming. Then she sat up, looked round—and memory leaped back.

She smiled, yawned, and drew herself together. "Well," she said, with a sidelong glance at the pit-mouth, "we have had luck, you and I! . . . Don't you want to get out of this, M. de Kilmansegg?" she asked briskly, as he sat, wondering at her. "Or do you think it would be a nice place to turn hermit in? See, this is the way," said she, and pointed to the narrow ledge skirting the deep, "we shall have to crawl on hands and knees. And, sir, I think our cloaks must be sacrificed."

As she spoke, she gathered them together and pushed them from her; they rolled down, and Steven almost called aloud as he heard their heavy plunge into the ambushed waters. It sounded as if some living thing had gone to its death. "I will lead," said she.

SUNSHINE, sky, grass, wide airs! Steven had never known what these things could mean to man till that moment. He sat on a sun-warmed rock by the side of the precipitous, all but obliterated, pathway that led zigzag upward to the broken rampart. Sidonia stood shaking and pruning herself like a bird, her hair glinting in the light. By tacit consent both paused upon this moment of physical relief before considering their next course. From above, the plaintive strain they had heard within their prison was again borne down toward them on the breeze.

Sidonia's fingers, busy in her tresses, stopped—she bent her ear. "'Tis Fiddle-Hans, and that is my tune. He is seeking me."

She curved her hands round her mouth and gave a long mountain cry. It rang clear and sweet, cleaving the pure morning air like the call of a bird.

Instantly the restless melody stopped; and, as they stood looking up in expectation, they saw the figure of Fiddle-Hans emerge on the rocks over their heads. Holding his fiddle high in the air, he came clambering down to them with the agility of a goat.

"Thank God!" he exclaimed, as, breathless, he drew near. "Cruel children, what a fright you have given me!" His cheek was gray under its bronze. Yet, in spite of its severity, his haggard eye was quick to note that these two were torn and disheveled—that their smiles had the pallor which has smiled on death.

"What has happened?" cried the vagrant again in changed accents. And Sidonia broke into passionate complaint. A great lassitude was upon Steven; he did not wish to stir or speak.

"And it was Uncle Ludo did it!" she ended, with a fresh gust of anger. "We heard him laugh as we fell—and Count Kilmansegg his guest!" Her pride could not stomach the thought; it was less to her, evidently, that her relative should have endeavored to compass the death of wife as well as guest, for her anger dropped into mere shuddering pity as she added: "Poor Aunt Betty! Just think, if she had not sent me!"

Diverse expressions passed over Fiddle-Hans' countenance as the story unrolled itself before his quick mental vision. Thunder of anger, clouds of fear and doubt. He shot one searching inquiry at Steven; his brow cleared before the frank answering look.

As the girl finished, the two men once more exchanged glances, the eyes of both had grown soft. For herself the little fearless creature still had no thought, far less words.

"Well, friends," said the Fiddler at last, sitting down on the slope and wiping his forehead with his sleeve, "you may flatter yourselves that you've given me no better night than your own. First, Sir Count, having a word to say to you, I made so bold as to take a seat in your carriage, as it waited down yonder—and a moist time I had of it, in company with your lordship's horses and postilion. By the way, this same position hath a varied choice of oaths. Toward the small hours, our relations became strained, and we parted—he back to the 'Silver Stork,' and I—I will not conceal it—to wandering once more in the purlieus of this hospitable strong-house. For although nothing was more natural than that the guest should have altered his intention of departure at the last moment, my mind misgave me,"



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"Poor Fiddle-Hans!" said Sidonia. "How wet you must have been!"

"Nay, the night had turned face then—it was the least of my hardships. But at dawn this restless spirit of mine set me to rousing the Castle—and a fine time of it I have given them! The Burggrave, however, was found dead drunk in his hall, so that I could get little out of him. The lady is convinced that you, comrade, have eloped with her niece by some devious road."

"Devious enough," said Steven, with a short laugh. But Sidonia had become grave.

"I am glad he was drunk," she said with judicial air.

"I left the Burggrave planning hysterics. But I have given orders, in the household, as if I were lord of it all—there are some half-dozen fellows searching the rocks already. And here, by the way, comes one bright youth. Observe how he looks under the whins and the bushes. He will not leave a mouse-hole unprodded for your corpses."

"Shall we not bid him get breakfast for us all?" cried Sidonia gayly. "Tis the least Wellenshausen can do for you this morning, Count Steven."

She sprang upward lightly, her small, tired face laughing back at them over her shoulder.

The Fiddler and Steven stood side by side watching her.

"Well," said the former, after a pause. "are you inclined to go and break bread again in the house whose stones plotted your blood? Or will you take the safe way down the mountain to the cushions of your Berlin and cry: 'Drive on, position!'"

Steven regarded the speaker a moment or two before replying. It seemed to the young man as if that long, black night had cut him off from his own paralytic youth. He felt himself years older, weighted with life.

"I am going back to the castle," he said, and set off climbing.

"Hey, comrade, hey, what haste?" panted the other at his ear. "What is your purpose up there? You've been there once too often. There was a certain anxiety under the speaker's mocking air."

"My purpose," began Steven coldly—he was about to add, "concerns you not." But on second thought he wheeled round, and all that had been gathering in his heart this night escaped in words of fire. "Why do you ask?" he cried. "You know! What! are you the man to whom the souls of others lie bare? Are you a man like myself, and do you think I can leave that child now? With her little hand she held me from death; she lay in my arms and slept and trusted me. Do you think I could endure myself if I thought I had left her unprotected here? If I give my whole life to the mere guardianship of her, shall I do more than my duty? Man!" cried Steven, catching the Fiddler's sunburnt wrist and shaking him, "I tell you, the child lay in my arms all night."

"She is indeed a child," said the musician quietly.

"And it is even for that?" exclaimed Steven. "Oh, I thought you would have understood."

"Let us go up to the heights, then," said the Fiddler.

"No music?" cried Sidonia gayly, as she watched them coming, from the door-step. "I expected to hear your fiddle chanting the song of delivery!"

"I have enough music in my soul this morning," replied the wanderer.

THE Burggrave was a sorry spectacle. A man may play the medieval avenger overnight, but in the morning he belongs to his own age, and the sense of proportion reasserts itself. The Burggrave's awakening to sobriety, his realization of his own deed, were depressing to the direst degree. Paradoxically, no less terrible was the discovery that his suspicions had been unfounded; that his wife was both virtuous and still of the living; that it was an innocent niece and an innocent guest whom he had precipitated to an awful doom. He had almost betrayed himself in his first anguished cry on meeting the Burggrave.

"It was Sidonia, then—it was not you, the youth came for?"

"For me?" cried the lady in furious repudiation. "How dared you think so? Why—that minx and he have understood each other from the first, as any but an owl could see. But if the girl's disgraced us, 'tis your own fault, the fault of your evil mind! You drove them to elope, old jealous fool!"

The Burggrave clinched his hands and shook them above his head, fell into a chair and wept. Elope? If she but knew! Alack, poor Sidonia!

"I trust you will come to soberness presently," said Betty, with a disgusted look at the row of empty bottles. And at that moment it was that shouts from the courtyard proclaimed the return of the lost ones.

When the Burggrave heard that his niece was safe, his ecstasy of relief was only measured by the previous misery. He could have leaped and sung. He caught his wife to his breast with fresh tears; but, here repulsed with scorn, tottered forth to the great hall, still reeling in his joy.

The girl met him, severe as a young Daniel, with pointed finger, flashing eye.

"You weep now, uncle; you laughed last night! Was that your farewell?"

The Burggrave stepped back, dismayed

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merely injures his brain and awakens his baser nature, changing him from a stern young ascetic to a reckless libertine. This change suggests to Corbario a safer, subtler method of murder—to lure young Marcello down a primrose path of wine, woman, and song to a consumptive's grave. It is a bold theme, developed with a frankness quite foreign to Mr. Crawford's usual expurgated style.

Hall Caine's Latest

UNLIKE the younger son of the familiar parable, the central figure in Hall Caine's "Prodigal Son" (Appleton) is not content with his own half of the inheritance, but must rob his elder brother of his bride, his business prospects, the love of his kindred and the respect of his friends, and turn him forth, dishonored and disinherited. The setting of Mr. Caine's story is Iceland, and he has taken advantage of many a primitive custom to help along the machinery of the plot. Yet the characters remain unconvincing. Magnus Stephenson, the elder brother, is a personification of self-sacrifice; Oscar, the prodigal, is the incarnation of selfishness; Thera, the bride he first stole and then killed by neglect, is a new patient Griselda. One and all, they are not human beings, but mere abstract qualities, masquerading in flesh and blood.

When the British Tried to Grab Hawaii

IN the early "forties" of the last century, when Kamehameha III was upon the throne of Hawaii, the British Consul, Richard Charlton, and Lord George Paulet, Captain of the British frigate *Caryfort*, conspired to take advantage of existing internal tribulations of the little kingdom to turn it over to the British Government. Thereupon Lord George made certain demands upon the old King, which he knew could never be complied with. But he was backed by his powerful frigate, and the King had nothing to do but to yield to the demands or abdicate his power temporarily. He chose the latter course, retiring to the neighboring island of Maui. The following dignified proclamation was issued as the King gave up the reins of power:

"Where are you, chiefs, people, and commons from my ancestors, and people from foreign lands? Hear ye! I make known to you that I am in perplexity by reason of difficulties into which I have been brought without cause, therefore I have given away the life of our land. Hear ye! but my rule over you, my people, and your privileges will continue, for I have hope that the life of the land will be restored when my conduct is justified."

"Done at Honolulu, Oahu, this 24th day of February, 1843."
KAMEHAMEHA III.

The way now seemed clear for British occupancy. The Union Jack was run up, and all Hawaiian flags were destroyed, and it only remained to acquaint the outside world with the enforced revolution and obtain recognition for the new government.

Lord Paulet confiscated all native vessels, so that the news of his seizure of the islands could not get abroad until he was ready, and then secured the King's yacht, the *Hohokula*, the fastest boat belonging to the islands, to carry the news to England, and obtain the recognition which his version of the revolution, uncontradicted, might obtain.

The *Hohokula*, or "Swift Runner," as it meant in English, had been chartered by an American firm, but had not yet started on her voyage, and, as Lord Paulet was very anxious to secure her, he offered to send an American agent to England if the owners would give up their charter, and also offered to bring back a cargo free of charge. The Americans were only too eager to accept this offer, for they had been trying to devise a plan for getting one of their own number to London and Washington, and here was the opportunity right to their hands.

It was another case of the Trojan horse where the King's yacht played the wooden horse, and a young American clerk, named Marshall, took the part of the wily invaders. Lord Paulet was in a great hurry. He painted out the name of the King's yacht, and painted in the name of the *Albatross*, and she became "her Majesty's tender." In the meantime the Americans were not lazy. The royal tomb at Honolulu was dimly lighted one dark night with some feeble candles, and there on the King's coffin, for a table, a remarkable document was drawn up, giving young Marshall full credentials as Ambassador to the United States and Great Britain. Not knowing the proper legal terms for such a document, Dr. Judd, the chief American adviser, copied, with certain necessary changes, the credentials of John Adams as the first American Minister to Great Britain. Then the self-exiled King was secretly brought from his island of banishment, and, at midnight, on the shores of his own loved island of Oahu, within sight of his old capital, he signed Marshall's credentials, and then departed again for Maui.

The plan was entirely successful. Marshall, the impromptu ambassador, evidently acquitted himself creditably both at Washington and at the Court of St. James's, for his statements prevented Lord George from obtaining the recognition he desired; Admiral Thomas was sent by the British Government to investigate the matter, Kamehameha was reinstated, the Hawaiian flag again took the place of the Union Jack, and both Great Britain and France bound themselves, by a mutual declaration, "never to take possession of these islands, neither directly, nor under the title of protectorate, nor, under any form, of any part of the territory of which they are composed."

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THE WONDERS OF "NEGATIVE GRAVITY"

By GARRETT P. SERVISS

IF YOU stand out in the sunshine, you perceive its heat and are conscious of its brightness, but you do not feel the push that it continually makes against you. Every tiny light-wave breaking against your hand as ripples lap upon a shore is pressing you back, but with a force so gentle that our coarse senses fail to note it. Yet it has been shown that the total pressure of sunlight against the earth amounts, in the aggregate, to 70,000 tons!

This curious property of light has recently occupied a great deal of the attention of scientific thinkers, and most astonishing results have been proved to flow from it. The idea that there is such a pressure is as old as the time of the great mathematical physicist, Clerk Maxwell, but experimental proof of its existence and startling examples of its effects are all very recent.

Men have long dreamed of what they might do if they could only overcome, or nullify, gravitation. But "negative gravity" actually exists. We have discovered it in the pressure of the light-waves. That pressure is able to overcome, and in many cases really does overcome, gravitation. Even the sunbeams that are reflected from the earth exert a push away from the earth. Whether the push is effective in moving a body or not depends upon the size of that body. A man does not feel the pressure of the light-waves on his body, but if he could take a bite out of the right side of that magic mushroom which Alice nibbled when she was in Wonderland, and so could cause himself to become indefinitely small, while still retaining his senses, he would feel it—push so decidedly that he would find himself shooting out into space like a path ball driven away from the charged condenser of an electric machine.

This is so singular and really so wonderful a thing, and it plays, as we shall see in a minute, such a spectacular part in the phenomena of the universe, that it is worth anybody's while to try to understand how it acts. It is all very simple, too. Here is the explanation:

The Sun's Action

The sun draws everything toward itself by virtue of its gravitation. At the same time, being a radiant body, it sends out in all directions around it waves in the ether, which produce the effects that we call light and heat, as well as many other effects, the nature of which we are only just beginning to understand. Now, these waves must necessarily exert a pressure against any body that they meet. Their tendency, then, is to counteract the attraction of the sun's gravitation. But the force exerted by gravitation, on all bodies of sensible size, is so much greater than the opposite pressure of the light-waves that gravitation would always prevail as against light-pressure but for one curious critical fact. This is that the nature of gravitation is such that its force is exerted upon every particle contained in the body, while the nature of light-pressure is such that it makes itself felt only on the surface. In other words, light-pressure is proportional to the surface exposed to it, while gravitation is proportional to the entire mass of matter, or the entire volume, of the body affected.

Now, right here is a chance to see the romance that is in geometry. Just consider that the volume of a solid body is measured by taking into account three dimensions—length, breadth, and thickness—while a surface is measured by length and breadth only. But—and this is the critical fact—the smaller we make a body the larger becomes the ratio of its surface to its volume.

For the sake of clearness, take a ball and let its diameter be represented by 10; then its volume will be proportional to 10x10x10=1000, and its surface to 10x10=100. The ratio of the surface to the volume is 1 to 10. (If we were measuring the actual dimensions of the ball in square and cubic inches, we should have to employ certain constants not used above, but for the purposes of the comparison here intended these constants need not be introduced.) Now suppose we reduce the diameter of the ball to 5, then its volume will be proportional to 5x5x5=125, and its surface to 5x5=25. Comparing these, we see that by cutting down the diameter one-half, we have increased the ratio of the surface to the volume until it is as 1 to 5. Before it was 1 to 10. Cut the diameter down once more and let it be 2; then the volume will be 2x2x2=8, and the surface 2x2=4, showing that now the ratio of the surface to the volume has risen until it is as 1 to 2. We need go no further in order to prove that as the size decreases the ratio of the surface to the volume continually increases.

A Clear Example

To apply this, remember that gravitation is proportional to volume and light-pressure to surface. Since, then, the ratio of surface to volume increases as the body becomes smaller, it follows that the ratio of light-pressure to gravitation must likewise increase. We are now ready for an actual example, and we will follow in this an admirably clear statement of the problem recently made by Professor Poynting:

Keeping in mind what has already been said about the effect of diminishing size, imagine that we could divide the earth into eight globes of equal mass and volume. Each of these would have half the diameter of the original earth and one-quarter of its surface. But the eight globes together would expose twice the total surface of the earth, so that the light-pressure would be twice as great as before, although the total pull of



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gravitation by the sun on the eight globes would be no greater than its pull on the earth, because there has been no increase of the original mass—it has simply been divided into eight equal parts. Then divide each of the eight globes again into eight equal parts. Once more you double the amount of surface exposed, and consequently the light-pressure, without increasing the gravitation. It is easy to see that by continuing the process of division you would finally have the earth divided into portions so small, and with a total surface so great, that the light-pressure would equal the gravitation. When that point was reached, the earth, now reduced to a cloud of dust particles, would be balanced in space, between the pull of gravitation and the repulsion of light.

How small would those particles have to be? Calculation shows that their diameter could not exceed about one one-hundred-thousandth of an inch. Make them still smaller, thereby further increasing the ratio of their surface to their volume, and they would be actually driven away by the light-waves! So we see about how small Alice in Wonderland would have to be in order that the sunbeams could carry her off as wind carries a thistle-down.

One of the first practical applications of this principle in astronomy concerns comets' tails. It may be that those strange and wonderful appendages are composed of minute particles of matter driven off from a comet's nucleus by light-pressure. Another application furnishes a probable explanation of that strange illumination, having the sun for its centre, which is called the Zodiacal Light. This may be caused by fine dust driven away from the sun by its waves of radiant energy. It is even possible that light-pressure, or radiation-pressure, may explain some of the extraordinary shapes seen in those most marvelous of all celestial phenomena, the nebulae.

NOTES OF PROGRESS IN SCIENCE AND INVENTION

The Largest Locomotive

THE largest locomotive ever constructed was on exhibition at St. Louis. It was built by the American Locomotive Company at Schenectady, New York, for the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. The engine is to be used for hauling heavy freight trains up the grades on this company's lines, thus removing the necessity for using extra engines in the mountainous districts.

This locomotive weighs 149½ tons, and is of a type not previously built in this country. There are two pairs of cylinders, instead of the customary one pair, one high pressure and the other low. Each of the four rods is attached to three driving wheels, making six on a side. In case of a breakdown in one set of cylinders or driving wheels, the other set can be used alone, and the engine is not helpless. With its boiler pressure of 235 pounds to the square inch, and its great weight, the hauling power of this engine is truly wonderful.

Models Found in Egyptian Tombs

SOME recent excavations carried on in Egypt under the supervision of Mr. John Garstang have resulted in most interesting discoveries. The explorations have been carried out at Beni Hasan in middle Egypt. At this place there are limestone cliffs near the River Nile, and in them are numerous tombs of the ancient Egyptian nobility. Near the tombs of the great nobles many courtiers were buried, and it is in their tombs that finds have been made which throw a great deal of light on the every-day life of the ancient Egyptians. The excavators have opened several hundred tombs which are exactly as they were left four thousand years ago. Thinking that servants would be a necessity in the future life, the friends of the deceased placed little images in his tomb. These little wooden figures are made to represent all sorts of activities of every-day life that the master would expect of his servants, from the labors of the slaves that row the galleys, to the waiting of the maid with a plate of cakes. There are also some small images made of string, apparently children's dolls, and probably played with by small Egyptians two thousand years before the Christian era.

Palm Pith Used as Food

A PRIMITIVE food material used by the Sakalaves has recently been examined by a French chemist. The Sakalaves were at one time the dominating people of the large island of Madagascar, but were overpowered and in imminent danger of destruction by the Hovas. Under the French protection they left the main island early in the last century and took up their abode in the small islands near by. These people are using for food the pith of a palm tree called by them the *Satromah* palm and believed to be the *modenia nobilis*. The trunks of these palms contain from four to eleven pounds of pith, which is scooped out by the natives, dried, ground up, and sifted. When fresh it is said to taste slightly sweet. The French chemist to whom some of this palm flour was sent for examination says that when received by him it no longer tasted sweet, and chemical tests failed to disclose the presence of sugar. He found over sixty per cent of starch and ten per cent of proteids. The food value of this palm pith is greater than that of potatoes, yams, or manioc.

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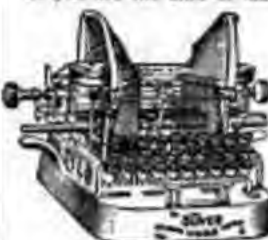
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for Others

LUTHERICK, N. Y. (Special Correspondence)—Miss Clara E. Doner, who is here on a visit to her parents, is receiving the congratulations of her friends on her success in business life. She is now head bookkeeper in a business house in Rochester, N. Y., and the story how she rose to her present position, and how she qualified herself for it, is one that is full of encouragement to others. In the course of a conversation with your correspondent, Miss Doner said:



"I left my home in Lutherick because it was necessary that I should earn my own living, and, as you know, there is absolutely no way to do that in this small place. I first succeeded in getting a position as saleswoman in a city store, but the most I could earn was \$6 a week. I decided to study and prepare myself for a better position, and after reading an advertisement of the Commercial Correspondence Schools of Rochester, N. Y., I answered it. I received a copy of their booklet 'How to Become an Expert Bookkeeper,' and an offer to teach me bookkeeping free and their assurance that they would use their endeavor to place me in a position when I was qualified to keep a set of books. Every promise they made me was carried out to the letter. I owe my present position entirely to the school, and I never shall be able to repay the Commercial Correspondence Schools what they have done for me. When I decided to take a course in bookkeeping, I knew absolutely nothing about that subject, yet by the time I had finished my eighteenth lesson, Prof. Robert J. Shoemaker, the Vice-President and General Manager of the Schools, procured for me my present position as head bookkeeper with a large manufacturing concern at exactly double the salary I was formerly earning. The knowledge I received through the course has given me every confidence in myself, and in my ability to keep any set of books. In fact, I cannot say too much in favor of the most thorough, practical and yet simple course of instruction which is contained in the bookkeeping course as taught by correspondence by the Commercial Correspondence Schools. I could not have learned what I did in a business college in six months. Besides, if I had taken a business college course, it would not only have cost me \$60, but I should have had to give up my daily employment in order to attend school. As it was, I was able to study in the evenings and earn my living during the day, and I did not pay one cent for the instruction until I was placed in my present position. I have said all this for the Commercial Correspondence Schools out of pure gratitude for what that institution has done for me, and entirely without solicitation on their part. I am going to tell others what the schools have done for me, and I shall be glad to answer the letters of any one who may be interested in taking the course I did. They will never regret doing so. I have just induced a friend of mine to take the bookkeeping course, and I expect her to succeed just as I have done."

Miss Doner started on the road to success after reading the Commercial Correspondence Schools' free book, "How to Become an Expert Bookkeeper." A limited number of these books will be sent absolutely free to ambitious persons who sincerely desire to better their position and add to their income. Send your name and address on a postal card today to the Commercial Correspondence Schools, 335A, Commercial Building, Rochester, N. Y., and receive the book by return mail. It tells you how you can learn bookkeeping and pay your tuition after a position has been secured for you. If you are without employment, or if you are engaged in unremunerative or unremunerative employment, you should send for a copy of this book. Miss Doner studied less than two months, yet in that short time qualified herself for a responsible position and doubled her income. Any ambitious young man or woman can do as well as she did.

PATENTS

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secure, even at a still price; a most beautiful carved piece of silver by the celebrated Benvenuto Cellini.

On his return home Mr. Francis was one day exhibiting his treasure to an old friend, engaged in the tobacco business. The latter examined the piece critically, and, when he had returned it to the hands of its owner, he exclaimed, with all the enthusiasm of the amateur:

"Governor, there's no doubt that you have a prize there. Honestly, I don't believe there are ten men in this country who could turn out a piece of work like that!"

HIS TECHNICAL DEFENCE

WHAT reason does he give for not paying his wife alimony?
"He says that marriage is a lottery, and hence alimony is a gambling debt."

IT COULD NOT BE

MR. W. W. KEEN, the Philadelphia surgeon, has a number of scrap-books filled with anecdotes about physicians. These anecdotes are odd, from the fact that they all throw upon physicians a most unflattering light. To illustrate their character, Dr. Keen quoted one of them recently.
"A physician was driving through the street," he said. "A friend stopped him. 'Doctor,' said the friend anxiously, 'have you heard that horrible story about Williamson?'"
"No," said the doctor. "What story is that?"
"A story to the effect that he was buried alive."
"Buried alive?" said the doctor. "Impossible. He was one of my patients."

A SAD CATASTROPHE

COMMANDER BROWNSON tells of a German, a recruit in the naval service, who, during a certain watch, was in accordance with the regulations calling the hours. "Seven bells and all is well!" called the German correctly enough. Those who heard the next call were much astonished by this amusing variation:
"Eight bells and all is not well! I had droppit my hat overboard!"

LEGAL AMENITIES

SENATOR BAILEY of Texas is fond of telling stories of his youthful struggles at the bar of that State.
About the first case that came Mr. Bailey's way was one in which he had been retained to defend a rather tough character in an action for damages.
As the plaintiff's case was short, the attorney soon resting, Mr. Bailey says he thought he had a fair chance to get his man off. But, to his dismay, the three or four different motions that he made were promptly overruled by the court. Then, says Mr. Bailey, he endeavored to see what a little eloquence would do, and began a laboriously prepared address to the court.
"Your honor," observed Mr. Bailey, "my unfortunate client—"
"There the court is with you," gently interrupted the judge, with a grim smile.
And the future Senator lost his case.

NO REASON

Claude (after a waltz): "Do you know I could die waltzing?"
Maude (out of breath): "Perhaps you could; but that is no reason why you should expect others to die with you!"

THE GOVERNOR'S WIFE

"TWO men in Buffalo," says ex-Lieutenant-Governor Woodruff, "recently had a heated argument over the question whether the wife of a Governor of a State had an official title. One man contended that she should be addressed as 'Mrs. Governor So-and-So,' while the other man stoutly insisted that she was simply 'Mrs. Blank, wife of Governor Blank.' Finally they agreed to submit the question to the first man they should meet. He proved to be an Irishman. The case was put before him, and he was asked for a decision.
"Nayther of yez is right," said the Irishman, after a moment's reflection. 'The wife of a governor is a governess.'"

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No. 13
Vol. 34

Dec. 24, 1904

Collier's

Yule-tide

Number



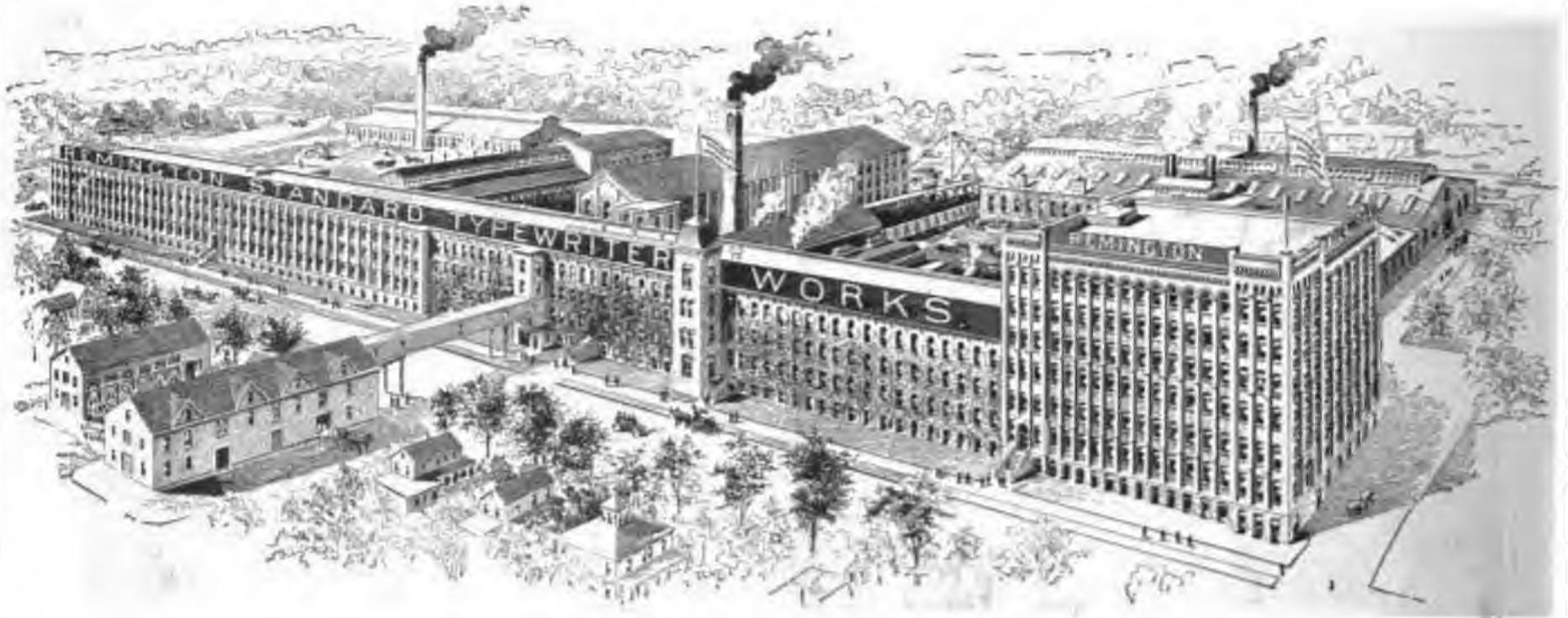
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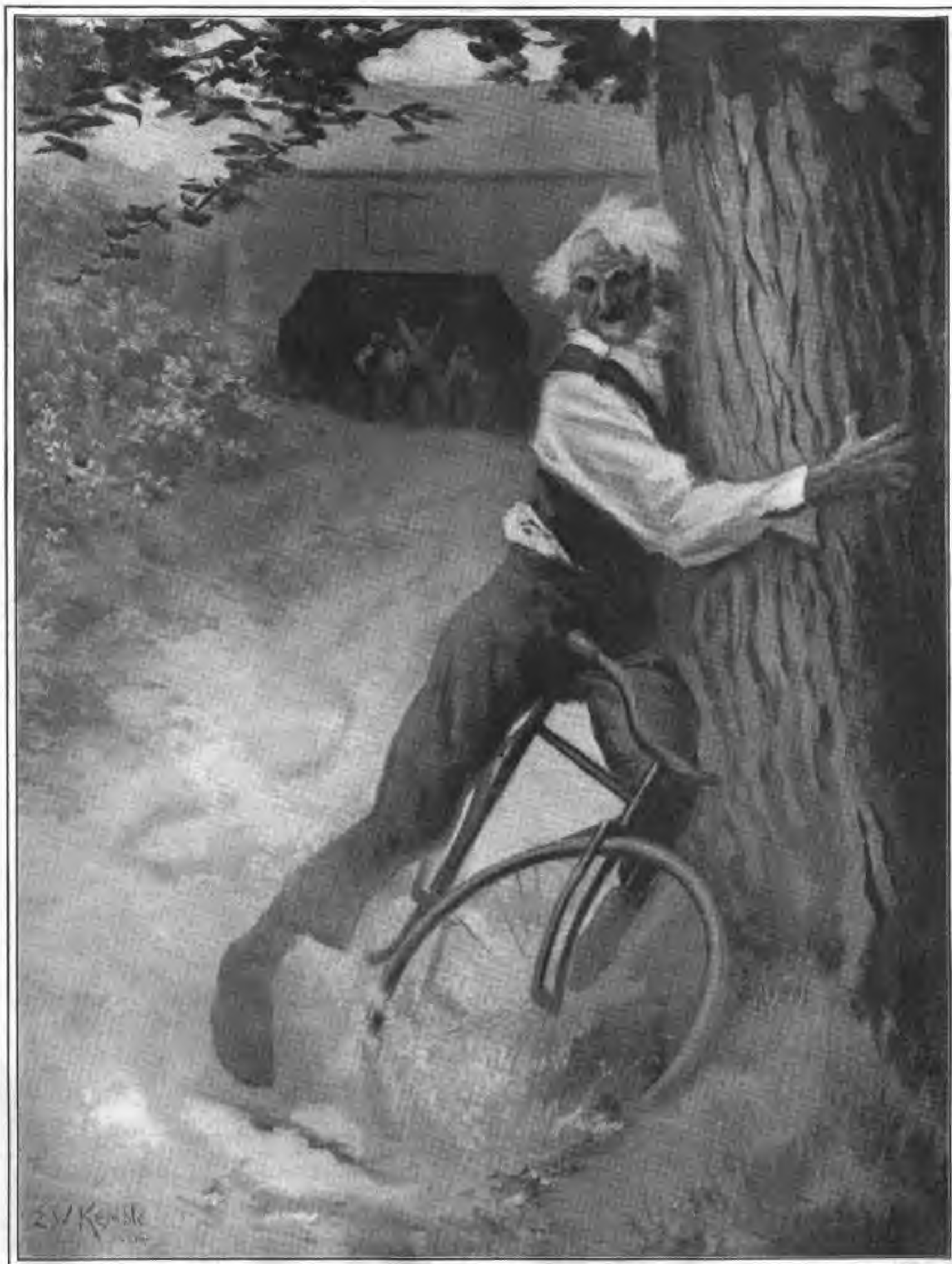
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COLLIER'S

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1904



DRAWN BY E. W. KENNEL

"YOU CAN'T TEACH AN OLD DOG NEW TRICKS"



LARGE NAVAL APPROPRIATION is one of the subjects—perhaps the subject—nearest to the President's heart. Probably he is right. It is one of those questions on which the best minds disagree. But it is a dismal topic for most sensitive people, these days. Whether necessary or not, the smashing of ironclads and men is distressing. Sharp, close, and true accounts have taken away war's exhilaration. It is now much like the slaughter-houses at Chicago. General Nogi's second son was killed the other day at 203 Metre Hill. His only other son had been killed in another desperate assault in May. We realize the deaths of

ETERNAL
QUESTIONS

MAKAROFF and VERESTCHAGIN, and the possibility of KURORI's death, but the other thousands are jammed into an anonymous mess like as many worms. "Life," observed one of our largest thinkers the other day in one of his darker moods—"Life is an infernal swindle." Thousands have said it before, and thousands will say it hereafter. Nothing creates this black, ironic view more than the wholesale method of extinguishing human breath, of crushing human bones. Man looks so little now, in conflict with enormous bursting shells, with explosions of the earth beneath him, with great fires burning in his path, with mines and countermines, and bullets traveling accurately for miles in silence, that the whole game has lost its glory and become a gory reckoning of cost. Increased naval appropriations—yes, no doubt; but without excitement, and with a heavy heart.

CHILD LABOR

THE PROFOUND HARM which is done to the very fibre of a nation by unhealthy work of children and women is one of the things on which feeling is most in accord and most intense. Narrow and selfish interest, however, is a constant obstacle to measures introduced by enlightened feelings. Sometimes where good laws are passed the conditions are not improved. New York State under Commissioner McMACKIN has illustrated this. The New York law is now regarded as model legislation on this subject, in some respects superior to that of Massachusetts. So far, however, have some of its provisions been from enforcement that the facts are as bad as they are in some of those Southern States about which such a protest has been raised. The idea that any cheap politician is good enough for the post held by McMACKIN is a disgrace to the State, for his position is one which influences the actual material of our race. Children of four and five have been allowed to work, under McMACKIN, and one of six has been found working until nine o'clock at night. In one factory alone were three hundred children under fourteen, and in the busy season this factory is open until two or three o'clock in the morning. The trades-unions favor the abolition of child labor, as all decent members of the community do. Only low greed supports it. Let us devoutly hope that in this respect the administration of Governor HIGGINS will be an improvement upon the administration which preceded.

PARENTS AND
CHILDREN

FALSE AFFIDAVITS make it easy to cheat all child labor laws which are not strictly administered. Thousands of children are at work through the perjury of their parents. A school principal on the East Side of New York City says that three-fifths of the certificates which come to her give ages which she knows to be false. Concrete examples give life to principles. One girl, whose parents swore off three years of her life, works in a factory from seven-thirty in the morning to six at night, although she is subject to epileptic fits and is troubled with a weak heart. The schooling which she has received in all her life amounts to just one month. Another girl, typical of a great number, during the busy season "dips" candy five days in the week from seven in the morning until nine at night, and on the other day from eight till nine, with thirty minutes for luncheon and fifteen minutes for supper. Her aggregate number of hours for the week during the busy season is seventy-eight and one-half. Naturally she has weak eyes, round shoulders, and a hollow chest, and it is not easy to estimate the value of her life, and the lives of her future children, to herself or to the world. Another example is a girl four feet tall and twelve years old, who, during the busy season, works from seven-thirty in the morning until seven at night, with thirty minutes off for luncheon. For her week's work of sixty-five hours she is paid \$2.75. These cases are typical. We boast of the prosperity, happiness, and enlightenment of our country, but we have much yet to do. This is the Christmas season. It is a time for happiness, but it is a time also for thoughts of other children than our own, children whose bodies and souls are bargained and sworn away.

The purchasers are men who manufacture as cheaply as they can. The sellers are those who brought the children to this world.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE made certain an active discussion of the whole question of railway regulation. Two subjects should be kept perfectly distinct: rebates and the fixing of rates. It is on the second subject that the railways feel aggrieved. Under the Interstate Commerce Act every unreasonable charge by a railroad is prohibited and declared unlawful. A shipper who has paid an unreasonably high charge can recover the excess over a reasonable charge, and the railroad is also liable to him for the full amount of any damage he may have sustained together with the amount of his attorney's fee. Furthermore, if the charge was reasonable, but higher than the railroad demanded from another shipper under similar circumstances, the man who paid the higher charge can recover the difference between the two rates and damages in addition. Under the scheme proposed by the President, if the Commission established an unreasonably low rate, the railroad apparently would be obliged to do business at that rate during the interval between the date of the Commission's order and the nullification of the order by a court, without having any remedy to recover the amount lost. While the existence of a legal remedy may not be of much practical benefit to either side, the discrimination against the railroad seems to offer a just ground for criticism, and all such just objections, however unimportant, should be eliminated. By such elimination greater force will be lent to the movement toward remedying the real evil. Discrimination has caused much more harm than have rates that are too high, for rates, on the whole, have not been very excessive. Rebates, passes, improper lobbies, and the whole system of illegal influence and privilege, are what most need to be eradicated. The President has the people behind him in this as in most other portions of his message. Indeed, the sweepiness of his victory was due to the general belief that he would cautiously but bravely lead the effort to diminish unjust advantage and to equalize opportunity. The railways have the strongest executive talent in the land in their service, and the ablest legal minds to give plausible presentation of their case. Their main point, that the Interstate Commerce Commission, as at present constituted, hardly possesses the knowledge and ability to determine rates justly, has much to be said for it. That commission ought to be strengthened, and the exact relation which it should hold to the fixing of rates is a topic which will bear the fullest discussion.

REGULATING
RAILWAYS

GROWTH OF
INDEPENDENCE

"WHILE THIS IS A GOVERNMENT of parties," says a recent editorial in the Emporia "Gazette," "and while, of course, partisans will govern the country for many years to come, yet partisan leaders more and more are being guided—not to say scared—by the non-partisan vote. And the members of parties are pretty generally looking about them for political instruction, and no longer take their platforms and candidates canned by the party machine." Mr. WHITE applies these truths to journalism and its future, pointing out "with what faith and with what trust Americans are looking to authentic, unbiased sources for their political information and comment. The party organ has its place—but the area it occupies in the respect of the people is growing smaller every year." The independent voting in Missouri, Massachusetts, Minnesota, Colorado, Wisconsin, New York, and other States has been much commented on, but we have not seen much about the result in the State of Washington. One of our correspondents from that State analyzes the situation thus: "The contest has been along similar lines to that of Governor LA FOLLETTE. The revolt here has been over the establishment of a Railroad Commission, or rather the defeat of that measure by the railroad lobby, and a protest against the disgraceful surrender of the last Republican Convention to the railroads, which was complete and most barefaced. While the Democratic candidate was not successful in securing election, the vote showed the sentiment of the people on the questions at issue. ROOSEVELT's majority was 71,000, though the most sanguine of his supporters did not expect 50,000, while the normal Republican majority is between 30,000 and 35,000. MEAD, the railroad candidate for Governor, only got in with 16,750. His opponent was ex-Senator GEORGE TURNER of the Alaska Boundary Commission, who but for the overwhelming ROOSEVELT sentiment would have doubtless been elected." On this showing the Spokane "Review" claims for Washington a larger independent vote proportionately than any other State in the Union. However that may be, it is true



that the growth of independence politically is striking in the Northwest. One of the most eagerly awaited improvements in political tone is the breaking away from party routine of the Southern States. INGERSOLL'S now famous remark, that he would turn Christian when Missouri went Republican, shows the extent and rapidity of the change.

THE ST. LOUIS FAIR was not yet closed when speculation began about future similar events. When these expositions do not pay directly, they probably do in the whole result, even in a purely money sense, and they are an education and the source of impulse. The general conclusion seems to be that St. Louis erred by placing too much reliance on size. Buffalo satisfied everybody who saw it. St. Louis combined great interest with flagrant errors. The next exposition is that to be held from June until October, 1905, in Portland, Oregon. It will celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of the Lewis and Clark expedition into the Oregon country. In Chattanooga a proposition has been made to celebrate in 1915 the semi-centennial of the peace between North and South.

PLANNING AHEAD

Chattanooga's arguments are that she is the geographical centre of the scenes of the Civil War, surrounded immediately by some of the greatest battlegrounds, and that she was the most strategic point. The United States Government has contemplated the erection of a peace memorial arch at Chattanooga, and there is in general just now a mood for celebrating peace. The Portland fair will be especially representative of the Oregon country—of that territory which passed under our sovereignty by the treaty with Great Britain in 1846, and which includes the present States of Oregon, Washington, Idaho, and a part of Montana and Wyoming. The Lewis and Clark expedition gave to the United States a coast line on the Pacific and enabled us to hold the country west of the Rocky Mountains and south of the 49th parallel.

"PEOPLE DON'T DO SUCH THINGS," says the cynic, in "Hedda Gabler," in a dazed sort of way, when the heroine puts a bullet in her temple. Often nowadays merely because a thing is melodramatic people think it is not real. A thorough-going villain is looked upon as dramatically out of date. Yet violent emotions and violent deeds seem common enough if we read the yellow papers or haunt the courts. Every day some die by choice for love, and others kill for love. Swindles of the most intricate and spectacular kind are practiced in every city. Real life is largely melodrama, and the types are sharply drawn and simple. The adventuress is abroad in the land, as well as the adventurer, the crazed lover, the hero, and all the exaggerated types. The adventuress always gets the interest of the audience when she has the lime-light and a moderately good part. She is much more interesting than any villain of the other sex. Mrs. CHADWICK is worth twice the space of a man who had stolen similar amounts. It takes woman to make the world dramatic. Whatever the whole truth about Mrs. CHADWICK may be, her success as a swindler was inseparable from her charm as a woman—her charm for the men into whose ears her tale was told. No wonder the adventuress is interesting. If she were not, she could never be, with any success, an adventuress. Human nature, Heaven be praised, is full of trust, as Mme. HUMBERT and Mrs. CHADWICK knew when they laid their plans. They found in bankers the credulity which lambs exhibit over Wall Street tips, but it was more mixed with kindness and with the natural sympathy of man with woman in distress, especially, perhaps, when that distress concerns one moving in conspicuous circles. These two stories, like life, are mingled tales of the admirable and the mean.

ADVENTURESSES

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"TOM SAWYER" AND "HUCKLEBERRY FINN" have been removed from the free shelves of a certain public library, and are now given out to those persons only on whom, in the librarian's opinion, the effects will not be deleterious. It would be a pleasure to know personally that librarian, or to see him at his work, casting his penetrating eye upon successive urchins, deciding whether or not they shall peruse the greatest boy's stories yet written in America. In our own variegated youth a clerical uncle took us out of the house behind some bushes and cautioned us against the insidious effects of reading MARK TWAIN; but the warning fell on barren soil. We wished to be good, but not at the price of losing Tom and Huck. Mr. CLEMENS is the biggest literary figure in America, and he is much too big for some of the librarians to understand. His laugh is kind and most entirely

MARK TWAIN'S IMMORALITY

virtuous when they imagine it is destructive of society. "Honesty," says he, "is the best policy. I know, for I have tried both." There are people in the world who are grieved by a jest like that. Heaven rest their souls. MARK TWAIN is open to criticism, for he is one of the most uneven of our writers, as well as the greatest of them. Sometimes when he swings his good right arm at the evils or the mysteries, the superstitions or conventions of this universe, he is as mistaken as poor Don Quixote. His attacks, for instance, on the greatest periods of art, because they do not speak the language of to-day, failed to lessen our admiration of the Italian masters, and reacted, something like a windmill, upon the critic. But to show timidity about the influence of such masterpieces as "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn" is to give to the angels one of their too frequent opportunities to weep.

"PRESS AGENT FOR IBSEN" is a description bestowed upon one writer by a lover of lighter dramatic forms. The phrase is his way of summing up a general taste for plays of a significance more solemn than pretty girls and bargain-counter humor. The greatest pleasure which has come to some of us in the theatre this season was when Mr. SOTHERN and Miss MARLOWE played so charmingly "Much Ado About Nothing," not exactly a gloomy play, but guilty of inspiring serious appreciation. High up, to be sure, came "Hedda Gabler," but that was because Mrs. FISKE acted it so well, and because, with its morbid and dismal atmosphere, it has great skill and some bitter humor. Some people can find more pleasure in mere ability and intelligence than in tights and songs, machine-made sentiment and equally machine-made humor. But, to tell the truth, IBSEN, even to one who takes the drama as seriously as literature or painting, needs to be done as well as Mrs. FISKE and her company played "Hedda." NANCE O'NEIL in the same drama is almost torture. Along this line of thought, some figures sent by a correspondent to illustrate German taste are of interest. In ten years thirteen of HAUPTMANN'S fourteen plays have been given at the Deutsches Theater, 1,169 performances in all. About one thousand of these HAUPTMANN performances were of his tragic plays. Second came IBSEN, all the plays from "A Doll's House" to "When We Dead Awaken" being included, except "The Lady from the Sea," and "The Master Builder." MAETERLINCK came fourth, thanks to "Monna Vanna." During September and October it was possible to see in Berlin "The Merry Wives of Windsor," "Troilus and Cressida," IBSEN'S "Pretenders," his "Lady from the Sea," a revival of one of HAUPTMANN'S earlier plays, OSCAR WILDE'S "Lady Windermere's Fan," and his "Salome," with many others known to literature, all this without damage to the market for farce and musical comedy. New York has seen "Baroness Fiddlesticks." Is that any reason why our largest city should not include in the scope of the drama certain other branches?

THE DRAMA'S SCOPE

SELDOM IS A CHARACTER as fully created as the strong brute captain who is JACK LONDON'S "Sea-Wolf." If Mr. LONDON'S next book surpasses this in strength by as much as this leads its predecessor, he will soon be KIPLING'S equal. But why did the young author fall to pieces in the middle of his story, making a last half which is pitiful in comparison to the first? Did he bring in a woman because she was part of his plan, or because he deemed her a needed element of commerce? He is as feeble in handling sentiment as he is powerful in a rough male atmosphere. Apparently he will never succeed with women, but appearances may deceive. STEVENSON'S first successful woman came at the end of his career, in "Weir of Hermiston." LONDON resembles KIPLING in this weak side as in his virile aspects. Optimism in this novel fares hard, and pessimism has all the strength. "It's a lie," says one of the characters, to a cheery prophecy, "a bloody lie. . . . I was born to sufferin' and sorrer. I've 'ad more cruel sufferin' than any ten men, I 'ave. I've been in orspital arf my bleedin' life. . . . I near died of the scurvy and was rotten with it six months in Barbadoes. Small-pox in 'Onolulu, two broken legs in Shanghai, pneumonia in Unalaska, three busten ribs an' my insides all twisted in 'Frisco. . . . 'Ow can it be myde up to me, I arsk? 'Oo's goin' to do it? Gawd? 'Ow Gawd must have hated me w'en 'e signed me on for a voyage in this bloomin' world of 'is!' On this bitter and harsh side the "Sea-Wolf" takes a high place indeed. For his permanent reputation's sake it might be well for Mr. LONDON, in a later edition, to find some way of ending the book abruptly in what is now the middle.

ALMOST A MASTERPIECE



CHRISTMAS EVE IN PARIS

DRAWN BY ANDRÉ CARTAIGNE

10.11

Back to Washington Again

Scenes About the Capitol at the Opening of Congress for the Short Session

THE evening was still young, but the quiet of Washington at night had already settled on the office of the Arlington. On a leather settee against the wall slept an aged Senator, his black slouch hat over his face, his snores rumbling through the silent room. The negro bell-boys nudged each other and showed their white teeth. Over by the windows a couple of dark-skinned Latin-Americans—legation secretaries, or attachés, overdressed, enveloped in cigarette smoke and drolly affecting the rôles of gilded youth—gossiped in vehement Spanish. At the bar leaned a young man in frock-coat and top hat, twirling his stick languidly and blinking through his monocle impudently at the world—a rakish young man, consul at some outlandish place in the Orient, with a sword-cut on his cheek and a strange history behind him. Without, in the quiet precincts to the west of Lafayette Square, broughams flitted like occasional fireflies, and through the chinks in the drawn portières at the embassies and the greater houses came here and there the glint of lights—perhaps the far-away toot of a cornet and the faint humming of violins. The younger world were at the White House, and through the tracery of branches that surrounded it its tall columns and portico blazed like a Cinderella palace. Young officers in swagger uniforms flocked thither and away again to the Army and Navy Club; to prattle there of conquests, of the new promotions, of what they would do before they were detached for duty or the fleet sailed. All the polite world of diplomatic, military, and departmental Washington was pursuing its debonair way, and, except for that aged Senator asleep and snoring in the hotel lobby, you would have had no idea, in that quarter of the town, that the Congress was about to convene for the short session, and that legislators from every corner of the country, with their intrigues and ambitions, their proud wives and hopeful daughters, their black slouch hats and pompous ways, had come back to the capital.

But in a dozen hotels to the eastward of Lafayette



Front faces of wives and daughters in the gallery

By Arthur Ruhl

how many ambitions and heartburnings all concealed now beneath smiles and brand-new dresses.

To the careless spectator the minority members were most interesting. The defeated are often the most interesting. It is the winning crew which always paddles back to the boathouse fresh as though it was made of steel and steam. They hardly seem like men. But back in the other shell, drooping over their sweeps, fagged and beaten, they are men, mere men, with the sweat rolling down their cheeks and their mouths drawn, and knowing, like the rest of us, disappointment and defeat. And so it was with the minority, good-humored as they were; and though they came back to Washington as a navy officer this autumn went up to the West Point-Annapolis game: "Not go because we're going to get beaten!" he smiled. "Of course, we'll get beaten! But what difference do you think that makes to me?—I'm a Democrat!" You found the minority, not in the palm-room-and-onyx hotels of the new Washington, but in the homely old caravansaries near the Capitol—battered survivors of a couple of generations ago, where Southern members and their families gathered. In the office you would find them—in neighborhood groups, it seemed—talking about what "They," the majority, would do, very much as farmers talk at harvest time of what the railroads or stock markets will do to the price of wheat. You could see them in the big dining-rooms—two families, perhaps, seated round the same long table—the quaint old hotel table with a "castor" in the centre and suave negro waiters swimming by, balancing an impossible mountain of dishes. At either end of the long table sat the head of each family, gravely expounding to each other their ideas of policy, their wives beaming approval, the young folks listening, respectful. You found them in the upper corridors of evenings, seated in patriarchal groups with their dark-eyed sons and little girls, the eldest daughter in the lonely parlor near by perhaps, playing on the piano. On the night before the opening in one of these old hotels there was such a group as this—the family, and, as it appeared, his neighborhood friends, seated about one of the older Southern members. He was a veteran of the war, of the losing side, and had been wounded. Several younger men, one at least a Congressman from his own State, were talking with him, as he sat in the corner of a sofa, about the state of affairs. "It seems like they think they can do anything!" said one of them. The youngest shrugged his shoulders. "I told him," he said defiantly, "that if they made the pork barrel big enough, maybe they could do something. But they'd have to make it big." The old man took no notice of this, but continued to smile at the little girl who was clambering over his knees. Presently a young woman came up from the office, bringing some quinine capsules. The old legislator had caught cold, as so many of his friends had, coming up from the South into the wretched weather that ushered in the opening day of Congress. It was sleeting outside even then, and a cutting wind thrashed across the dripping asphalt. They forgot politics and all fell to talking about the cold and the quinine pills, and how many you could take without making your ears ring. "They're five grains, sir," said one of the young men solicitously. There were many rumors afoot that night. Some one had had a conference that day with the President; Senator So-and-so could not be found at his hotel; he was dining with Such-a-one—potently significant; you might have seen him late that evening step out of his brougham at the side entrance and quietly disappear to his room; it began definitely to be felt that there would be no attempt at tariff revision during the present session. From the quarter of the town where these matters were doing to the upper corridor in the hotel, where the old Southerner sat with his family and his friends, was a long way—it seemed all of a mile or more. But it was further than that. It was all the

way from Wall Street to the cotton plantation; from a new statesmanship of business and vast finance and a new régime of complexity and consolidation back to an older and simpler life, closer to things and nearer the ground, that has gone never to return.

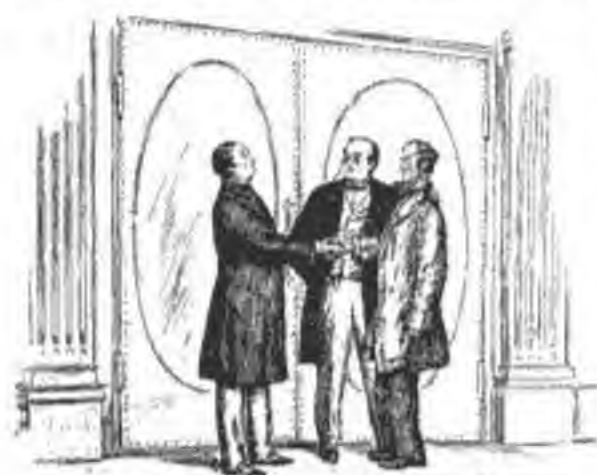
The mere spectacle of the opening of Congress immensely resembles commencement day at a young ladies' seminary. There are the folks looking on in the gallery, the polite buzz of talk from admiring mothers and wives and daughters and friends; there are the perfume and politeness and flowers. If there were white dresses and fresh young faces behind those mahogany desks, instead of frock-coats and faces old and parched and seamed with lines; if an embarrassed young woman holding a manuscript tied with blue ribbons stood on the rostrum instead of a determined-

looking, dignified gentleman holding a wooden hammer, the pictures would be identical. In either chamber the scene is at once impressive and not without its drollery. Its impressiveness must be pretty obvious to any patriotic citizen; its drollery lies in the mere spectacle of these tarnished warriors, veterans of none knows how many smoky convention halls, wee-small-hour conference duels, and election-day battles, seated, chastened and lamblike, behind heaps of chrysanthemums and roses and violets. Both Houses convene at noon, and on the morning of opening day a steady stream of florists' wagons flows up Pennsylvania Avenue to the Capitol. They come from friends and from folks who want a job. Every one gets them—great "pieces," some of them feet high and tied with pink ribbons, round which the ruddy face of a Tim Sullivan or a Ben Tillman grins, like that of a jovial satyr leering round a rosebush. The opening ceremonies consist of a mere calling of the Houses to order and a few formal resolutions. Then an adjournment is taken until the next day, when the President's message is to be read. The whole thing does not take more than ten minutes. In the House there is almost as much confusion and noise as in a stock pit; the Senate maintains its dignity.

Looking Down from the Gallery

The meetings and greetings of these eminently respectable gentlemen are a pleasure to behold. In contrast with the hurly-burly of the House, the Senate on such a morning is precisely like a well-ordered club. You can scarcely believe that these benign statesmen have ever torn each other's neckbands, hurled inkwells, and given each other the lie. With the incense of the flowers breathing up all around them, the pretty faces and polite lorgnettes looking down from the gallery, they behave very much as very young men are likely to do when they assume the occasional toga of evening clothes. They bow and beam, cast now and then a gracious eye along the galleries as who should say, "Ah, indeed! How pretty!" and the slow, intense, long-dallying, legislative handshake is prolonged as if to slow music. It is a great moment for all, even for the lay-figure-man and the other-man's-man. And it is pretty to watch the proud faces of the wives and daughters in the gallery, to see how each pair of eyes follows but one of those frock-coats on the floor, and how they light up and gleam, and sometimes the heads nod instinctively as the owner of that coat bows and beams at his fellow members.

The Lower House, meanwhile, reminds one of a political convention. There is a continuous uproar. Everybody is glad to see everybody else, but they show it more in the glad-hand manner, talking shop the while, perhaps even chewing the butt of a half-smoked cigar. Thus the Hon. Billyum Sulzer, Friend of the Peepul, stalked about on opening day, a red carnation in his buttonhole, his auburn Henry Clay scalplock hung carefully over his left eye. Many of the Representatives do not bother to wear the conventional frock; some seem



"The distinguished Postmaster of Squanterville, in my district"

Square and the Treasury, you would have got quite a different idea that night of what was meant by the opening of Congress. Their lobbies were crowded with men, in frock-coats and black string ties, blue with tobacco smoke and buzzing with talk. It looked like the eve of a State Convention. Everywhere they were telling over the fights of scores of districts, speculating on what would be done during the short session, gossiping of the landslide, and what it had done. Some fifty of them had been smothered under it, and the coming session meant only a three months' grace before they must say good-by to Washington. Others came back more than ever victorious. "Hell-o, Sam! How've ye been?" "Pust-rate! You're lookin' fine! How much majority did you get? Seventeen thousand! Gee—good for you!" To them Washington did not exist until they returned, any more than non-collegiate Cambridge or New Haven exists to any Harvard or Yale sophomore, and they shook hands and patted shoulders and puffed and buzzed like so many elephantine undergraduates returned from the summer vacation. Some of them, perhaps, had sold their souls to get where they were; not one of them but had made, at some time or other, the sacrifices that bring lines into men's faces. But these were all concealed now—buried away back in the caucuses and convention halls and committee rooms of home, a thousand miles or so away. Already the leaders were planning and bargaining, but nothing more than vague rumors floated down from closed-door conferences. In the bosoms of the wives and daughters, meeting each other in the dining-rooms or in the parlors upstairs, were nobody knows



Red-faced, twinkling-eyed Tillman came over to sit by Senator Allibon

to affect a studied carelessness in dress. Mr. John Sharp Williams, the most interesting personality in the House, appeared on the opening day in a rusty brown sack-coat, his black string tie trailing loosely down his bosom. Everywhere pages are running; members are shouting out greetings, asking about each other's majorities, or whether a fellow member has escaped the recent deluge. Out in the corridors constituents besiege their representatives, or the latter gladden the heart of some embarrassed rustic by introducing him with—"Congressman, want you to shake hands with Mr. Jones, the distinguished postmaster of Squantumville, in my district." Into the confusion every now and then descends the Speaker's gavel—"Ra-a-p!—Ra-a-p!"

The men borne into Congress on the recent landslide, of course, do not take their seats until the next session, and there were only six new members, chosen to fill vacancies, to be sworn in. To the casual spectator, interested in the outside of things, this was the most interesting scene during the opening session in the House. Among the six was Knowland of California, only thirty-one years old, born and educated in his own State; a State Congressman at twenty-five, State Senator at twenty-nine—a typical product of the Slope. There were two young recruits in the ranks of the minority; one a dark-eyed, athletic-looking chap, scarce thirty years old, and looking much younger; one a tall, husky young man in frock-coat and white waistcoat, in appearance reminding one somewhat of a prosperous young actor. The boy, for so he seemed, was Theodore Gaillard Croft of South Carolina, son of the man who was counsel for Jim Tillman, "Pitchfork" Tillman's brother, when Tillman was tried last year for the murder of Editor Gonzales. After the acquittal Congressman Croft died, and the clan that had supported him and the Tillmans promptly rallied with true feudal spirit round the son. He was elected without opposition to fill his father's unexpired term, so that for the entire session the seat in Congress will be filled in the family's name. The other Southerner was Heflin of Alabama, the man who, in a speech at Tuskegee during the recent campaign, told his hearers that if some Czolgosz had thrown a bomb under the table where the President and Booker Washington were at dinner no great harm would have been done. You would not have thought it of him as he stood there with the others, his right hand upraised taking the oath. No whisper of dissent was raised at Heflin's confirmation. It was a rather curious situation, when you thought of it, if a man's publicly spoken words are to be taken to mean anything—one that could hardly have occurred anywhere else.

They were reading the President's message. In each of the two chambers, the length of two city blocks apart, in the opposite wings of the great gray Capitol, the clerk's voice droned monotonously on. The House was almost empty—the members, downstairs at lunch, showing their constituents the wonderful map where they could tell just what kind of weather the folks were having at home, and which way the wind was blowing there; or the six-toed Indian in the Pocahontas picture, or the new statue of Senator Ingalls in his marble overcoat; or in the cloak-rooms and committee-rooms talking post-offices and the bills that were to come, and Uncle Joe's suggestions that there was already a "gap of \$30,000,000 between the vest and the pants," and wondering where that new public building for the county seat was going to come in. The reading droned steadily on—"Labor unions—

railroads—rural deliveries"—a fresh voice taking up the strain as a tired clerk sat down. A few spectators stared sleepily from the galleries—the sort who go to public libraries and read papers all day to keep warm. In the "Black Belt," just over the clock across the room from "Uncle Joe"—who stood erect, looking straight ahead, with very much the same expression as that of an aged eagle on a perch—a dozen or so dusky faces showed in the shadow.

Hearst's quaint journals, lounged back in his chair behind an open newspaper; Smoot, the Mormon, his desk covered with papers, wrote steadily and painstakingly, as might some careful shopkeeper auditing his accounts; Platt of Connecticut, his sad, world-weary face like parchment, gazed off into space; Gorman gazed, too, but with a certain austere amusement, as though he half heard, and vaguely smiles at what was being said. The rest, for the most part, read. Bever-

idge, who so looks the part of the youthful stage statesman that he seems always to be giving an imitation of himself, beat his brows on the message mightily, his chin resting on his right hand, the first finger extending upward along his cheek in the manner of one posing for the portrait—"In My Study" or "Among My Books." The Vice-President-elect, tall even sitting down, straight and cold as an iron rod, read steadily; not as one who enthuses, enjoys, or necessarily for the moment understands, but as one who appreciates his responsibilities and will observe the conventions and appear decorous whatever falls. Lodge wrinkled his forehead, appeared restless and bored, as though he had known all this before. Red-faced, twinkling-eyed Tillman came over to sit by Allison of Iowa, looking like a good-humored horse-dealer talking to Santa Claus. He clapped his glasses on his nose and read in an undertone from the message, following the lines with a stubby forefinger. Then he looked up, chuckled and jabbed his colleague in the ribs, and the venerable leader turned and wagged his head and beamed very much as a great St. Bernard begins slowly to pant when he is petted. You could not but speculate on what part of the message they were reading and wonder how close the Iowa leader was getting to making a categorical statement. Some one tried to get him to make one once on a bet. There were some sheep, recently sheared, passing in the road. "Fine sheep those, Senator?" "Um," observed Mr. Allison, "they seem to be—a—healthy animals." "Just sheared, aren't they?" "Um," speculated Mr. Allison, "One would—a—think so. At least, they are sheared on this side." "Extravagance in printing, agriculture, census of live stock, rationalization—" As the clerk read, "First and foremost, let us remember that the question of being a good American has nothing whatever to do with a man's birthplace, any more than it has to do with his creed," you wondered what Senator Knute Nelson of Minnesota was thinking—old Knute, who was born in Norway back in '49, and who has fought his way up through the ranks from the very bottom as so many of his blue-eyed countrymen are fighting their way now out there in our big North-west. "Elections—Navy—Monroe Doctrine—Philippines—"

Suddenly the mormon stopped and the message was done. In a moment the motion to adjourn was made and the preliminaries of getting down to work in Congress were over. The next morning in the chamber, at the other end of the Capitol, industrious Representatives began to cut the traditional sludgeways through which the wealth of the Treasury might begin to flow out into the creeks and bayous of their home districts, and in the Senate the Platt bill for reducing the representation of Southern States was introduced. Ironical smiles played across the faces of the minority members as its startling recommendations were droned off by the clerk, two or three, rising to ask "for my information," fired stray skirmish shots. The garden party was over. Business had begun and there was trouble to come.

The Consecration of the Common Way

By Edwin Markham

Author of "The Man with the Hoe and Other Poems"

And she brought forth her first-born son . . .
and laid him in a manger; because there was
no room for them in the inn. — Luke ii, 7.

THE hills that had been lone and lean
Were pricking with a tender green,
And flocks were whitening over them
From all the folds of Bethlehem.

The King of Heaven had come our way,
And in a lowly stable lay:
He had descended from the sky
In answer to the world's long cry—
Descended in a lyric burst
Of high archangels, going first
Unto the lowest and the least,
To humble bird and weary beast:
His palace was a wayside shed,
A battered manger was His bed:
An ox and ass with breathings deep
Made warm the chamber of His sleep.

Three sparrows with a friendly sound
Were picking barley from the ground:
An early sunbeam, long and thin,
Slanted across the dark within,
And brightened in its silver fall
A cart-wheel leaning to the wall.
An ox-yoke hung upon a hook:
A worn plow with a clumsy crook
Was lying idly by the wheel.
And everywhere there was the feel
Of that sweet peace that labor brings—
The peace that dwells with homely things.

Now have the homely things been made
Sacred, and a glory on them laid.
For He whose shelter was a stall,
The King, was born among them all.
He came to handle saw and plane,
To use and hallow the profane:
Now is the holy not afar
In temples lighted by a star,
But where the loves and labors are.
Now that the King has gone this way,
Great are the things of every day!



CHARLES A. WINTER

In the Senate, however, the desks were nearly filled. In the diplomatic gallery some young secretary prattled to two pretty foreign-looking women about the gray heads below, pointing now and then with the head of his stick. There was a copy of the message on every desk, and most of them were being read. Wetmore of Rhode Island, however, who precisely resembles the pictures of the ponderous, self-satisfied, good-humored "Trust" which appear in Representative

of the Treasury might begin to flow out into the creeks and bayous of their home districts, and in the Senate the Platt bill for reducing the representation of Southern States was introduced. Ironical smiles played across the faces of the minority members as its startling recommendations were droned off by the clerk, two or three, rising to ask "for my information," fired stray skirmish shots. The garden party was over. Business had begun and there was trouble to come.

THE PREVENTING OF LEVIATHAN



An Object Lesson in Sublime Faith

By Filson Young

Illustrated by Edwin B. Child

Will thou play with him as with a bird? . . .
I will not keep silence concerning his limbs.
Nor his mighty strength, nor his comely proportion. . . .
Who can open the doors of his face?
Round about his teeth is terror. . . .
His breathings flash forth light,
And his eyes are like the cyclids of the morning;
Out of his mouth go burning torches,
And sparks of fire leap forth.
Out of his nostrils a smoke goeth,
As of a seething pot and burning rushes.
His breath kindleth coals,
And a flame goeth forth from his mouth.
In his neck abideth strength,
And terror discometh before him.—Job.

MICKY DALE lived in the seventieth of seventy-two mean little cottage villas that stretched outward from the heart of the smoke-begrimed Junction town dedicated to the purposes of the railroad.

His position was one of some importance. His father was an express engineer, and every second day roared through the Junction at the head of the Limited—ninety miles in ninety-nine minutes, except when it was done in ninety-eight. On the other days he took the local down as far as the Junction, and there rested in the bosom of his family what time the 2036, the Leviathan—a "flier" of the new sort, as graceful as a greyhound, with mighty six-foot driving-wheels and grandly curving compound cylinders—was being raked out and cleaned and oiled and watered and coaled in readiness for her outward journey the next day to the far-away town whence she returned, as above set forth, on her flying swoop to Chicago.

A further distinction of Micky's was that since the day of his birth he had not spoken. His ears were sharp enough, as were all his senses; but the unruly member that causes most of us such grievous trouble had in his case never been geared up to its work, with the result, among other things, that Micky did not go to school in the ordinary sense. He went for an hour or two each day to a strange place where he learned to telegraph his thoughts upon his fingers, and to string colored balls upon a wire with certain alleged numerical results, and to sit patiently while a gentle old lady read to him a number of profoundly uninteresting facts. But for the rest of the day he was free to do very much as he liked. And Micky's nine years of life had revealed nothing that he liked better than the road. Every one knew him and was kind to him; in the switching yards and in the roundhouse he bore a charmed life, and wherever two or three wearers of oily overalls were gathered together, Micky was welcomed. These were his own people; but even the loftier race of trainmen who wore blue and gold uniforms—inspectors, station agents, and such like—even the officials in store clothes, failed to frown upon him or to chivy him away when he wandered upon the wide sweeping platform of the Junction, or other places sacred to the public.

The result was that Micky knew a great many things that are hidden from the wise and prudent, and even from little boys who enjoy the doubtful gift of speech. He knew the exact importance of the lead and lap of a valve, the use of the three-way cock, the purpose of links and rocker arms; he knew how to couple (and how not to uncouple) an air pipe, how to sand a slippery road, and how best to pull out with a heavy load of a frosty morning. He knew in imagination the exact feel on the footplate of a loose coupling seven coaches back; he knew the use of slash-bars and the manner of locking a cross-over road, and the vanity of pivoted slots as an element in signal interlocking. He knew the folly of attempting to pull off the down home signal at the Junction while the "Main up" was "On," and he knew also (although he was too small to do it) the exact point in the quadrant of a green distant-signal lever at which all the weight must be exerted if three-quarters of a mile of wire is to pull and not merely to stretch. He knew the speech of the telegraph as well as the speech of men, and there was no signal of the bell code that did not instantly convey a clear

message to him, whether of a slow freight, an express passenger, a light engine, or a signal sent in error. In a word, he knew a thousand things that have to be known in order that you may travel in safety from Chicago to St. Paul, but which we pay other people to know for us. Micky was one of the great Unpaid—the people who know things for the pure love of knowing them, and to whom some obscure piece of technical information is a possession and a joy forever.

Micky's mother was too much occupied with his five little brothers and sisters to pay much attention to Micky, and, indeed, he belonged almost as much to the road as to his own home. As soon as his light tasks were finished he would be off; either toward to the Junction, there (if it was one of his father's days off) to await the arrival of Leviathan, and to ride round with her to the roundhouse, manning the airbrake for all he was worth, so as to stop her nicely on the turntable; or outward along the country road to the South Cutting signal tower, where, if his especial chum, Jack Carter, were on duty, he would take over entire charge of the signaling arrangements, leaving Jack the merely brute task of working the distant signal levers. Or at other times the amiable driver of a work-train engine would take him some ten miles down or up the road where there was switching to be done, and, being lifted up, he would make cock crows on the whistle in a manner that would have deceived the oldest flagman on the road. There were glorious spring days that he would spend with the plate layers, and sit among the primroses on the bank and keep a watchful eye on the up and down signals, or himself take a hand at the tightening of fishplates and step slowly and with a bored expression (be sure the last of the gang) off the track as an express thundered by and fluttered his tousled hair. There were dinners shared with friendly brakemen in way cars of freight trains that waited while many expresses went by and mingled their warm railway smell with the scent of primroses and violets, and there were winter afternoon excursions with lampmen, giddy climbs to signal arms,

and evenings rounded off in conclaves before the sand-room fire.

The result of all this was that some twenty miles of the road, with its manifold and punctual life, lay mapped out in Micky's mind like a sea chart. He knew no geography except that of his own part of the road, but that he knew well. He had but to shut his eyes, and he saw the track that at the Junction spread out into a maze of lines, like the full score of an opera, contract at either end to the shining four-track ribbons of steel that led to the world. Every curve and culvert and bridge lay open to his eyes; the orchards, the meadows, the woods, and the sleepy villages through which the steel pathway was laid; the nearest point at which a view of the distant signal could be obtained—these were all accurately present to his mental vision. The position of every train within his zone was known to him, and even when the road lay quiet and deserted in the sunshine, signals up and signalmen reading beside their tower lamps, there was something magnetic in the straight or grandly curving steel road that never failed to move and thrill him.

There was a grassy bank below the section house where, when Jack Carter was off duty at South Cutting, and the night man was more than usually grumpy over the "Brotherhood Journal," Micky loved to lie with his head on the ground not three feet from the rails. Thither he would repair some ten minutes before his father was due, and listen to the hum of the telegraph wires. He could see the distant signal suddenly dip its head, and then would listen for the first far-away throb of Leviathan. Now the ground begins to tremble, now the feather of steam appears over the orchard, and now, with a steadily increasing roar, the Limited is coming down upon him. He could just see the dear outline of the swaying, jumping engine, with his father's face silhouetted against the cab window, when with a yell and a deafening clatter the train would scream past him. A whirl of dust, a swoop of following paper, and she was dwindling in the distance. And then with a tingle of wire the placid distant signal, that had been staring at Micky with its chin sunk on its chest, would stretch its easy neck and regard the horizon as though nothing had happened. And the eight steel ribbons would sleep and shimmer in the sun again, and the telegraph wires would ring, and Micky would feel very happy.

Most of all he loved the long, grimy, happy afternoons spent in the roundhouse when Leviathan, all covered with brown rusty mire, would be given over to the cleaners. Micky worshiped the huge machine as though it had been a god, and loved it like a brother. He would fondle with his hands such of the mighty steel limbs as were within his reach; he would clamber upon the new-washed footplate and drive her in imagination to the end of the world, with his reversing lever well notched up, and the injector so adjusted that the half a turn either way would keep the boiler full on—up or down grades. He had never been frightened, so he was never afraid. He crawled, in place of the boys hired for that purpose, into the empty fire-box while it was still reverberating with the waning heat, and removed the clinkers and readjusted the grate bars; he climbed into the oily motion until his stomach was resting on a big-end, and drank in the warm atmosphere of machinery, and pored upon Leviathan's mysterious bowels. In some respects Micky was not at all a wise little boy. It never occurred to him, for example, that Leviathan was not a sentient creature. To him she was a kind of beast, wild to all the world, but tame to his father, Dick the fireman, old Jake the foreman, Moses the boss wiper, and most of all to himself. He was as unafraid of her as though she had been a Newfoundland puppy. His heart warmed in her neighborhood, and his constant delight was to be given a tender wheel to clean, when he would ply his dab of oily waste to a strange crooning, sizzling accompaniment, akin to the note of the groom. It was firmly fixed in his mind that Leviathan was incapable of hurting him, and although he heard now and then of bruises and worse, he always associated such accidents rather with insufficient familiarity than with the brute laws of force and chance.



Micky left him and flew to the signal levers to throw them up



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CHRISTMAS

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AS TIME

DANA GIBSON

His highest pleasure of all was, when Leviathan had been fired up and stood bubbling and simmering in the shed, to ride round, perched on the tool-locker, when his father went to hook on to his train. With what love and pride, and intimate sympathy, he then regarded Leviathan as she stood, her black coat polished and patterned, her brass and steel all shining, herself warm and oily, and screaming through her safety-valves with impatience! How, after the conductor's signal, his ears drank in the first sonorous purr of her exhaust as the fire was drawn up into a roar and she felt the load behind her! The world always seemed a little empty to Micky as Leviathan majestically took the frogs and swung herself out of sight. Yet he was destined to control her in full career, and this is how it happened.

One July morning, Micky betook himself along the country road toward the signal cabin at South Cutting. The day was hot and windless; the roadsides were covered with white dust, and Micky panted and perspired as he made haste along the way. There was no reason why he should make haste, except that his heart was jumping with the joy of a summer morning filled with pleasant possibilities. Jack Carter was on duty, and Jack had not been well lately, and allowed Micky the whole working of the signals—except the distant levers, which were beyond his small strength. It was a Saturday morning, and Jake Morgan, who pulled freights, was due at 12:13, when Micky would certainly be allowed to assist at the dropping of two empty boxes; there were—oh, a dozen of the things any one of which is enough to fill the heart of nine years old to overflowing with joy and interest.

The signals were down when he reached the tower, and Micky, who knew better than to be seen ascending the stairs in full view of a passenger train that might contain the superintendent, waited among the dandelions until she had clattered by in a hot wind and cloud of dust. Then he climbed over the wooden paling, dropped on to the road, went up the wooden stairs and into the tower.

"Mornin', Micky," said Jack, who looked rather queer and sick, and in answer to the expressive inquiry on Micky's face, added, "No, I can't say as I'm any better; it's this bilin' heat as knocks me out. Anyway, I can set in my chair a bit now you've come. That's the ten-forty-four; there's nothing until the eleven-three east, and she ain't been signaled yet." And Jack Carter sank into that kind of wakeful doze which all signalmen in lonely towers know—a doze from which the slightest click or whisper of the instruments can summon them.

Micky beamed with delight. He was sorry for Jack, of course, but Jack seemed pretty comfortable. Not being a doctor, Micky did not observe a certain appearance of Jack's "gills" and eyes which indicated the wisdom of his express conveyance to a hospital. He merely thanked his little gods that he was left practically in sole charge of a signal tower, and that the sun was shining.

He went about the place as softly as a bird. The four-and-thirty levers leaned forward like guns on a rack—all except the two blue locking-bars, which leaned back. Above them, the row of instruments on the shelf regarded him with grim faces on which the needles pointed lifelessly to "Road closed." Under the windows was the painted plan of the road and the signals; and below it the long blackboard containing in white letters opposite each numbered lever a description of its business: "Fast East, No. 1, 1200 yards"—"Fast East, No. 2, 700 yards"—"Slow East starting"—"Fast West from Slow"—"Slow West from siding," and so on. Micky knew them all off by heart, and knew what they meant, too. Behind him the wall was covered with cards of bell codes, fog-signal regulations, warnings, additional time tables, instructions for hand signaling, and pictures from the colored supplements. In a corner was the telegraph, a locker for flags and stores, and a desk for the time book.

The clock ticked in the sunny silence. Now and then swallows would twitter and chirp under the eaves; now and then the telegraph would begin to tick out some uninteresting circuit message; now and then the man in the chair by the window would grunt or sigh, but it was very quiet. Micky went over all the steel handles with a bunch of waste, and, when they were done, over the shining, saucer-like bells, and when these occupations were exhausted he went and leaned out of the window, breathing delightedly the warm, fragrant air. The cutting was a very shallow one, and its sandy sides sloped gradually down to the level of the line. Away to the west the four shining tracks went straight into perspective until they were lost in the shimmering haze; but two hundred yards east of the tower they whipped round under an orchard-covered bank like a cat's tail and disappeared. Over all the fields the haze of heat shimmered and trembled. How much better—

"Ding!" Micky flew round to the far end of the instrument shelf, and pressed the knob in reply. "Ding, ding, ding, ding," went the bell, and "Chunka, chunka, chunka—chunka," went Micky's podgy palm, finishing with a half-turn of the wrist that left his needle at "Road clear." Then round to the opposite end of the shelf, where he pressed the knob of the corresponding instrument. A longer pause this time, while the man in the Four Trees crossing tower, nearly three miles up the road, got up from his chair and walked across the floor. "Kong," came the reply, and "Chunka, chunka, chunka—chunka" again went the small fist, and "Kong, kong, kong—kong," came the answer, followed by the swinging of the Four Trees indicator to "Road clear." All of which, being interpreted, means that some seven miles down the road an ordinary passenger train was hastening on its way; that Micky had accepted it; that the next tower had ac-

cepted it, and that the signals could now be lowered to permit its passage.

Micky, with a glance at the lethargic man who now struggled out of his chair and went to the time book, laid hold of the west starting signal, and, bracing himself on the slippery quadrant, pulled it "Off." But this was as far as he could go; it needed Jack Carter's weight and strength to haul over the lever of the two distant signals, with their long wires and heavy counterweights. And here it is to be noted that the young and enthusiastic signaling engineer had invented, patented, and caused to be introduced into all main road signal towers a new locking bar, which had to be put "On" after all the fast road signals were down, and "Off" before they could be let up. It annoyed Micky particularly, because it was very stiff, and necessitated the assistance of Jack Carter before Micky could throw up the signals after a train had passed. Its purpose was admirable; it locked all the sidings and cross-over roads with the fast road signals; but then you had to remember to pull it over. *Wherein lies the one little defect of the block system so long as you have to depend on a human being at the handle end of it.*

Jack Carter, sweating from his exertions and from weakness, sank back into his chair, and there followed another pause, filled with silence and heat. Micky stood watching the clock as the minutes crept by, until two sharp beats on the junction bell summoned him again to the instrument, which he turned to "Train on road." He knew it had left the junction, and watched



He trotted on and refused to turn his head

for its appearance round the curve. As soon as he saw the steam billowing among the trees he released the catches of the distant signal levers, which slammed over with a crash that shook the tower. (This train was on the slow road, remember, so the objectionable locking bar was not in the way.) At the same time he gave two strokes on the knob of the instrument communicating with Four Trees crossing, and waited until the needle turned to "Train on road." The train, a poor thing with a yard engine, snorted and clanked and rumbled by. Micky throwing up his signals one by one as the way car passed them. He was scrupulously careful to wait until it had passed, because once he had thrown up a signal before the engine had barely passed it, producing thereby an angry whistling, and a storm of yellow paper that raged between the South Cutting tower and headquarters for a month afterward. Then he rang "Road clear"—two strokes followed by one—to the junction, which replied by a single stroke and a turning of its needle first to "Road clear" and then to "Road closed." A minute afterward he received a similar signal from Four Trees crossing, and gave a similar reply; the needles all stood upright, the road slept again, and there was a great peace.

Do not marvel, incredulous reader, that the comings and goings of express trains should thus be controlled by babes. More often than you think, when you are storming across this continent, and churches and factories, villages and quiet fields, are fleeing past your vision, you are being handed on from point to point by entirely unauthorized persons, and with complete safety. More often than you think, moreover, your rushing destinies are in the hands of that arch meddler, that imp of mischief, the Small Boy. Again with perfect safety. The fact that signal towers and telegraph offices are prohibited places, and advertise the prohibition in their windows, would alone ensure their popu-

larity; but the fact that in them levers are worked, electric instruments manipulated, and the intimate life of railways observed and controlled, places them on a pinnacle of boyish favor. This, if you are a traveler, may cast you down; but when you remember that there is no passion of concentration, no lust for technical perfection, no abandoned absorption equal to that exercised by the Small Boy in a forbidden task, you may take heart again, and believe that, under the supervision of an authorized signalman, the evolutions necessary for your safety will be performed with zest and an unholy zeal for scrupulous and punctual detail.

Now, all the things that Micky did in the signal tower that summer morning—all the signals he sent and received, all the trains that went by in safety under his hand, all his traffickings with a freight train that had to be switched—would make an interesting story, but it is not this story. Enough to say that for three hours he toiled swiftly and joyfully in the increasing heat, while poor Jack Carter began to look more and more queer, and to talk of telegraphing for the relief man. But as Micky took everything off his hands except the locking bars and dials, he made shift to struggle along until two o'clock, when he would be relieved as usual and could go home. But the sun, striking vertically down upon the tower, began to make him feel giddy and sicker every moment, and at 1:30, when the Eastbound Limited, in charge of Micky's father and Leviathan, was "signaled" from the junction, he had barely strength to pull off the levers, and to struggle back and collapse into his chair. And then he began to feel very drowsy.

Observe in this place how two currents of purely fortuitous circumstance may cross and fuse into a lurid possibility. Somewhere in Chicago some vast building operation was in progress on the Lake front, which necessitated the use of enormous piles of heavy timber. The contractor ran short of this timber, and his work threatened to come to a standstill. So he telegraphed to a timber merchant in a Northwestern town to send him a certain number by rail without delay. The timber merchant hustled the freight traffic manager, the freight traffic manager hustled the assistant traffic manager, the assistant traffic manager hustled the yard superintendent, the yard superintendent hustled the loading foreman, and the foreman hustled the gang, with the result that one of them, when the last of the long logs had been swung upon the wide flats, failed to hammer home with his mallet the last hook of the last chain that bound them to the car. The other current began in a cheery microbe which found itself on a recent holiday upon Jack Carter's red pocket-handkerchief, whence it was snuffed up into his nose, coiled itself comfortably up in his inside, and, obeying the divine command, began to be fruitful and multiply. The result of its highly complicated operations was that the works of Jack Carter's body were brought up with a round turn at 1:32 P.M. on this July day, what time the freight train with the long timbers approached on its journey to Chicago that section of the road controlled from Jack Carter's signal-box.

The freight train, as is the fate of freight trains, had in the course of its fifteen hundred and fifty mile journey been subjected to many humiliations. It had been required to wait while slow passenger trains got in front of it and delayed it by innumerable stoppages at small stations. It had been switched at unimportant sidings to pick up unimportant cars; it had been held up here and sidetracked there, all because some fussy yard engine wanted to cross the road in front of it; it had, when things seemed to be going nicely and there appeared to be a chance of a good run, had signals thrown up in its very face. On the occasion of one of the last of these affronts, it had been pulled up with a series of jerks and jars which, completing the effect of seven hours of jolting, neatly undid the hook which the laborer already mentioned had failed to hammer home. So that the great sixty-foot logs, each weighing several tons, were now secured only at one end, and, half-inch by half-inch, began to spread themselves out. And the top one wobbled.

Let us now, without an unseemly hurrying to conclusions, observe the circumstances in the South Cutting signal tower at 1:32 P.M. The signals for the East Slow road had been "Off" for some time, and the freight train had been already signaled "On road" from the junction. The signals on the East Fast road had, as we know, been also pulled off for the passage of the Limited due to pass at 1:43. There was nothing coming on either of the West roads. For two minutes there brooded over the tower the last interval of peace it was destined to know that day. Jack Carter was breathing heavily, with his eyes shut, in his chair, and Micky, who had opened all the windows, and who was becoming rather concerned at Jack Carter's silence and queer, sleepy behavior, stood by the instruments with an anxious expression on his red, perspiring little face. Outside there was not a sound, but of the birds that chattered and chirruped in the sunshine or cheeped under the eaves. The rails shone and expanded in the heat; the corn in the field stood still and drowsed, the poppies flared on the banks, and within in the silence the clock ticked. For two minutes the spell remained unbroken, until the rumble of the approaching freight train made itself heard, and there was once more an outbreak of clamor as the signal levers slammed over under Micky's releasing touch, the bells rang, and the long uneven monster clanked and panted past, Micky curiously regarding the giant timbers on the great flat cars. Micky gave "Road clear" to the junction, and "On road" to Four Trees siding, and then waited for news of his father.

But we will follow the freight train. It went on its laborious way up the road until, two miles beyond

South Cutting, it reached the top of the "bank." There was now a steep down grade, and beyond it a sharp curve, so the driver of the freight train shut off steam as his way car topped the bank, and applied his brakes. It was done a little suddenly—suddenly enough to give the last impulse needed to send the top timber wobbling off its balance just as the train began to take the curve. The huge log rolled down. One end was driven into the ground, ditching the car, and, in obedience to certain elementary laws of gravity and centrifugal forces, the derailed car, pulling suddenly on a curve against the momentum of the train, dragged two empty coal cars after it, which in their turn derailed the caboose. One of the long timbers walloped off the pile and crashed across the Eastbound Fast road.

The engineer jumped down and hurried back toward the wreckage, where he met the conductor hurrying up from the rear of the train. They looked at each other for a second.

"Here's a picnic," said the driver, "and no mistake. It's a case of send for the wrecker."

A second later they both saw that the Eastbound Fast signals were off, and remembered the Limited.

"Run, Billy, run like the devil to the tower!" shouted the driver to his fireman; the rear brakeman flew back to flag the flier.

The regulations provide for such emergencies with much care and forethought, but in this case there was not much time to spare. The Slow roads were laid outside the Fast roads, hence in this case the danger of a breakdown that fouled the adjoining set of rails. Fortunately, however, the smash occurred barely four hundred yards away from a tower, and the fireman was soon there with his message. In fact, he delivered it at 1:39.

And one second later, Micky, who had been making ineffectual efforts to wake up Jack Carter in the South Cutting box three miles down the road, was startled by the "canceling" message ringing on the Four Trees instrument. Before he had time to pass it on, the telegraph began hurriedly to click out "C. R. C. R. C. R."—the call for South Cutting. Micky, who began to feel a little crowded, and to realize that here was some complication beyond his experience, ran to Jack and shook his arm violently. But the man was obviously ill; he had a queer mottled look, and only settled down deeper into his chair, breathing noisily. And again the telegraph began to call.

Micky in despair hurried to it and gave the answering signal. Then, letter by letter, came the alarming message, "East—Fast—road—fouled—at—Four Trees—stop—Limited." Micky was railway wise enough to realize quickly the grave import of the message and the absolute necessity of stopping the express at all costs. All this crowded into his head as he read the final letters, and just as "D" had clicked out and he was pressing the key in acknowledgment his heart jumped right into his mouth.

For from the instrument shelf he heard the tiny click given by an electric bell signal when it is about to

speak, and the same second, "Ding! ding!"—clearly, trenchantly beating on the silence, with the startling suddenness of inanimate mechanical things actuated from a distance, the Junction bell sent its message of ruin and death: "Train on road"—the Limited! His father's train!

The next things happened very quickly. In an ecstasy of terror Micky rushed to the man in the chair, who must be roused at all costs. He pulled at his arms, at last he slapped him on the face with his open palm. But it was like slapping a side of bacon; the man only settled down into the chair in a grotesque, drunken attitude.

Micky left him and flew to the signal levers to throw them up. But not one of them would move. Of course! the hideous blue locking bar leaned derisively over where Carter had pulled it ten minutes before. One short, frantic struggle convinced Micky that it was immovable by him. And all this took place in ten seconds from the ringing of the "Train on road" signal. Micky's heart leaped and fluttered like a bird in his breast; the sweat ran into his eyes as the hot tears began to flow out of them.

Suddenly he remembered Leviathan! In a moment this strange little person gave up being a man, cast his worldly wisdom to the winds and became a little child again. Leviathan would not hurt him; she would stop for him. They were friends, and if she saw him in front of her she would certainly stop. He never thought of his father but as an implacable being who made time, and allowed no tender affections to interfere with that religion of an express engineer. But Leviathan was different—she would understand.

Like a streak of lightning he was out through the door, down the stairs, over the rail, and running for his life down the Eastbound passenger track to meet the express, his eyes blinded, his throat choking, and his heart almost bursting with excitement. He ran and stumbled over the ties, and ran and stumbled again like a child demented. Already in the distance he could hear the steady, throbbing roar of Leviathan ramping along with that easy, swaying motion peculiar to heavy engines with a rather high centre of gravity when traveling at express speed along a well-ballasted road. Now he could see her at the far end of the long, shining tangent, now she saw him, and began a sharp, alarmed whistling. Micky kept thinking hard to himself, "She won't hurt me, she won't hurt me, she can't hurt me." But still she came on, swallowing the ground.

When she was five hundred yards away, Micky stopped, turned round, and began deliberately to trot back again in front of the thundering train. The whistling continued, and Micky knew by the shuddering vibration of the rails that the brakes were being put on. But heavy trains traveling at 59.7 miles per hour are not pulled up all at once, and in another minute Leviathan seemed to Micky to be close upon him, roaring through her safety valves, screaming through her whistle. Still, stifling the fear that would creep

into his heart, he trotted on and refused to turn his head and look back. He put his trust in Leviathan.

And that is why the passengers sitting at lunch in the Limited, and trying to warm the roast mutton against the baked potatoes, suddenly found their plates, knives, forks, and glasses beginning to travel across the table by little jumps into their laps. And that is why the attendants, those strange creatures between a ship's steward and a ticket collector, had to hold on by the backs of seats while the gravy climbed out of the tureens up their sleeves. And that is why divers old ladies in the train were exceedingly alarmed, and huddled themselves helplessly against the cushions while the brake-shoes bit and ground, and the whole tonnage of the train groaned and travailed in the grip of a power that was less than air.

It was a close thing—so close that Micky had one moment's distrust and agonizing doubt as he felt Leviathan's hot breath upon his neck; so close that when the last turn had been given to the airbrakes, and half the wheels of the train were locked, she still came sliding and skidding along; so close that when she did come to a stand the pilot was lumping against Micky's calves. Not until then did he pause and turn round, lifted up his arms toward the warm, trembling machine, and dropped with—yes, *with a cry*. And as Sam Dale left the cab and came tearing round to lift up his son, the frantic figure of a flagman appeared running round the curve, violently waving a red flag.

BUT express trains are stayed by nothing except wholesale death, and in three minutes she was off again, proceeding gingerly on the down road toward the wreckage. The freight conductor had explained some things, and Jack Carter's relief, who arrived at the same time, explained the rest. They got the sick signalman to the hospital just in time, where he lay for a fortnight unconscious while the storms of reports, queries, memoranda, schedules, reprimands, and affidavits passed harmlessly over his head.

And Micky! Micky lay comfortably on the cushions in an empty drawing-room on the Limited. They had given him tickly stuff to drink, that burned his throat, and lighted a fire in his inside, and made him feel drowsy. He was still tingling with the sensation of the strange shout he had uttered, and fearfully and cautiously, making quiet experimental noises in his throat.

From where he lay he could hear the clickity-click as they crossed the switches, swung back to their own road again, and began gathering speed to make up the lost ten minutes. And from the top of her smokestack, which he could not see, Leviathan sang to him this song:

Micky Dale, Micky Dale, Micky Dale, Micky Dale!
Wasn't you come, wasn't you come, wasn't you come with me?
When my clacks are all a-clatter and the cinders all a-scatter,
What's a mile or more the matter, if you come with me!

And he drowsed happily.



By MAURICE SMILEY

I SAW THREE walking and of all I loved
The Second best, the likeliest unto me.
The First had fellowship with brutes and on
His brow was stamped the brand of hate and sin.
No pain of penitence was in his eyes;
No dream of higher things was in his heart.
He knew no law but Self and never gazed
Above the mire. With ravening hand he struck
His climbing comrade down and snatched the
prize
Of Life at cost of others' pain. He drained
The cup of pleasure with a swinish zest,
Despite his brother's thirst, whom from the feast
He dashed aside with gnashing, snarling greed.—
I could not love this First, that never knew
A throb of softness nor the kindly pang
Of pity—even tho' I saw in him
What once I was.—For he was Yesterday.

The Third was nobler than the highest dream
Of all I longed to be. Upon his head
There fell the light of utter good. He went
Serene and whitely in a way that had
No thorns or stumbling. With a gentle hand
He helped each climber to a higher place
And with compassion's tender touch he balm'd
The wounds of falling. In his heart there was
No thought of ill, for all desire was gone
And only Love's divine absolving left,
That pardoned every weaker's fault. He saw
The lower, yet he chose the higher, path
And longed to see all feet set fast therein.
He trod the earth yet looked upon the stars.
And this bright, purged, winged walker was
To-morrow—what I might be but was not.

But ah, the Second! How my heart went out
To him! He walked an upward way, yet oft
He fell, but rose a little higher on
For every fall. Upon his face were many tears,
The tears of sorrow for the ill he did.
Yet still he evil wrought. But in his eyes
I saw the pain of weakness; in his heart
I heard a prayer for strength. He fixed his gaze
Upon the skies, yet oft his glances roved
And wavered to the earth. And many times
He ate the bitter ashen fruit when sweet
Was near at hand and often chose the road
To needless pain, when blossomed pathways stretched
Before. And so he staggered, stumbled, fell;
And rose and groped and clung and climbed; and loved
And hated, sighed and smiled and cursed and prayed
And sinned and sobbed and suffered and aspired.
And him I knew for what I am—To-day.



The Burglar and the Blizzard

The Christmas Adventure of a Country Gentleman, an Aristocratic Robber, and a Lady of Quality, told in Three Parts



By Alice Duer Miller Illustrated by Charlotte Harding

SYNOPSIS OF PART ONE

A number of country residences having been broken into and robbed near his estate, Geoffrey Holland determines to visit his own place to make sure that everything is secure. He arrives at night in a snowstorm and discovers a masked man in his library. The burglar proves to be a former schoolmate named McVay. Holland intends to keep McVay in the house until morning, when he will deliver him to the police, but the burglar explains that he is waiting for him in a hut a mile away. As the storm grows fiercer, Holland, although incredulous, consents to go for Miss McVay. He locks the burglar in a clothes closet and goes out into the storm. Miss McVay, her brother asserts, is ignorant of his criminal actions, believing him to be temporarily acting as a night watchman.

PART TWO

Geoffrey was born with a love of adventure, and his dislike to his present expedition arose not from fear, but from a consciousness that if he did run into a den of thieves he would think himself such an ass to have come. Indeed, there seemed a fair chance that he might think this even if nothing worse happened than that the hut proved empty, for he would have had a long walk for nothing better than to provide McVay with an opportunity to escape. He did not see exactly how McVay could get out, but he was aware that few people would think it wise to leave a burglar locked in a closet in an empty house with some hours of leisure at his disposal.

The first glimmering of dawn was visible as he stepped off the piazza; the wind was blowing fiercely and the snow still falling. He had not gone a hundred yards before he knew that the expedition was to be more difficult than he had imagined. To make headway against the wind was a constant struggle, and he seemed to slip back in the snow at every step. Still the natural obstinacy of his nature was aroused, and as his attention was more and more engaged with the endeavor to make his way, he had less time to think of the probable futility of his proceeding.

Long before he sighted the hut he was wet to the waist, not only because he had been in half a dozen drifts, but because the snow had penetrated every crevice of his clothing.

The hut was a forlorn little spot upon the landscape, a patch of gray on the stretch of forest and snow. A shutter blowing in the wind gave an impression of desolation, for how could any one, however wretched, sit idle under that recurrent bang?

Drawing his revolver, Geoffrey approached the door. He had no intention of giving a possible enemy an opportunity to prepare himself, and so did not knock, but putting his shoulder against the door shoved mightily. The hinges broke from the rotten wood at once and he stumbled in.

The pale light of the early winter morning showed a depressing interior, for the window was not the only opening. There was a great gap in the roof, where, earlier in the night, the chimney had fallen, and now its bricks littered the floor, already well covered with snow. Some attempt must have been made, as McVay had boasted, of "fixing it up"; there were books in the shelves on the walls, and a black iron stove on which the snow now lay fearfully. As Geoffrey took in the situation, something in a huge chair, which he had taken for a heap of rugs, stirred and moved and finally rose, betraying itself to be a woman. Geoffrey had been prepared to find a den of thieves, or nothing at all, or even a girl, as McVay had said. He had told himself he would be surprised at nothing, yet found himself astounded, overwhelmed at the sight of a beautiful face.

The girl must have been beautiful so to triumph over her surroundings; for all sorts of strange garments

were huddled about her, and over all a silk coverlet, originally tied like a shawl under her chin, had slipped sidewise and fell like a hussar's jacket from one shoulder. Her hair stood like a dark halo about her little face, making it seem smaller and younger, almost too small for the magnificent eyes that lighted it. Geoffrey, tolerably well versed in feminine attractions, said to himself that he had never seen such blue eyes.

And suddenly, while he looked at her and her desperate plight, pity became in him a sort of fury of protection, the awakening of the masculine instinct toward beauty in distress. It was a feeling that the other women he had admired—well-fed, well-clothed, well-cared-for young creatures—had always signally failed to arouse. He had seen it in other men, had seen their hearts wrung because an able-bodied girl must take a trolley car instead of her father's carriage, but he himself had

not been able to find any tragedy. He had thought himself hard, perhaps unchivalrous, but now he knew better. Now he knew what it was to feel personally outraged at a woman's discomfort.

"Good God!" he cried, "what a night you have had. How wicked, how abominable, how criminal—"

"It has been a dreadful night," said the girl, "but it is nobody's fault."

"Of course, it is somebody's fault," answered Geoffrey. "It must be. Do you mean to tell me no one is to blame when I have been sitting all night with my feet on the fender and you—"

"Certainly," said she with an extraordinarily sweet smile. "I could wish we might have changed places."

"I wish to Heaven we might," returned Geoffrey, and meant it. Never before had he yearned to bear the sufferings of another. He had often seen that it was advisable, suitable, just that he should, but burning to want to was a new experience.

"Thank you," said the girl, "but I'm afraid there is nothing to be done."

"Nothing to be done!" He dropped on his knees before the black monster of a stove. "Do you suppose I'm here to do nothing?"

"You are here, I think, for shelter from the storm." It had not occurred to him before that she looked upon him as a chance wanderer.

"That shows your ignorance of the situation. I am here to rescue you. I left my fireside for no other reason. As I came along I said at every blast, 'That poor, poor girl.' I set out to bring you to safety. I begin to think I was born for no other reason."

She smiled rather wearily: "Your coming at all is so strange that I could almost believe you."

"You may thoroughly believe me, more easily perhaps when I tell you I did not particularly want to come. I started out at dawn very cross and cold, because I did not know what I was going to find—"

"But I thought you said you did know that you were going to rescue a girl?"

"A girl, yes. But what's a mere girl? How many thousand girls have I seen in my life? Is that a thought to turn a man's head? What I did not know was that I was going to find *you*."

"The fire will never burn with the chimney strewn on the floor," she said mildly.

"Well, I've said it, you see," he answered, "and you won't forget it, even if you do change the subject." He turned his attention to the fire. Where is the man, worthy of the name, to whom the business of fire building is not serious?

Presently, seeing he needed help, she dropped to her knees beside him and tried to shove a piece of wood into place. In the process her numbed fingers touched his, and he instantly dropped everything to catch her hand in both of his.

"Your hands are as cold as ice," he said, holding them tightly, and thanking Fate that this bounty had fallen to his lot.

She withdrew them. "You are too conscientious," she said. "That is not part of the duty of a rescue party."

"It is, it is," said Geoffrey violently. "It is the merest humanity."

"Humanity?"

"To me, of course, if you will pin me down."

"Oh, there is no reason for the rescued to be humane."



He dropped on his knees before the stove

"They ought to be grateful."

"They are."

"Gratefuller then. Is it nothing that I have taken all the trouble to be born and grow up and live just to come here for you?"

"Perhaps I could be gratefuller if there were any prospect of a fire."

"Oh, curse the fire!" said Geoffrey, rising from his knees. "Who minds about it?"

"I mind very much."

"Well, you mustn't. You must not mind about anything, because it sets up too strong a reaction in me. There's no telling what I might not do under the stress. Come away from this wretched place. The fires will burn in my house, and that is where we are going."

"I can't do that," she said, looking very grave.

"You can't do anything else."

"I must wait for my brother. He's out somewhere in this storm, and if he comes back and finds me gone—"

"Oh, your brother," said Geoffrey, "I forgot all about him. He's at my house already. He sent me for you."

"Oh," said she, signing with relief, and then added maliciously, "then my plight was not revealed to you in a vision?"

"The vision is with me now."

She had learned to perfection the art of allowing her mind to drift away when she thought it advisable.

"And so you took poor Billy in?" she said.

Geoffrey coughed.

"Well, in a sense," he answered.

She rose. "We'll go at once," she said. "Is it far?"

"Not very, but it is going to be hard work."

He felt more practical. His delight had slipped from him at the realization of her relationship to McVay. For a moment he felt depressed; then, as he saw her struggling to undo the knot that held the comforter about her, he forgot everything but the pleasure of doing her service. And in the midst of this joy, the coverlet slid to the ground and revealed her clad from head to foot in his sister's sables.

There was a pause.

"What are you looking at?" she asked.

"That is a nice warm coat you have on."

"Isn't it?" she rubbed her cheek against the high collar with a tenderness trying to any masculine on-looker. "It saved my life."

It was on the tip of Geoffrey's tongue to ask if he was not entitled to a similar claim on her consideration, but he suppressed it. Was it possible that she did not know that the garments she wore were stolen?

Could any sane woman really believe that sable coats fell naturally to the lot of night watchmen? Her manner was candor itself, but how should it not be? What more inevitable than that she should make an effort to deceive a casual stranger? She had the most evident motives for behaving exactly as she did. Just so, however, he had reasoned about McVay, and yet McVay had been sincere. There had been a girl in distress exactly as he had said. It was contrary to all reason, but it was true. Might not the girl be true too? Was it not possible, he asked himself, and answered that it was more than possible—it was the truth. He chose to believe in her, and turned his anger against McVay, who could drag her through such a mire. He felt the tragedy of a high-minded woman tricked out in stolen finery, and remembered with a pang that he himself was hurrying on the moment of disillusion.

"I wonder," she said, "if I could take some things with me. Is it impossible for me to carry a bag?"

"Yes, but not for me."

"It would be only this." She held a small Russia leather affair legibly marked with Mrs. Inness's initials.

"I will take it," said Geoffrey. His faith was sorely tried.

She moved about collecting things and packing, and presently remarked: "But if Billy is all right, why didn't he come for me himself?"

"Oh, because—" Geoffrey hesitated an instant, and her fears interpreted the pause.

"He's hurt. You are keeping it from me. You are deceiving me."

"I would scorn to deceive you," said Geoffrey with passion, and looked at her to find some answer to the reverse question which he did not put into words.

She did not appear to understand.



Holland let McVay out of the closet

"Then why didn't he come?" she asked.

"He had been out in the storm already. I thought it was my turn."

"I think you must be stronger than Billy." She cast a reflective glance at his shoulders, and he was ashamed to find himself inordinately flattered.

"He is really safe at your house?"

"I hope so. I did my best," he returned grimly.

She looked at him gravely. "You have been very kind to a stranger," she said.

And at this point Geoffrey made the fatal mistake of his dealing with her. It did not occur to him that he was going to shield McVay, but he thought a more advantageous time could be found for telling her the truth, in case, of course, she did not know it already. He felt that he himself would be better able to deal a cold blow when she was warm and sheltered. No man, he said to himself, could be disagreeable to a girl who had no one to depend on but himself.

So he said: "He was not exactly a stranger to me. We were at school together."

"Oh, another of Billy's friends. I never knew such a person for discovering friends at the most opportune times. He never wants anything but what a friend turns up. Did you find him wandering about, or did he come and demand admittance?"

"Why, neither exactly. I was not in the house at the time. He felt he knew me well enough to walk in."

"He never told me he had a friend in the neighborhood."

"We have not met since we were at school."

"He had not seen you since he was at school, and yet he felt he knew you well enough to walk in on you?"

"Yes, he just walked in, and then I would not let him go."

"Men are so queer!" she exclaimed with a little laugh that had a spice of admiration in it, under which Geoffrey writhed. He was sailing under such false colors as her brother's benefactor.

"We ought to be starting," he said.

She looked round the room. "I hate to leave all these nice things," she said. "Billy is so fond of them. There is some wine that some one gave him that he says is really priceless."

"Leave it," said Geoffrey shortly.

"One would think you were a teetotaler from that tone. I wonder if I could not take one bottle as a surprise to Billy. He would like to contribute something to your hospitality, I am sure. Besides, if I leave it, it may be stolen."

"Yes, it may be stolen." He looked down into her face.

"Then—"

"I ask you as a favor to leave it behind."

Nothing could have been more charming than her manner of yielding, sweet and quick like a caress. It made him feel how pitiful and sordid it all was.

They started immediately, started with a certain gayety. Geoffrey chose to remember only that they were together through a hard adventure, and that it was his part to smooth her way. The bond of difficulties to overcome united them. They felt the intimacy of a single absorbing interest. They had nothing to think of but accomplishing their task—of that, and of each other. As far as they could see were snow and black trunks of trees. They scarcely remembered that any one but themselves existed.

Now justly he could admire something besides her beauty. Her courage warmed his heart. Yet with all her spirit she made no attempt to assert her independence. She turned to him at every point. He guided her past the scenes of his own disasters, and saved her from the mistakes he had already made.

But only for a little while did they move forward in this delightful exhilaration. Before they had gone far she grew silent, and when she did answer him spoke less spontaneously. She asked for neither help nor encouragement, but plunged along as steadily as she was able. Her skirts, however, wet and heavy, hampered her desperately, and the exertion of walking through the thick snow began to tell. Geoffrey made her stop every now and then for a breathing spell, but at length she stopped of herself.

"Have we done half yet?" she asked.

"Just about," he answered, stretching truth in order to encourage her. But he saw at once that he had failed—that she had had a hope that they were nearer their destination—that she began to doubt her own powers. Presently she moved forward again in silence.

He began to be alarmed lest they should never reach his house, yet took comfort in the thought, as he looked at her, that whatever strength she had she would use to the end. No hysterical despair would exhaust her

beforehand. She would not fail through lack of determination. Whether or not she were the confederate of a thief, she was a brave woman, yes, and a beautiful one, he thought, looking down upon her in the glare of the snow.

Presently he held out his hand in silence, and she as silently took it. This was to Geoffrey the explanation of his whole life. This was what men were made for.

Once as they stood resting, the wind, which fortunately had been at their backs the entire trip, hurled her against him, where she remained an instant, too weak to move. It was he who set her gently on her feet again.

The latter part of the journey she made almost wholly by his help, and when they stood before the piazza she could not have managed the little step had he not virtually lifted her up. He took her directly to the library, and laid her on the sofa. The fire, owing to the absence of McVay, had gone out. It took Geoffrey some time with his benumbed hands to build a blaze. When he turned toward her again she was sleeping like a child.

The sight was too much for his own weariness, and reflecting that McVay was either gone or still safe, he stretched himself on the hearth-rug and was soon asleep also.

IV

IT WAS after two o'clock in the afternoon when he awoke. He must have slept three hours. He looked at the sofa and saw the girl still sleeping peacefully. He almost wished that she would never awake to all the dreadful surprises that the house held for her. Her eyelashes curved long and dark on her cheek. Geoffrey turned away quickly.

He had awakened with a sudden disagreeable conviction that people have been known to smother to death in closets. He stole quietly from the library and ran upstairs with not a little anxiety. Indeed, so great was his dread that he would have been really relieved to see the closet door standing open as an immediate proof that it did not hide a corpse. It was, however, locked as he had left it. But as he hastened to undo it, a voice from within reassured him: "Well, where have you been all this time?"

"You may be thankful I'm back at all. It did not look like it, at one time."

"Where is Cecilia?"

"Downstairs, asleep."

McVay gave a little giggle. "Ah," he said, "I bet you have had the devil of a time. I bet you wished once or twice that you had let me be the one to go."

"It wasn't child's play."

"Child's play! I rather think not. These things are all well enough among men, but women—" He waved his hand. "So sensitive, so cloistered!"

"Your sister behaved nobly," said Geoffrey severely.

"Bound to, Holland, bound to. Still it must have been a shock."

"It was a hard trip for any woman."

McVay looked up. "Oh," he said, "I wasn't speaking of the trip. I meant about me. What did she say?"

"She did not say anything. She went to sleep."

"She did not say anything when you told her I was booked for the penitentiary?"

"Oh," said Geoffrey, and there was a slight pause. Then he added, "Why should I tell her what she must know?"



She was dressed in his sister's sables

"I tell you, she knows nothing about my—profession."

"Your profession?"

"Hasn't a notion of it."

"What, with my sister's coat on her back, and the Inness bag in her hand?"

"No," McVay drew a step nearer. "You see I told her that I had found a second-hand store where I could get things for nothing." He chuckled, and Geoffrey withdrew with a look of repulsion that evidently disappointed the other.

"That was a good idea, wasn't it?" he asked with a faint appeal in his voice. "She thought it was likely, anyhow."

"She must be very gullible," said Geoffrey brutally.

"Or else," said McVay with a conscious smile, "I must be a pretty good dissembler."

At this acute instance of fatuity, Geoffrey, if he had followed his impulse, would have flung McVay back in the closet and locked the door. Instead, he said: "Come downstairs. I want to look up something to eat."

"Thank you," said the burglar, "it would be a good idea."

"You need not thank me," said Geoffrey. "I don't take you with me for the pleasure of your company, but because I don't dare let you out of my sight."

McVay, as was his habit when anything unpleasant was said, chose to ignore this speech.

"You know," he said, as they went downstairs, "I suppose that most men shut up in a closet for all those hours would take it as a hardship, but to me it was a positive rest. I really in a way enjoyed it. It is one of my theories that every one ought to have resources within. Now I dare say you were quite anxious about me."

"I never thought of you at all," said Geoffrey. "After I got in I went to sleep for three hours."

McVay looked at him once or twice in surprise. Then he said with dignity: "Asleep? Well, really, Holland, I don't think that was very considerate."

"Don't talk so loud," said Geoffrey. "You'll wake your sister."

Geoffrey had always been in the habit of going on shooting trips at short notice, and so it was his rule to keep a supply of canned eatables in the house to be ready whenever the whim took him. On these he now depended, and was not a little annoyed to find the kitchen storeroom where they were kept securely locked. This difficulty, however, McVay made light of. He asked for his tools, and on being given them set to work on the door.

"Have you ever noticed," he said, "the heavy-handed way in which some men use tools? Look at my touch—so light, yet so accurate. I take no credit to myself. I was born so. It's a very fortunate thing to be naturally dexterous."

"It would have been more fortunate for you if you had been a little less so."

"Oh, I don't know about that, Holland. I might have starved to death years ago."

"I wish to God you had," said Geoffrey.

McVay shook his head faintly in deprecation of such violence, but otherwise preferred to pass the remark by, and they soon set to work heating soup and smoked beef. When all was ready and spread in the dining-room—this was McVay's suggestion; he said food was unappetizing unless it were nicely served—Geoffrey said: "Go and see if your sister is awake, and if she is," he added firmly, "I'll give you a few minutes alone with her, so that you can explain the situation fully."

McVay nodded and slipped into the library. Geoffrey shut the door behind him and sat down on a bench in the hall from which he could command both doors.

If he entertained the doubts of her innocence which he continually told himself no sane man could help entertaining, he found himself strangely nervous. He felt as if he were waiting outside an operating room. He thought of her as he had seen her asleep, of the curve of her eyelashes on her cheek, of her raising those lashes, awaking to be met with McVay's revelations. Even if she were guilty, Geoffrey found it in his heart to pity her waking to learn that her brother was a prisoner. How unfortunate, too, would be her own position—the guest, if only for a few hours, of a man who was concerned only to lodge her brother in jail.

His heart gave a distinct thump when the library door opened and they came out together. His eyes turned to her face at once and found it unperturbed. Didn't she care, or had she always known?

McVay caught his arm, when she had passed them by, and whispered glibly: "Thought it was better to wait until she had had something to eat—shock on an empty stomach so bad—so hard to bear."

Geoffrey shook his arm free. "You infernal coward," he whispered back.

"Well, I like that," retorted McVay; "you didn't tell her yourself when you had the chance."

"It wasn't my affair. I did not tell her because—"

"Oh, I know," McVay interrupted with a chuckle. "I've been knowing why for the last ten minutes."

They followed her into the dining-room. It was not a sumptuous repast to which they sat down, but Geoffrey asked nothing better. He was sitting opposite to her—a position evidently decreed him by Fate from the beginning of time. He could look at her, and now and then, in spite of her delicious reluctance, could force her to meet his eyes. When this hap-

pened nothing was ever more apparent than that, for both of them, a momentous event had occurred.

She was almost completely silent, and as for him, his responses to the general conversation which McVay kept attempting to set up were so entirely mechanical that he was scarcely aware of them himself.

It was she who suddenly remembered that it was Christmas Day.

"And this is our Christmas dinner," observed McVay regretfully.

"Oh, no," returned the girl, "this is luncheon. I'll cook your dinner. You'll see."

There was a pause. Geoffrey looked at McVay. The moment for disillusioning her had manifestly come. Wherever they might next meet it would not be at his dinner table. A hateful vision of a criminal court rose before him.

"Miss McVay," he said gravely, indifferent to the signals of warning which the other man was directing



"Please move a little back, Holland," he said, "I want to get nearer the fire."

toward him, "we shall not be here at dinner. Your brother will tell you my reasons for wishing to start down the mountain."

"Now?"

"At once."

She colored slowly and deeply—the only evidence of anger. "I do not need any other reason than your wish that we should go," she said, rising. "I should thank you for having borne with us so long."

"Upon my word, Holland, it is madness to start as late as this," said McVay. "It will be dark in an hour."

She turned on her brother quickly. "Please say no more about the matter, Billy," she said. "We will start at once."

"You won't start if it means certainly freezing to death," he remonstrated.

She flashed a glance at Geoffrey, who had also risen and was trying to compel the truth from McVay by a stern, steady glance.

"I would," she answered, and shut the door behind her.

McVay sprang up and was about to follow her, when Geoffrey stopped him. "One moment," he said. "You are quite right. It is too late to start to-night. We must stay here until to-morrow. But if we are to spend a night here without your sister's being told—"

"My dear Holland, think of her position if we did tell her!"

"I grant that the information had better be withheld until just as we are starting, but in that case I must—"

"I know what you are going to ask—my word of honor not to escape. I give it, I give it willingly."

"I'm not going to ask for anything at all," said Geoffrey. "I'm going to tell you one or two things, and I advise you to pay attention. We won't have any nonsense at all. Remember I am armed, and I am a quick man with a gun. There may be some quicker, but not in the East, and it wasn't in the East I got my training. You will always keep in front of me where I can see you plainly, and you will never under any circumstances come within six feet of me. If you should ever come nearer than that or take a sudden step in my direction, I'd shoot you just as sure as I stand here."

McVay looked distinctly crestfallen. "Oh, come, Holland," he said, "isn't that the least little bit exaggerated? You would not shoot me before my own sister."

"I would not like to, but there are things I should dislike even more, and having you escape is one of them."

The other thought it over. "The trouble is," he explained, "that I am impulsive. You must have noticed it. I get carried away. You know how I am. I'm not at all sure that I shall remember."

"I advise you to try, for this is the only warning you will get."

"I can not believe, Holland, that you would really shoot me in cold blood in the presence of my own sister."

"You had better behave as if you believed it."

"I don't like this arrangement," McVay broke out peevishly. "Suppose for the sake of argument that I did forget—that I put my hand on your shoulder—a very natural gesture?"

"I should shoot instantly."

"But fancy the shock to Cecilia."

"Not more of a shock, perhaps, than discovering that you are a thief. And another thing: it may be very gay and amusing to be forever fooling about the subject, but I advise you against it. It does not amuse me—"

"Oh, be honest, Holland, it does, it must amuse you. It is essentially amusing."

"It won't amuse her, or you either, when she finds out that you are not only a thief, but that you have been able to find amusement in deceiving her."

Again McVay's gaiety seemed momentarily dashed. "Very true," he said, "I had not thought of that. But then," he added more brightly, "who can tell if it will actually fall to my lot to tell her? Things happen so strangely. It may turn out that that is your part."

"It may," said Geoffrey, "but only because I have had to shoot after all," with which he opened the door and they returned to the library.

V

CECILIA was not in the library, and McVay without comment on her absence turned at once to his book.

"If you won't think me impolite, Holland, I'll go on with my *Sterne*. Conversation is always a great temptation to me, but I have so little opportunity to read that I feel I ought not to neglect it—especially as your books are so unusual."

He settled himself to "*Tristram Shandy*" with appreciation, but Geoffrey could not read. He sat, indeed, with a book open on his knee, but his eyes were fixed on the carpet. The knowledge of the girl's presence in his house distracted him like a lantern swung before his eyes. He gave himself up to steeping in his emotion, which in some situations is the nearest thing possible to thinking.

Geoffrey's success with women had been conspicuous, as was natural, for he was good-looking, rich, and apparently susceptible. As a matter of fact, however, his susceptibility was purely superficial, and for this very reason he was not afraid to give it full sway. The deeply susceptible man learns to be cautious, to distrust his feelings, but Geoffrey had always too truly recognized his fundamental indifference to have any reason to distrust himself. He had never been in love.

Like Ferdinand, he "for different virtues had liked many women," although in his case it had not always been necessarily virtues that had attracted him. But there were certain women, who had always appealed to him for some conspicuous quality or characteristic, who for one reason or another pleased him, to whom one side or another of his nature responded. He had often thought that if he could make up a composite woman of all of them he might be in great danger of falling in love. But now he was aware that his whole nature responded to the attraction of the girl upstairs, as a dog answers instinctively to the call of its master. He could say to himself that she was this or that—brave and beautiful—but he knew that such qualities were but an insignificant part of the total effect. His reason could find causes enough to approve her, but something more important had gone ahead and made straight the paths of his reason, something which transcended it, and which, in case of a divergence between the two, his reason could never overcome.

For, of course, the realization of McVay and all his presence implied fell coolly upon his exaltation. By no means had Geoffrey said to himself in so many words that he was in love—far less had anything so definite as marriage crossed his mind. He was too much in love to be so practical. He only knew that McVay's mere existence was a contamination and a tragedy.

He had been sitting thus for some time when he heard her step on the stairs. He rose and met her in the hall, whence he could still keep his eye on McVay's studious figure in the library.

She was dressed in her sables ready for departure.

They looked at each other a moment in silence, he appealingly, she with a cold blankness that seemed to say that not even a look could make her take further notice of him as a living being.

"Have you really been thinking that I wanted to turn you out?" he said with directness.

"I have not been thinking about the matter at all," she answered, turning her head a little aside from his direct gaze. "But I do think so, of course. After all, why should you not wish it?"

"You think me likely to want anything that would part us—that is the way my manner strikes you?" He was surprised to find his voice not absolutely steady.

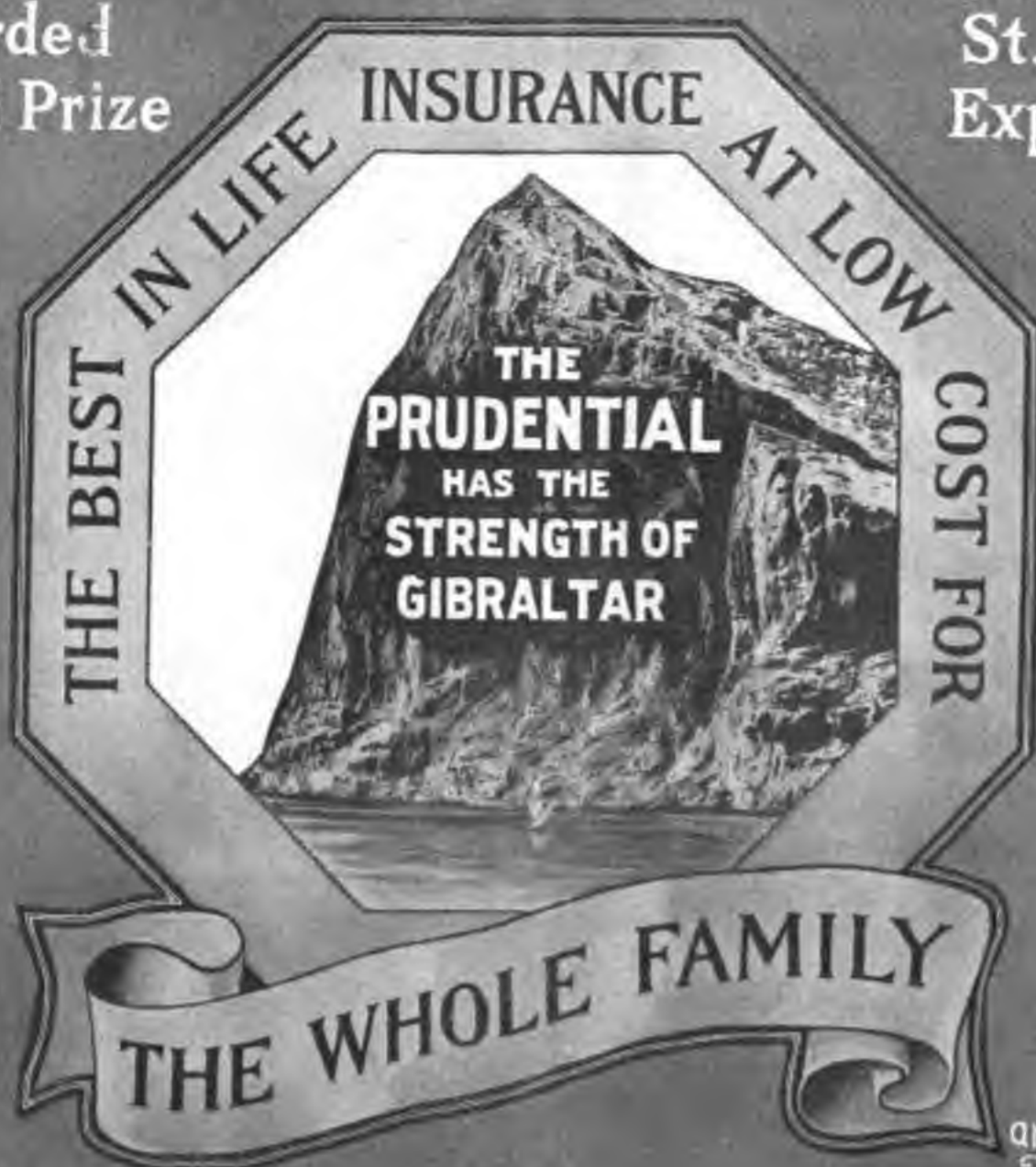
She favored him with a short stare from under her lids. "You seem to forget that I have your own word that you insisted on our going. You may have changed your mind, but I have made mine up." She made a motion as if to pass him and go on toward the library.

"I have changed so completely since I saw you," said Geoffrey, "that I scarcely recognize life in this—this ecstasy. That is the only change. Am I likely to turn you out when I have been waiting all my life for you to come?"

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The publication of these chapters has been forced upon us by the continued demand for the earlier installments of Mr. Lawson's astonishing revelations. These articles were begun in the July (1904) Number of

Everybody's Magazine

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Football West of the Mississippi

By D. B. CROPP, Coach of the University of Colorado

IN considering football west of the Mississippi, Minnesota may be ignored because her work is so widely known and because she belongs more especially to the Middle West; Texas and Arkansas may also be left out because of their comparative isolation. I shall confine myself to the States of Iowa, Missouri, the Dakotas, Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, Utah, and California, within which, with the exception of Leland Stanford, Jr., University, the State universities have developed the maximum of proficiency.

Until very recent years, in this section, no State associations or conference restrictions prevented the use of professionals, eligibility rules and scholarship requirements were things unknown, and a man was valuable in proportion to the number of years he had exceeded the now conventional four-year limit. The management and conduct of teams was wholly in the hands of the student associations, and faculties gave little heed to the players and their connection with the universities. Few of the schools had any sort of coaching or training other than they could receive from the wisest member of the team or some generous member of the faculty who had obtained some light on the game from occasional glances at the team of his Eastern alma mater. In those schools which had a real coach, progress was slow for the reason that the preference generally fell to an Easterner who, in most cases, was wholly unfamiliar with the make-up of the Western individual who presented himself as a candidate for the team, and unsuited to the rushing necessary to progress in this wild West of ours. But whatever may have been the conditions once, and however few the years of our importance in the football world, changes have come thick and fast, and the athletic condition here is most satisfactory, and the quality of football worthy of special mention.

The faculties of the universities have learned that a football team contributes to the success of the institution in proportion to its efficiency. They have in every instance assumed control of the sport, and it now operates upon as satisfactory a basis as is possible for it in any part of the country.

Amateur Status in the Far West

Eligibility rules mean as much here as anywhere, and perhaps more, for the reason that the universities in the main draw their material from their immediate neighborhood, while the great teams of the East draw from the ends of the earth. The result here is that competing schools keep a careful eye upon the candidates for the teams of their opponents from the time they enter preparatory school.

Mention the seriousness with which Eastern universities make their claims of athletic purity and you will provoke a laugh here, and your attention will be called to the many men from big Eastern teams who come out West and play League baseball or the like each summer. Indicative of the manner in which such things are dealt with is the case of one of the leading universities of this section who this year disqualified half her last year's baseball team from further participation in all athletics because they played summer baseball presumably for money, while in the same immediate neighborhood half a dozen members of first and second-rate teams in the East earned their year's expenses on Western baseball teams and returned to the East and played the football season through unquestioned.

Professionalism in any degree is not tolerated, and scholarship requirements are strictly adhered to. The four-year rule applies among all the State universities. Every important university has its head coach and assistants. With the exception of Stanford, where it has succeeded, and California, where its success is less marked, the alumni system of coaching is looked upon with disfavor.

It is a not uncommon thing to see one of these teams play a schedule of ten or more hard games with practically the same eleven men, and the teams will be found to attain a perfection of condition many weeks earlier than in the East. Working upon the principle that right condition eliminates injuries, the coaches set to work at the opening of the season to bring the team into the best possible condition, and then by extreme care to maintain it.

Thus we find Nebraska facing Minnesota on October 20th with a team in such superior physical condition that it overcame a great handicap in weight, and all but defeated what should have been a superior team. That the condition was maintained was shown in her game against Illinois on Thanksgiving Day, where she rolled up 16 points in the last half and won the game.

Yet more marked is the case of Colorado in her game against Nebraska on October 8th. Perhaps to this condition as much as to her playing form, Colorado owes her victory over her heavier opponents and their only shut-out during three years.

Iowa failed to show superior form until in her Thanksgiving Day contest with Minnesota, where every one looked for a score of eighty or more points, and were surprised to find Minnesota, through poor condition, able to make but eleven points, though outweighing the Iowans, on an average, twenty pounds. Kansas is credited with having won from Notre Dame in the last half, when condition enabled her to slaughter her opponents and run up twenty-nine points. Stanford reflected credit upon her veteran trainer, "Dad" Moulton, throughout the season, and on Thanksgiving Day exploded the altitude theory by her game against Colorado played a mile above sea level.

Eastern coaches and trainers look with disfavor upon the custom of early training as employed in the West for the reason that their teams seldom enter more than once each year what to them is an important contest, and that always late in the season. In this country all games are important ones. Our teams are picked much earlier in the West; Eastern schools each year draw heavily upon our material, and the number of veterans each year is smaller. The coach will size up his material, select a squad of fifteen men, and proceed at once to develop a team that will win his game, while the remaining material is turned over to his assistants to be developed for future teams. There is less shifting about of men, and the coaches work upon the theory that the games afford the best schooling for the material. They persist in the use of the same men, and each season sees a few green men converted into varsity stock. Crude as the system may seem, I am of the opinion that it is, after all, the sensible way. The game here is public property. Every one is interested in the teams, regardless of any connection with the schools. The game is less a social event here than in the Middle West, much less than in the East. But in no Eastern or Middle Western game have I seen anything like the extreme enthusiasm exhibited by the students and public in general. Illustration of this can be seen in the crowds of three to five thousand that accompany the team from Nebraska on a five hundred mile trip when a game with Minnesota is to be played. Further illustration of this was manifest before and after the great Stanford-Colorado game in Denver on Thanksgiving Day, when literally thousands of men with no immediate connection with the contesting schools—bankers, merchants, lawyers, etc.—lined up with the students at the Union Station and paraded for miles the streets of Denver, stopping at the different hotels and cheering both teams alike. After the game it is estimated that fully 5,000 people in columns of four followed the losing team to their hotel, a distance of three miles from Broadway Park, the scene of the contest, showing no wavering patriotism.

Worthy of especial mention is the compact between Stanford and Colorado providing a game for Denver each Thanksgiving. This year's game, the first in the series, drew a crowd of 15,000, fully 10,000 more than ever sat at any previous game in Denver, thus proving to the management that any risk can be assumed to bring two great teams together on that day. The proceeds of the Colorado-Stanford game were approximately \$31,000.

Stanford is Champion

Worthy of still further mention is the Colorado-Stanford game for the reason that it made possible the selection of a definite champion of the entire region west of the Mississippi. It brought together champions of the two great sections, and nothing but a tie game could have spoiled the anticipated satisfaction of knowing where the best team was.

Colorado had, in addition to her sweeping victory over Utah, clearly won the championship between the Mississippi and the Rockies, while Stanford had defeated everything on the Coast.

Especially gratifying it was to Stanford to feel that she had won from the team that had administered the only shut-out to the Nebraska team in three years, and that, too, in a year when Nebraska had defeated two important members of the Big Nine, and had lost to Minnesota.

It was equally gratifying to Colorado that with one-third the student body found in any of the seven universities in this reckoning she had lost only to a team that had defeated every important team on the Coast, and had not been scored against.

In comparing the teams in the Mississippi-Pacific territory, Stanford deserves first place. With a team averaging 184 pounds, a line weighing 192 pounds, and a back-field 174 pounds, the team was equal in its perfection to the Yost machine. Stanford defeated California 18-0, and won from Colorado in the contest for championship of the two great divisions, and deserves, in my opinion, equal rating with Michigan, Chicago, and Minnesota.

Colorado in her games with Nebraska and Kansas showed form superior to any of the teams between the Mississippi and the Rockies. Nebraska had defeated Iowa and Kansas, had slaughtered Missouri. Colorado had, perhaps, the lightest team in this division, averaging 168 pounds, and her back-field weighing 157 pounds. The team, with three exceptions, was made up of new men. Its play was not spectacular, and it owed its success to splendid physical condition and consistent and effective team work. In her four interstate games, with Nebraska, Kansas, Utah, and Stanford, Colorado lost but the last game, and in her State schedule played four heavy games in twenty days and averaged thirty-five points in each game. She should rank next to Chicago, Michigan, and Minnesota.

Nebraska, compared with the Big Nine, would have readily defeated all save the three occupying the first positions.

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A Merry Christmas



no hope of wholesome relations between the mechanics and the employers in the building trades of New York City, or wherever similar conditions are found. "In what has been called the golden age of the building business in New York City, not so very long ago," as Mr. STARRETT puts it, "there were understandings in connection with almost every building of importance, especially the buildings for rich owners, whereby the leading employers in each line would divide up the work. These leading employers were generally a small coterie in each trade, and there was plenty to go around. There were no cut prices, everything was easy, and the architects through whom the work had to be secured were made to believe that the only way to get their work done properly was to let it to some one of the 'big four' or the 'big five' or the 'big six,' as the case might be." When an employer "misbehaved" strikes were declared against him, procured by the other employers in the ring, in collusion with the unions, by the help of such delegates as SAM PARKS. The unions caught up the methods of the employers. Practically to close their books of membership was analogous to the formation of the employers' ring. They got the upper hand and the employers repented. That is the situation to-day. New unions have been formed under encouragement from the Employers' Association, and lockouts and strikes are proceeding merrily. If both ends have learned moderation and the danger of conspiracy as a system, the poor old public will be able to bandage some of the bruises inflicted by the bricks from both the opposing forces.

A NEW IMMIGRATION LAW is likely to be enacted at the next long session. Mr. SARGENT, Commissioner of Immigration, believes that a stringent provision for knowing the past of every alien is a necessity, and he favors passport requirements as strict as those enforced by some European nations. Objectionable attributes brought by immigrants are crime, disease, ignorance, and pauperism. The last is provided against moderately well at present. An education clause would be desirable in a new law, but there will be opposition to it. Mr. SARGENT thinks that two serious contagious diseases, one of the eyes and one of the scalp, are likely to become prevalent in the United States if we do not extend and improve our

IMMIGRATION
AND CONGRESS

system of medical supervision in foreign ports. When the immigrant reaches this country, after a week or two of spreading contagion over a ship, it is too late.

So with crime, the remedy should be applied in Europe or Asia, not in America, where very little information can be secured. Foreign police departments give much attention to sending their most dangerous criminals to America. Steamship companies enter into the most disgraceful agreements to increase their steerage traffic. The United States is a hospitable refuge, but it should hardly be a penal settlement or an asylum for the diseased. Congress could well spare some time from its usual interchange of private interests to protect the country from a rapidly increasing menace of deterioration. While occupied with the subject, it should take any possible steps to facilitate distribution instead of congestion of those immigrants who are allowed to enter.

THE MODERATION OF LAWSON, his sincerity and reserve, the pure conscientiousness of his nature, his desire to help the public and not himself, would arouse the ethical enthusiasm of the hardest cynic. He is like WORDSWORTH's violet by a mossy stone, half hidden from the eye. He is a primrose. His modesty, as FIELDING expressed it, is a candle to his merit. He and ANANIAS are far from kin. Truth is his, in all its candor. He is honest as a sunbeam. His heart beats with the virgin earnestness of a girl. Hear the tones of reverence, even worship, in which he once was wont to write to H. H. ROGERS. It was a trifle more than a year ago, and he had just heard that ROGERS was not going

LAWSON

to let him be "ground up." LAWSON writes: "If I was on my dying bed and had never done any good act in my life, my entire life, but one, and that one making a fellow-being feel as I feel now, I would die happy—I know you will say it is only business, but I don't care what it is or may be to you, I only know that I have been in such misery of mind and you have turned it to happiness. Please don't lay this foolishness up against me, I can't help it. As a boy I was brought up by a good, sweet mother, and she taught me early to thank God when I was happy, so while I'm doing it please let me ask Him to bless you for just the happiness I have now. Yours with a full appreciation of his littleness and your great bigness.—LAWSON." Readers of "Fren-

zied Finance" will find here the same chaste style that wins our trust in Mr. LAWSON's present lucubrations, whether delivered in telegrams on the market, in periodicals, or in bellicose communications to Colonel GREENE. The only harm that Mr. LAWSON's pipe dreams do is that they bring discredit on some of the more literal and exact revelations about corruption that have been creating the demand for inside information, the demand of which Mr. LAWSON took such prompt advantage to create a corner in the limelight.

THE SENATE ALREADY REPRESENTS dollars to an extent sufficient to satisfy most of us. The boss of it is the able father-in-law of Mr. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, Jr. Most of its leaders represent great business interests rather than the whole people of a State. Now comes the absolute boss of New York, and decides that Mr. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW is not subservient enough to him, and that his reign would be easier if his man at Washington were FRANK BLACK, former Governor, who boasted that he had "taken the starch out of civil service reform"; who appointed LOU PAYN and GEORGE W. ALDRICH, two of the most notorious officials New York has known in a long time. Mr. BLACK is faithful to his past. In Washington he would be a "business" Senator with a vengeance. He would make people remember Dr. DEPEW as the finest brand of angel. The people don't want him. They would like some really big man, like Mr. ROOT, but, of course, they have nothing to say about it. The Legislature has nothing to say about it. Boss ODELL knows what the needs of his business are at Washington. If by any happy chance the BLACK scheme should fail it would not be on account of the shrieking of the people or the legislators.

HOW WE ARE
GOVERNED

OUR ESTEEMED CONTEMPORARY, the Portsmouth "Chronicle," gives us a pleasure which we imbibe without interruption from contemplating the world in general. It is a human trait to expect extremes and be dissatisfied with anything short of the superlative, and the "Gazette" now recalls with amazement the words in which we spoke last April of the acknowledgment generally made throughout the world that Japan probably surpassed all other nations in her management of modern naval engines of destruction. There is just now a reaction against Japan, because she has not accomplished all that she expected, and especially all that the prophetic writers of editorials had mapped out for her. It is nothing that the Japanese have put out of business more battleships than they had in their own fleet, besides four armored cruisers, seven protected cruisers, a dozen or so of unprotected cruisers, gunboats and despatch boats, twelve torpedo boats, and two dozen torpedo-boat destroyers. They have done all this while carrying out the necessary plan of keeping their own fleet practically intact. They can now welcome the Baltic ships with the same vessels which have already given so dramatic a quietus to the Russian Eastern fleet. Because the Japanese have not done everything is a childish reason for withholding the admiration due to the startling proficiency they have shown in every branch of naval service.

EXPECTING
THE EARTH

THAT ART FOLLOWS POWER is one of the sayings frequently indulged in by historians, and probably true, as such generalizations go. America now has the power, both military and commercial. She focuses the interest of the world. Her prestige has increased many fold since the Spanish War. In some branches of art we have taken a respectable place already—in architecture, in short-story writing, and in landscape painting. A recent exhibition in New York, which many people believe the best ever held there, produced a general conviction that LA FARGE, INNESS, WINSLOW HOMER, GEORGE FULLER, HOMER MARTIN, BLAKELOCK, RANGER, and half a dozen other Americans could bear comparison with the greatest painters of the last hundred years in Great Britain and France. We devoutly trust that the important selection about to be made by Mr. J. PIERPONT MORGAN and his associates of a curator for the Metropolitan Museum will encourage and not retard our growth in art. Mr. ROBINSON of Boston would be welcomed enthusiastically, but there is a fear that he might not accept. Certain popular individuals, in no way equipped for the position, are being "boomed." Whether there is any real danger of a stupid, good-humored selection we do not know. Failing the right American, it would be much better to go abroad than to make an unsuitable choice from mistaken patriotism.

ART AND
POWER

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Mrs. Chadwick and members of her family in the park of her Cleveland home: The boys in the east are Mrs. Chadwick's nephews, sons of Mrs. Daniel Pine, her sister; the young woman on horseback is Mary Chadwick, the daughter of Dr. Leroy S. Chadwick; Mrs. Chadwick sits in the phaeton, and Emil Hoover, her son, reclines in the automobile

The Strange Case of Mrs. Chadwick

The Story of a Woman who Borrowed a Million Dollars without Security, Duped Business Men for Years, and Caused the Failure of a National Bank

IN one of the comic operas now playing in New York the leading lady enters a stockbroker's office and asks the broker for a large sum of money.

"But you must give me some security," says he. "Security?" she sighs. "Oh, dear! Well—give me a pencil." Whereupon she scribbles rapidly across a sheet of paper and reads the result aloud: "I promise to pay you \$5,000,000—Andrew Carnegie."

"Are you sure this is genuine?" asks the broker. "Of course I am," replies the leading lady, with a little hauteur. "Didn't you see me write it?" And the broker humbly counts out the money.

Mrs. Cassie Chadwick of Cleveland, Ohio, also presents securities. She also offers a note bearing the name "Andrew Carnegie," and promising to pay several millions of dollars. When a banker suggests that one might possibly examine her securities, she looks injured. "Would you doubt me?" The veteran banker would not for a moment. He accepts the securities and locks them up in his vaults, giving his receipt, which assures whomsoever she may show it to afterward that the securities are worth \$5,000,000. To another banker she presents equally tangible signs of financial stability, and he promptly turns over enough money to wreck his bank. These transactions she engages in successfully, not with one or two, but many men; not in one audacious coup, but quietly, calmly, through periods covering many years. The money Mrs. Chadwick got was not stage money; the men she duped were real and hard-headed men. The bank she wrecked, the old banker she ruined, the depositors she fleeced, the hundreds of thousands of dollars she got away with, all are real. It all sounds so impossible that it seems as though this too must be a joke. It may have its comic side, but it certainly isn't comic opera.

Until the now notorious Mrs. Chadwick is tried on some of the several indictments under which she is held, it will be impossible to estimate with any exactitude the total amount of money that she "got away with." The precise figures will never be known. Probably Mrs. Chadwick does not know them herself. As this is being written, reports and rumors of new or long-forgotten victims, of amounts that were loaned to her, of banks or individuals that suspected her and escaped, or admit rather blushing that they were taken in, appear each morning in the daily press. Roughly added up, the claims filed against her, and the amounts mentioned by victims in various places, reach somewhere in the neighborhood of a million dollars. The alleged securities with which this money was obtained, and which is now believed to be worth absolutely nothing, had a paper value of something like \$15,000,000. The largest sums which Mrs. Chadwick is now known to have obtained were the loans she got from the Citizens National Bank of Oberlin, Ohio, and from Herbert D. Newton of Brookline, Massachusetts. From the Citizens National, which was obliged to close its doors because of it, she obtained \$240,000, about four times the bank's capital. From old President Beckwith and Cashier Spear, personally, she secured \$102,000. Mr. Newton gave her slightly less than \$200,000. Other large sums were: From the American Exchange National Bank of Cleveland, Ohio, \$20,000; from the Euclid Avenue Savings and Trust Company of Cleveland, \$15,000; from the Savings Deposit Bank of Elyria, Ohio, \$10,000. These sums of money Mrs. Chadwick obtained either on her personal note or on alleged securities worth, the authorities now declare, absolutely nothing.

This extraordinary performance was accomplished by a woman fifty years old, with neither physical beauty nor personal charm; by one whose taste in dress is totally lacking in discernment, who is rather deaf and harsh-voiced, and who, when at all excited, speaks without regard to grammar. There is no romance in the Chadwick case. The doctor's wife was not playing for any big and glittering stake; buying her way into palaces or corrupting prime ministers. All that she wanted the money for, apparently, was to fill her house in Cleveland with a conglomerate hodge-podge of stuff until it looked like an auction room, to make, as the story goes, such eccentric presents as that of half a dozen grand pianos to some of her friends; in short, to "blow in" her wealth in whatever way whim and bad taste might suggest. On the other side, the side of the men who have been fleeced, the story is equally lustreless and sordid. That they acted in good faith is not doubted. They believed the woman's story of her dealings with a well-known millionaire; and in not revealing until the last why they had been induced to confide in Mrs. Chadwick, they were brave and faithful. But for all that, the motive at the bottom of their dealings and of others' dealings with the woman was greed pure and simple. It was because they thought they were going to get big profits personally as the ultimate result of assisting Mrs. Chadwick—that she was, in the vernacular, "a good thing"—that they risked such sums of money with her. They have had hard luck, indeed, but it is also true that they were trying to drive a hard bargain. It was that bourgeois confidence in wealth and commercial respectability—the very same emotion that causes some petty shopkeeper to bow and smile and run his legs off for a woman customer who whirls up to his door in a smart brougham—that blinded the judgments of these bankers and business men. Mrs. Chadwick showed Carnegie notes and talked in terms of six figures, and they believed. Had she tried to borrow money by the thousand, instead of by the hundred thousand, she might

very well have not succeeded. In all the recent and rapidly shifting scenes since the woman's arrest, there is only about one appealing figure—that is Mrs. Chadwick's Swedish maid, Freda. Faithful as a dog, cheerful and reliant as any man could be, wherever she has appeared she has brought into a sorry picture something of the crisp freshness of that north country she left behind her only a little while ago. When Mrs. Chadwick was arrested and haled before the United States Commissioner in New York, while crowds were following her, reporters bounding her, flashlight photographers scaring her out of her wits, and she was alternately weeping and moaning and rasping out ungrammatical denials of her guilt, it was this girl who stood by her and nursed and comforted her. And when she fainted, the girl picked her up in her arms and carried her like a child through the crowd of men who were gaping at her. In the dingy room in the Post-Office, where Mrs. Chadwick spent a good part of a wretched day and night, the girl looked up, in the midst of the woman's wailings and the questions and badgering of lawyers and reporters, at the lithograph of a steamship on the wall. Her face brightened: "It looks like the boat I came over in," said Freda.

"I wish we were on it now," remarked Mrs. Chadwick.

As to the methods which the woman directly employed in obtaining money, her dealings with the Citizens National Bank of Oberlin, the Wade Park Bank of Cleveland, and Herbert B. Newton of Brookline, through which she got over half a million dollars, are sufficiently explanatory. While living in her Euclid Avenue home, apparently a woman of wealth, whose social position was secure, Mrs. Chadwick went to Ira Reynolds, the secretary-treasurer of the Wade Park Bank. She had passed between \$400,000 and \$500,000



ANDREW CARNEGIE

The name "Andrew Carnegie" was signed to several of the notes upon which Mrs. Chadwick obtained her enormous loans. One of these was for \$5,000,000. Mr. Carnegie declared these forgeries



"MADAME DE VERE"

"Madame De Vere" was convicted of forgery in Toledo in 1890, and sentenced to a term in the penitentiary. She was a clairvoyant at that time, and reputed to have a "hypnotic eye."



C. T. BECKWITH

Beckwith was president of the wrecked Citizens National Bank of Oberlin. He lent some \$350,000 to Mrs. Chadwick on the security of two "Carnegie" notes having a face value of \$750,000.

\$250,000, and from C. T. Beckwith, its president, and A. B. Spear, its cashier, personally, some \$102,000 more. As security she gave them two notes signed, as it has since appeared, bearing the name of Andrew Carnegie, and having a paper value of \$750,000. How the aged president of the little bank felt about revealing the name of the alleged signer of these notes, until he was compelled to by the courts, is indicated by his declaration: "If I lose home, honor, reputation, every thing, I must still keep this locked in my own breast until I am released from the oath I took."

The Way Beckwith Was Fooled

In his confession later Beckwith said: "Mrs. Chadwick told me, as I believed then, in the strictest confidence, that she was the illegitimate daughter of Andrew Carnegie, and that he turned over an immense fortune to her. I believed all along that she told the truth, and for that reason I was so confident that the debts would be settled." Beckwith further confessed that Mrs. Chadwick had made a promise to him that he (Beckwith) would be made trustee of the \$5,000,000 fund which she claimed, and which he then believed consisted of good securities, and in the possession of Ira Reynolds. The directors of the Oberlin bank were not informed of the loans made to Mrs. Chadwick. The old president and his secretary were arrested on the night of December 4, charged with violating the banking laws, and they must stand trial along with the woman who duped them. The methods which Mrs. Chadwick used in these cases were similarly tried in other cities, and against other persons, with occasional success. Her propositions generally promised large rewards to those who would help her out with funds. Many rumors have circulated about her dealings in Pittsburgh. One bank, at least, in that city, requested her to withdraw an account which she had started there.

Mr. Carnegie's emphatic denial that he ever signed the so-called "Carnegie notes" of Mrs. Chadwick, backed up by his statement that he had not issued a note for many years, was accepted by the authorities as convincing proof of their fraudulent character. The papers which were held in trust by Ira Reynolds were found, when examined, to consist of three packages, each under seal. Package No. 1 contained a note payable to C. H. Chadwick, dated May 20, 1902, in the sum of \$5,000,000, due fifteen months after date, and signed "Andrew Carnegie"; also a trust agreement, dated February 27, 1901, and signed "Andrew Carnegie," purporting to be a receipt for securities valued in excess of \$13,000,000, delivered to Mr. Carnegie by F. R. Macon (deceased), Mrs. Chadwick's uncle. Package No. 2 contained a duplicate copy of the trust agreement. Package No. 3 contained a note for \$1,800, executed by Emily and Daniel Pine, payable to Cassie L. Chadwick, and a mortgage to secure the same. Mr.



IRA REYNOLDS

Reynolds is the treasurer of the Wade Park Banking Company of Cleveland. He gave Mrs. Chadwick the receipt for the \$5,000,000 package of "securities" without an examination of its contents.

through the Wade Park Bank before that, Reynolds says, and he had perfect confidence in her. She brought a bundle of alleged securities worth, she said, \$5,000,000, and showed also a \$500,000 note bearing the name of Andrew Carnegie. The securities were afterward shown to have a paper value of about \$13,000,000. She wanted Reynolds to keep the securities for her, and she had a list of them which she asked him to sign by way of a receipt. When he hesitated, she exclaimed with an air of injured innocence, "Perhaps you wish to examine them to verify my word, Mr. Reynolds?" He assured her that he did not doubt her word, and she departed, carrying Reynolds' paper attesting to the fact that he held in trust for her the \$5,000,000 worth of stocks and bonds. Reynolds was led to believe in the genuineness of the whole transaction, because the woman had already told him, he says, that she was Andrew Carnegie's illegitimate daughter.

In a recent interview he thus described the transaction: "It was Mrs. Chadwick who handed me a rough draft of the attests written in pencil, and requested me to write it out in ink and sign my name to it. I was so thoroughly satisfied that she had told the truth concerning her birth that not for a moment did I distrust her, when I mechanically copied it in ink and handed it to her. What is more, I made a copy of the attest for Dr. Chadwick, who said he wanted it in the event that anything happened to Mrs. Chadwick while he was in Europe. If she died, he said, then he would have something which would designate just what her securities were. He wanted to protect himself, he said, and I gave up the attest. Dr. Chadwick must have known about the Carnegie story, although he never discussed it with me. He saw the \$500,000 note signed by Carnegie's name. He handed it to me. He either knew his wife's terrible secret or he was fearfully duped."

A Clergyman Helps

With the worthless securities once accepted as genuine, and the eminently respectable name of Ira Reynolds attesting to that fact, the rest was easier. Through the Rev. Charles A. Eaton, pastor of the Euclid Avenue Baptist Church of Cleveland, Mrs. Chadwick obtained an introduction to John E. Eaton of Boston, a member of the law firm of Eaton, McKnight & Carver. She represented to Mr. Eaton that she was a rich woman temporarily embarrassed, and that she preferred to go outside of Cleveland for assistance. Mr. Eaton introduced the woman to Mr. Newton, his client. She showed him the \$500,000 Carnegie note and the signature of Ira Reynolds attesting to the \$5,000,000 worth of securities. "We communicated with the Rev. Dr. Eaton," says Mr. Newton, "and he confirmed the signature of Ira Reynolds. The signature on the \$500,000 Carnegie note was never verified beyond Mrs. Chadwick's own statements. The Rev. Dr. Eaton, in verifying the signature of Ira Reynolds, spoke in the highest terms of the character and business standing of Mr. Reynolds. Later Mr. Reynolds personally acknowledged his signature on the certificate of securities. Dr. Chadwick was also reported to be a man belonging to a fine old Cleveland family, a prominent Cleveland physician, and a man of large means. Upon these representations I decided to help Mrs. Chadwick, and agreed to let her have \$14,000. I paid the money to John E. Eaton, and he gave Mrs. Chadwick his check. After this first loan I negotiated with Mrs. Chadwick myself, and made the loans under which she became so heavily indebted to me." It was Mr. Newton who became the immediate cause of the collapse of the Chadwick bubble, when he brought suit to recover his \$192,500.

The depositors of the Citizens National Bank of Oberlin, learning that the bank had loaned heavily to Mrs. Chadwick, began a run on that institution, and on November 29 it was compelled to close its doors. The bank was founded in 1868, had a capital stock of \$60,000, loans aggregating \$343,000, and deposits of about \$475,000. From this bank Mrs. Chadwick had obtained



MRS. CHADWICK UNDER ARREST

Scene in a corridor of the Federal Building in New York City; Mrs. Chadwick in charge of a United States Marshal on her way to be arraigned.

Carnegie not only denied that the notes were genuine, but declared that he had never seen Mrs. Chadwick nor heard of her until the exposure of her operations.

The identification of Mrs. Chadwick as Madame De Vere, by a number of persons who knew Madame De Vere when she was in the penitentiary, adds an entirely new chapter to Mrs. Chadwick's story. Madame De Vere was arrested in Toledo on January 15, 1890, on the charge of forgery, while she was doing business there as a clairvoyant. She and one Joseph Lamb, an express messenger, were indicted on the charge of forging a note for \$5,000, purporting to be drawn in favor of one Florinda G. Blythe, and signed by Richard Brown, which was passed on the First National Bank of Toledo. Lamb was acquitted, but Madame De Vere was sentenced to nine and one-half years in prison. At the end of three and one-half years she was released on parole by William McKinley, then Governor. It appeared at the time that the woman had originally been

Elizabeth M. Bigley of Eastwood, Ontario. Her family knew her as Lylie. While a young girl, she was tried on the charge of forgery, but was acquitted on the ground that at the time she had been temporarily insane. She had since been known under many aliases. She first appeared in Cleveland in 1882, and married there in that year Dr. W. S. Springsteen. The marriage took place, according to Mrs. Alice M. York of 1031 Geary Street, San Francisco, who claims to be Mrs. Chadwick's sister, at Mrs. York's house in Cleveland. Mrs. York is among those who declare that Madame De Vere and Mrs. Chadwick are the same. Shortly after the wedding the bride's personal property was attached, and the husband, after examining into her immediate past, divorced her. It was after this that she became known as Madame De Vere, clairvoyant, and was supposed to possess a hypnotic eye. She obtained money from many persons, but the express messenger, Lamb, was the most docile of her victims. He had a wife and family, but the De Vere woman compelled him to wreck his little fortune entirely for her. The unlucky Lamb is long ago dead and gone. After being released from prison Madame De Vere traveled, it is said, for a millinery house, and eventually became known as Mrs. Hoover. It is denied by those familiar with her story that she ever married any one of the name of Hoover. It is explained that she boarded with a woman of that name, and afterward assumed it as a convenient alias. After a period in which her movements are not easily followed she met Dr. Leroy S. Chadwick. He was ill at the time, and she suggested, it is said, massage. It benefited him. He felt grateful, became friendly with "Mrs. Hoover," and afterward married her. Just how much Chadwick knew of her past has not appeared. He is now abroad, and shows no desire to return. It is said that Mrs. Chadwick settled some \$2,000,000 upon him two years ago. Once the doctor's wife, and living in comparative luxury on Euclid Avenue, the Chadwick woman's position seemed secure.

Mrs. Chadwick's Eccentricities

The woman's life since then, until the Cleveland newspapers began to hint that she might be Madame De Vere, and Newton of Brookline brought his suit, was, on the surface at least, conventional enough, except when punctuated by some of her occasional eccentricities. Last year, the story goes, she brought a whole car of her friends down to New York to see "Parsifal." Several years ago, it is said, she took a party of young women to Europe, and, when they had returned, presented to each an expensive miniature of herself. She was forever buying absurd amounts of furniture, laces, and jewels. In New York, for some time before her arrest, she occupied a suite of rooms at the Holland House. She was then regarded by the management as a desirable guest.

Mrs. Chadwick was arrested by the Federal authorities on December 8, at the Hotel Breslin, in New York, after having flitted from one hotel to another for several days. She was unable to obtain bail and went to the Tombs. After several days of uncertainty she waived examination in the Federal Court, and was taken to Cleveland, where the United States Grand Jury had returned seven indictments against her, alleging conspiracy, aiding and abetting, and other offences. The same jury charged Beckwith and Spear with misappropriating the funds of a national bank. On December 17 Mrs. Chadwick pleaded not guilty to every charge brought against her, declined to give bail, and was remanded to jail to await trial. She has engaged powerful counsel to defend her—counsel that would not take up such a case without a definite arrangement for a commensurate reward. Mrs. Chadwick evidently, therefore, has money. But those who are most familiar with her case believe that there is something more than this behind it—the woman seems to be too confident that she has "something up her sleeve" really to have played as yet her trump card. It seems as though the story—the real story—were yet to be told.

The RETURN of SHERLOCK HOLMES

By A. CONAN DOYLE

Illustrated by Frederic Dorr Steele

THE ADVENTURE OF THE ABBEY GRANGE

This is the twelfth story of the new Sherlock Holmes series, which began in September, 1903. The preceding adventures were those of *The Empty House*, *The Norwood Builder*, *The Dancing Men*, *The Solitary Cyclist*, *The Priory School*, *Black Peter*, *Charles Augustus Milverton*, *The Six Napoleons*, *The Three Students*, *The Golden Pince-Nez*, and *The Missing Three-Quarter*. The last story of the series, "The Adventure of the Second Stain," and, according to the determination of Sir Conan Doyle, the last Sherlock Holmes story ever to be written by him, will be published in the *Household* Number for February, dated January 28.



IT was on a bitterly cold and frosty morning toward the end of the winter of '97 that I was awakened by a tugging at my shoulder. It was Holmes. The candle in his hand shone upon his eager, stooping face, and told me at a glance that something was amiss.

"Come, Watson, come!" he cried. "The game is afoot. Not a word! Into your clothes and come!"

Ten minutes later we were both in a cab and rattling through the silent streets on our way to Charing Cross Station. The first faint winter's dawn was beginning to appear, and we could dimly see the occasional figure of an early workman as he passed us, blurred

and indistinct in the opalescent London reek. Holmes nestled in silence into his heavy coat, and I was glad to do the same, for the air was most bitter, and neither of us had broken his fast. It was not until we had consumed some hot tea at the station, and taken our places in the Kentish train, that we were sufficiently thawed, he to speak and I to listen. Holmes drew a note from his pocket and read it aloud:

"MY DEAR MR. HOLMES—I should be very glad of your immediate assistance in what promises to be a most remarkable case. It is something quite in your line. Except for releasing the lady I will see that everything is kept exactly as I have found it, but I beg you not to lose an instant, as it is difficult to leave Sir Eustace there. Yours faithfully, 'SEANLEE HOPKINS.'"

"Hopkins has called me in several times, and on each occasion his summons has been entirely justified," said Holmes. "I fancy that every one of his cases has found its way into your collection, and I must admit, Watson, that you have some power of selection which atones for much which I deplore in your narratives. Your fatal habit of looking at everything from the point of view of a story instead of as a scientific exercise has ruined what might have been an instructive, and even classical, series of demonstrations. You slur over work of the utmost finesse and delicacy, in order to dwell upon sensational details which may excite but can not possibly instruct the reader."

"Why do you not write them yourself?" I said, with some bitterness.

"I will, my dear Watson, I will. At present I am, as you know, fairly busy, but I propose to devote my declining years to the composition of a text-book which shall focus the whole art of detection into one volume. Our present research appears to be a case of murder."

"You think this Sir Eustace is dead, then?"

"I should say so. Hopkins's writing shows considerable agitation, and he is not an emotional man. Yes, I gather there has been violence, and that the body is left for our inspection. A mere suicide would not have caused him to send for me. As to the release of the lady, it would appear that she has been locked in her room during the tragedy. We are moving in high life, Watson; crackling paper, 'E. B.' monogram, coat-of-arms, picturesque address. I think that friend Hopkins will live up to his reputation, and that we shall have an interesting morning. The crime was committed before 12 last night."

"How can you possibly tell?"

"By an inspection of the trains, and by reckoning the time. The local police had to be called in, they had to communicate with Scotland Yard, Hopkins had to go out, and he in turn had to send for me. All that makes a fair night's work. Well, here we are at Chislehurst Station, and we shall soon set our doubts at rest."

A drive of a couple of miles through narrow country lanes brought us to a park gate, which was opened for us by an old lodge-keeper whose haggard face bore the reflection of some great disaster. The avenue ran through a noble park, between lines of ancient elms, and ended in a low, widespread house,

pillared in front after the fashion of Palladio. The central part was evidently of a great age and shrouded in ivy, but the large windows showed that modern changes had been carried out, and one wing of the house appeared to be entirely new. The youthful figure and alert, eager face of Inspector Stanley Hopkins confronted us in the open doorway.

"I'm very glad you have come, Mr. Holmes. And you, too, Dr. Watson! But, indeed, if I had my time over again I should not have troubled you, for since the lady has come to herself she has given so clear an account of the affair that there is not much left for us to do. You remember that Lewisham gang of burglars?"

"What, the three Randalls?"

"Exactly, the father and two sons. It's their work. I have not a doubt of it. They did a job at Sydenham a fortnight ago, and were seen and described. Rather cool to do another so soon, and so near, but it is they beyond all doubt. It's a hanging matter this time."

"Sir Eustace is dead then?"

"Yes, his head was knocked in with his own poker."

"Sir Eustace Brackenstall, the driver tells me."

"Exactly, one of the richest men in Kent. Lady Brackenstall is in the morning-room. Poor lady, she has had a most dreadful experience. She seemed half dead when I saw her first. I think you had best see her, and hear her account of the facts. Then we shall examine the dining-room together."

Lady Brackenstall was no ordinary person. Seldom have I seen so graceful a figure, so womanly a presence, and so beautiful a face. She was a blonde, golden-haired, blue-eyed, and would, no doubt, have had the perfect complexion which goes with such coloring had not her recent experience left her drawn and haggard. Her sufferings were physical as well as mental, for over one eye rose a hideous, plum-covered swelling, which her maid, a tall, austere woman, was bathing assiduously with vinegar and water. The lady lay back exhausted upon a couch, but her quick, observant gaze, as we entered the room, and the alert expression of her beautiful features, showed that neither her will nor her courage had been shaken by her terrible experience. She was enveloped in a loose dressing-gown of blue and silver, but a black sequin-covered dinner dress was hung upon the couch beside her.

"I have told you all that happened, Mr. Hopkins,"

she said wearily; "could you not repeat it for me? Well, if you think it necessary I will tell these gentlemen what occurred. Have they been in the dining-room yet?"

"I thought they had better hear your ladyship's story first."

"I shall be glad when you can arrange matters. It is horrible to me to think of him still lying there." She shuddered, and buried her face for a moment in her hands. As she did so the loose gown fell back from her forearms. Holmes uttered an exclamation. "You have other injuries, madam! What is this?" Two vivid red spots stood out on one of the white round limbs. She hastily covered it.

"It is nothing. It has no connection with this hideous business to-night. If you and your friend will sit down I will tell you all I can."

"I am the wife of Sir Eustace Brackenstall. I have been married about a year. I suppose that it is no use my attempting to conceal that our marriage has not been a happy one. I fear that all our neighbors would tell you that, even if I were to attempt to deny it. Perhaps the fault may be partly mine. I was brought up in the freer, less conventional atmosphere of South Australia, and this English life, with its proprieties and its primness, is not congenial to me. But the main reason lies in the one fact, which is notorious to every one, and that is that Sir Eustace was a confirmed drunkard. To be with such a man for an hour is unpleasant. Can you imagine what it means for a sensitive and high-spirited woman to be tied to him for day and night? It is a sacrilege, a crime, a villany, to hold that such a marriage is binding. I say that these monstrous laws of yours will bring a curse upon the land; God will not let such wickedness endure." For an instant she



The lady lay back exhausted upon a couch enveloped in a loose dressing-gown of blue and silver

sat up, her cheeks flushed, and her eyes blazing from under the terrible mark upon her brow. Then the strong, soothing hand of the austere maid drew her head down on to the cushion, and the wild anger died away into passionate sobbing. At last she continued:

"I will tell you about last night. You are aware, perhaps, that in this house all servants sleep in the modern wing. This central block is made up of the dwelling-rooms, with the kitchen behind, and our bedroom above. My maid, Theresa, sleeps above my room. There is no one else, and no sound could alarm those who are in the further wing. This must have been well known to the robbers, or they would not have acted as they did."

"Sir Eustace retired about half-past ten. The servants had already gone to their quarters. Only my maid was up, and she had remained in her room at the top of the house until I needed her services. I sat until after eleven in this room absorbed in a book. Then I walked round to see that all was right before I went upstairs. It was my custom to do this myself, for, as I have explained, Sir Eustace was not always to be trusted. I went into the kitchen, the butler's pantry, the gun-room, the billiard-room, the drawing-room, and finally the dining-room. As I approached the window, which is covered with thick curtains, I suddenly felt the wind blow upon my face, and realized that it was open. I flung the curtain aside and found myself face to face with a broad-shouldered, elderly man, who had just stepped into the room. The window is a long French one, which really forms a door leading to the lawn. I held my bedroom candle lighted in my hand, and, by its light, behind the first man I saw two others, who were in the act of entering. I stepped back, but the fellow was on me in an instant. He caught me first by the wrist and then by the throat. I opened my mouth to scream, but he struck me a savage blow with his fist over the eye and felled me to the ground. I must have been unconscious for a few minutes, for when I came to myself I found that they had torn down the bell-rope and had secured me tightly to the oaken chair which stands at the head of the dining-room table. I was so firmly bound that I could not move, and a handkerchief round my mouth prevented me from uttering any sound. It was at this instant that my unfortunate husband entered the room. He had evidently heard some suspicious sounds, and he came prepared for such a scene as he found. He was dressed in his shirt and trousers, with his favorite blackthorn cudgel in his hand. He rushed at one of the burglars, but another—it was the elderly man—stooped, picked the poker out of the grate, and struck him a horrible blow as he passed. He fell without a groan, and never moved again. I fainted once more, but again it could only have been for a very few minutes, during which I was insensible. When I opened my eyes I found that they had collected the silver from the sideboard, and they had drawn a bottle of wine which stood there. Each of them had a glass in his hand. I have already told you, have I not, that one was elderly, with a beard, and the others young, hairless lads? They might have been a father, with his two sons. They talked together in whispers. Then they came over and made sure that I was still securely bound. Finally, they withdrew, closing the window after them. It was quite a quarter of an hour before I got my mouth free. When I did so my screams brought the maid to my assistance. The other servants were soon alarmed, and we sent for the local police, who instantly communicated with London. That is really all that I can tell you, gentlemen, and I trust that it will not be necessary for me to go over so painful a story again."

"Any questions, Mr. Holmes?" asked Hopkins.

"I will not impose any further tax upon Lady Brackenstall's patience and time," said Holmes. "Before I go into the dining-room I should be glad to hear your experience." He looked at the maid.

"I saw the men before they came into the house," said she. "As I sat by my bedroom window I saw three men in the moonlight down by the lodge gate yonder, but I thought nothing of it at the time. It was more than an hour after that I heard my mistress scream, and down I ran to find her, poor lamb, just as she says, and him on the floor with his blood and brains (yet the room). It was enough to drive a woman out of her wits, tied there, and her very dress spotted with him; but she never wanted courage, did Miss Mary Fraser of Adelaide, and Lady Brackenstall of Abbey Grange hasn't learned new ways. You've questioned her long enough, you gentlemen, and now she is coming to her own room, just with her old Theresa, to get the rest that she badly needs." With a motherly tenderness the gaunt woman put her arm round her mistress and led her from the room.

"She has been with her all her life," said Hopkins, "nursed her as a baby, and came with her to England when they first left Australia eighteen months ago. Theresa Wright is her name, and the kind of maid you don't pick up nowadays. This way, Mr. Holmes, if you please!"

The keen interest had passed out of Holmes's expressive face, and I knew that with the mystery all the charm of the case had departed. There still remained an arrest to be effected, but what were these commonplace rogues that he should soil his hands with them? An altrouge and learned specialist who finds that he has been called in for a case of measles would experience something of the annoyance which I read in my friend's eyes. Yet the scene in the dining-room of the Abbey Grange was sufficiently strange to arrest his attention and to recall his waning interest.

It was a very large and high chamber, with carved oak ceiling, oaken paneling, and a fine array of deer heads and ancient weapons around the walls. At the

further end from the door was the high French window of which we had heard. Three smaller windows on the right-hand side filled the apartment with cold winter sunshine. On the left was a large, deep fireplace, with a massive overhanging oak mantelpiece. Beside the fireplace was a heavy oaken chair, with arms and cross-bars at the bottom. In and out through the open woodwork was woven a crimson cord, which was secured at each side to the cross-piece below. In releasing the lady the cord had been slipped off her, but the knots with which it had been secured still remained. These details only struck our attention afterward, for our thoughts were entirely absorbed by the terrible object which lay spread upon the tiger-skin hearthrug in front of the fire.

It was the body of a tall, well-made man, about forty years of age. He lay upon his back, his face



Sherlock Holmes examines the glasses

upturned, with his white teeth grinning through his short black beard. His two clenched hands were raised above his head, and a heavy blackthorn stick lay across them. His dark, handsome, aquiline features were convulsed into a spasm of vindictive hatred, which had set his dead face in a terribly fiendish expression. He had evidently been in his bed when the alarm had broken out, for he wore a foppish, embroidered night-shirt, and his bare feet projected from his trousers. His head was horribly injured, and the whole room bore witness to the savage ferocity of the blow which had struck him down. Beside him lay the heavy poker, bent into a curve by the concussion. Holmes examined both it and the indescribable wreck which it had wrought.

"He must be a powerful man, this elder Randall," he remarked.

"Yes," said Hopkins. "I have some record of the fellow, and he is a rough customer."

"You should have no difficulty in getting him."

"Not the slightest. We have been on the look-out for him, and there was some idea that he had got away to America. Now that we know the gang are here, I don't see how they can escape. We have the news at every seaport already, and a reward will be offered before evening. What beats me is how they could have done so mad a thing, knowing that the lady could describe them, and that we could not fail to recognize the description."

"Exactly. One would have expected that they would have silenced Lady Brackenstall as well."

"They may not have realized," I suggested, "that she had recovered from her faint."

"That is likely enough. If she seemed to be senseless they would not take her life. What about this poor fellow, Hopkins? I seem to have heard some queer stories about him."

"He was a good-hearted man when he was sober, but a perfect fiend when he was drunk, or rather when he was half drunk, for he seldom really went the whole way. The devil seemed to be in him at such times, and he was capable of anything. From what I hear, in spite of all his wealth and his title, he very nearly came out wry once or twice. There was a scandal about his drenching a dog with petroleum and setting it on fire—her ladyship's dog,

to make the matter worse—and that was only hushed up with difficulty. Then he threw a decanter at that maid, Theresa Wright; there was trouble about that. On the whole, and between ourselves, it will be a brighter house without him. What are you looking at now?"

Holmes was down on his knees examining with great attention the knots upon the red cord with which the lady had been secured. Then he carefully scrutinized the broken and frayed end where it had snapped off when the burglar had dragged it down.

"When this was pulled down the bell in the kitchen must have rung loudly," he remarked.

"No one could hear it. The kitchen stands right at the back of the house."

"How did the burglar know no one would hear it? How dared he pull at a bell-rope in that reckless fashion?"

"Exactly, Mr. Holmes, exactly. You put the very question which I have asked myself again and again. There can be no doubt that this fellow must have known the house and its habits. He must have perfectly understood that the servants would all be in bed at that comparatively early hour, and that no one could possibly hear a bell ring in the kitchen. Therefore, he must have been in close league with one of the servants. Surely, that is evident. But there are eight servants, and all of good character."

"Other things being equal," said Holmes, "one would suspect the one at whose head the master threw a decanter. And yet that would involve treachery toward the mistress to whom this woman seems devoted. Well, well, the point is a minor one, and when you have Randall you will probably find no difficulty in securing his accomplice. The lady's story certainly seems to be corroborated, if it needed corroboration, by every detail which we see before us." He walked to the French window and threw it open. "There are no signs here, but the ground is iron hard, and one would not expect them. I see that these candles on the mantelpiece have been lighted."

"Yes, it was by their light, and that of the lady's bedroom candle, that the burglars saw their way about."

"And what did they take?"

"Well, they did not take much—only half a dozen articles of plate off the sideboard. Lady Brackenstall thinks that they were themselves so disturbed by the death of Sir Eustace that they did not ransack the house as they would otherwise have done."

"No doubt that is true. And yet they drank some wine, I understand."

"To steady their own nerves."

"Exactly. These three glasses upon the sideboard have been untouched, I suppose?"

"Yes, and the bottle stands as they left it."

"Let us look at it. Hullo, hullo, what is this?"

The three glasses were grouped together, all of them tinged with wine, and one of them containing some drops of beeswing. The bottle stood near them, two-thirds full, and beside it lay a long, deeply-stained cork. Its appearance and the dust upon the bottle showed that it was no common vintage which the murderers had enjoyed.

A change had come over Holmes's manner. He had lost his listless expression, and again I saw an alert light of interest in his keen, deep-set eyes. He raised the cork and examined it minutely.

"How did they draw it?" he asked.

Hopkins pointed to a half-opened drawer. In it lay some table linen and a large corkscrew.

"Did Lady Brackenstall say that screw was used?"

"No, you remember that she was senseless at the moment when the bottle was opened."

"Quite so. As a matter of fact, that screw was not used. This bottle was opened by a pocket-screw, probably contained in a knife, and not more than an inch and a half long. If you can imagine the top of the cork you will observe that the screw was driven in three times before the cork was extracted. It has never been transfixed. This long screw would have transfixed it and drawn it with a single pull. When you catch this fellow you will find that he has one of these multiplex knives in his possession."

"Excellent!" said Hopkins.

"But these glasses do puzzle me, I confess. Lady Brackenstall actually saw the three men drinking, did she not?"

"Yes, she was clear about that."

"Then there is an end of it. What more is to be said? And yet you must admit that three glasses are very remarkable, Hopkins. What, you see nothing remarkable? Well, well, let it pass. Perhaps, when a man has special knowledge and special powers like my own, it rather encourages him to seek a complex explanation when a simpler one is at hand. Of course, it must be a mere chance about the glasses. Well, good-morning, Hopkins. I don't see that I can be of any use to you, and you appear to have your case very clear. You will let me know when Randall is arrested, and any further developments which may occur. I trust that I shall soon have to congratulate you upon a successful conclusion. Come, Watson, I fancy that we may employ ourselves more profitably at home."

During our return journey I could see by Holmes's face that he was much puzzled by something which he had observed. I very now and then by an effort he would throw off the impression and talk as if the matter were clear, but then his doubts would settle down upon him again, and his knitted brows and abstracted eyes would show that his thoughts had gone back once more to the great dining-room of the Abbey Grange in which this midnight tragedy had been enacted. At last by a sudden impulse, just as

our train was crawling out of a suburban station, he sprang on to the platform, and pulled me out after him.

"Excuse me, my dear fellow," said he, as we watched the rear carriages of our train disappearing round a curve. "I am sorry to make you the victim of what may seem a mere whim, but on my life, Watson, I simply *can't* leave that case in this condition. Every instinct that I possess cries out against it. It's wrong—it's all wrong—I'll swear that it's wrong. And yet the lady's story was complete, the maid's corroboration was sufficient, the detail was fairly exact. What have I to put against that? Three wine-glasses, that is all. But if I had not taken things for granted, if I had examined everything with the care which I would have shown had we approached the case *de novo*, and had no cut-and-dried story to warp my mind, would I not then have found something more definite to go upon? Of course I should. Sit down on this bench, Watson, until a train for Chislehurst arrives, and allow me to lay the evidence before you, imploring you in the first instance to dismiss from your mind the idea that anything which the maid or her mistress may have said must necessarily be true. The lady's charming personality must not be permitted to warp our judgment.

"Surely there are details in her story which, if we looked at it in cold blood, would excite our suspicion. These burglars made a considerable haul at Sydenham a fortnight ago. Some account of them and of their appearance was in the papers, and would naturally occur to any one who wished to invent a story in which imaginary robbers should play a part. As a matter of fact, burglars who have done a good stroke of business are as a rule only too glad to enjoy the proceeds in peace and quiet without embarking on another perilous undertaking. Again, it is unusual for burglars to strike a lady to prevent her screaming, since one would imagine that was the sure way to make her scream; it is unusual for them to commit murder when their numbers are sufficient to overpower one man; it is unusual for them to be content with a limited plunder when there was much more within their reach; and, finally, I should say that it was very unusual for such men to leave a bottle half empty. How do all these unusuals strike you, Watson?"

"Their cumulative effect is certainly considerable, yet each of them is quite possible in itself. The most unusual thing of all, as it seems to me, is that the lady should be tied to the chair."

"Well, I am not so clear about that, Watson; for it is evident that they must either kill her or else secure her in such a way that she could not give immediate notice of their escape. But at any rate I have shown, have I not, that there is a certain element of improbability about the lady's story? And now on the top of this comes the incident of the wine-glasses."

"What about the wine-glasses?"

"Can you see them in your mind's eye?"

"I see them clearly."

"We are told that three men drank from them. Does that strike you as likely?"

"Why not? There was wine in each glass."

"Exactly, but there was beeswing only in one glass. You must have noticed that fact. What does that suggest to your mind?"

"The last glass filled would be most likely to contain beeswing."

"Not at all. The bottle was full of it, and it is inconceivable that the first two glasses were clear and the third heavily charged with it. There are two possible explanations, and only two. One is that after the second glass was filled the bottle was violently agitated, and so the third glass received the beeswing. That does not appear probable. No, no, I am sure that I am right."

"What then do you suppose?"

"That only two glasses were used, and that the dregs of both were poured into a third glass, so as to give the false impression that three people had been there. In that way all the beeswing would be in the last glass, would it not? Yes, I am convinced that this is so. But if I have hit upon the true explanation of this one small phenomenon then in an instant the case rises from the commonplace to the exceedingly remarkable, for it can only mean that Lady Brackenstall and her maid have deliberately lied to us, that not one word of their story is to be believed, that they have some very strong reason for covering the real criminal, and that we must construct our case for ourselves without any help from them. That is the mission which now lies before us, and here, Watson, is the Sydenham train."

The household of the Abbey Grange were much surprised at our return, but Sherlock Holmes, finding that Stanley Hopkins had gone off to report to headquarters, took possession of the dining-room, locked the door upon the inside, and devoted himself for two hours to one of those minute and laborious investigations which formed the solid basis on which his brilliant edifices of deduction were reared. Seated in a corner like an interested student who observes the demonstration of his professor, I followed every step of that remarkable research. The window, the curtains, the

carpet, the chair, the rope—each in turn was minutely examined, and duly pondered. The body of the unfortunate baronet had been removed, but all else remained as we had seen it in the morning. Finally, to my astonishment, Holmes climbed up on to the massive marble mantelpiece. Far above his head hung the few inches of red cord which were still attached to the wire. For a long time he gazed upward at it, and then in an attempt to get nearer to it he rested his knee upon a wooden bracket on the wall. This brought his hand within a few inches of the broken end of the rope, but it was not this, so much as the bracket itself, which seemed to engage his attention. Finally he sprang down with an ejaculation of satisfaction.

"It's all right, Watson," said he. "We have got our case, one of the most remarkable in our collection. But, dear me, how slow-witted I have been, and how nearly I have committed the blunder of my lifetime! Now, I think that with a few missing links my chain is almost complete."

"You have got your men?"

"Man, Watson, man. Only one, but a very formidable person. Strong as a lion—witness the blow which bent that poker. Six foot three in height, active as a squirrel, dexterous with his fingers, finally remarkably quick-witted, for this whole ingenious story is of his concoction. Yes, Watson, we have come upon the handiwork of a very remarkable individual. And yet in that bell-rope he has given us a clue which should not have left us a doubt."

"Where was the clue?"

"Well, if you were to pull down a bell-rope, Wat-



He stood with clinched hands and heaving breast

son, where would you expect it to break? Surely at the spot where it is attached to the wire. Why should it break three inches from the top as this one has done?"

"Because it is frayed there?"

"Exactly. This end, which we can examine, is frayed. He was cunning enough to do that with his knife. But the other end is not frayed. You could not observe that from here, but if you were on the mantelpiece you would see that it is cut clean off without any mark of fraying whatever. You can reconstruct what occurred. The man needed the rope. He would not tear it down for fear of giving the alarm by ringing the bell. What did he do? He sprang up on the mantelpiece, could not quite reach it, put his knee on the bracket—you will see the impression in the dust—and so got his knife to bear upon the cord. I could not reach the place by at least three inches, from which I infer that he is at least three inches a bigger man than I. Look at that mark upon the seat of the oaken chair! What is it?"

"Blood."

"Undoubtedly it is blood. This alone puts the lady's story out of court. If she were seated on the chair when the crime was done, how comes that mark? No, no, she was placed in the chair *after* the death of her husband. I'll wager that the black dress shows a corresponding mark to this. We have not yet met our Waterloo, Watson, but this is our Marengo, for it begins in defeat and ends in victory. I should like now to have a few words with the nurse Theresa. We must be wary, for a while, if we are to get the information which we want."

She was an interesting person, this stern Australian nurse—taciturn, suspicious, ungracious. It took some time before Holmes's pleasant manner and frank acceptance of all that she said thawed her into a corre-

sponding amiability. She did not attempt to conceal her hatred for her late employer.

"Yes, sir, it is true that he threw the decanter at me. I heard him call my mistress a name, and I told him that he would not dare to speak so if her brother had been there. Then it was that he threw it at me. He might have thrown a dozen if he had but left my bonny head alone. He was forever ill-treating her, and she too proud to complain. She will not even tell me all that he has done to her. She never told me of those marks on her arm that you saw this morning, but I know very well that they come from a stab with a hatpin. The sly devil—God forgive me that I should speak of him so, now that he is dead, but a devil he was if ever one walked the earth. He was all honey when first we met him—only eighteen months ago, and we both feel as if it were eighteen years. She had only just arrived in London. Yes, it was her first voyage—she had never been from home before. He won her with his title and his money and his false London ways. If she made a mistake she has paid for it if ever a woman did. What month did we meet him? Well, I tell you it was just after we arrived. We arrived in June, and it was July. They were married in January of last year. Yes, she is down in the morning-room again, and I have no doubt she will see you, but you must not ask too much of her, for she has gone through all that flesh and blood will stand."

Lady Brackenstall was reclining on the same couch, but looked brighter than before. The maid had entered with us, and began once more to foment the bruise upon her mistress's brow.

"I hope," said the lady, "that you have not come to cross-examine me again?"

"No," Holmes answered in his gentlest voice. "I will not cause you any unnecessary trouble, Lady Brackenstall, and my whole desire is to make things easy for you, for I am convinced that you are a much-tried woman. If you will treat me as a friend and trust me you may find that I will justify your trust."

"What do you want me to do?"

"To tell me the truth."

"Mr. Holmes!"

"No, no, Lady Brackenstall, it is no use. You may have heard of any little reputation which I possess. I will stake it all on the fact that your story is an absolute fabrication."

Mistress and maid were both staring at Holmes with pale faces and frightened eyes.

"You are an impudent fellow!" cried Theresa. "Do you mean to say that my mistress has told a lie?"

Holmes rose from his chair.

"Have you nothing to tell me?"

"I have told you everything."

"Think once more, Lady Brackenstall. Would it not be better to be frank?"

For an instant there was hesitation in her beautiful face. Then some new strong thought caused it to set like a mask.

"I have told you all I know."

Holmes took his hat and shrugged his shoulders. "I am sorry," he said, and without another word we left the room and the house. There was a pond in the park, and to this my friend led the way. It was frozen over, but a single hole was left for the convenience of a solitary swan. Holmes gazed at it, and then passed on to the lodge gate. There he scribbled a short note for Stanley Hopkins and left it with the lodgekeeper.

"It may be a hit, or it may be a miss, but we are bound to do something for friend Hopkins, just to justify this second visit," said he. "I will not quite take him into my confidence yet. I think our next scene of operations must be the shipping office of the Adelaide-Southampton Line, which stands at the end of Pall Mall, if I remember right. There is a second line of steamers which connect South Australia with England, but we will draw the larger cover first."

Holmes's card, sent in to the manager, ensured instant attention, and he was not long in acquiring all the information which he needed. In June of '95 only one of their line had reached a home port. It was the *Rock of Gibraltar*, their largest and best boat. A reference to the passenger list showed that Miss Fraser of Adelaide with her maid had made the voyage in her. The boat was now on her way to Australia somewhere to the south of the Suez Canal. Her officers were the same as in '95 with one exception. The first officer, Mr. Jack Croker, had been made a captain, and was to take charge of their new ship, *The Bass Rock*, sailing in two days' time from Southampton. He lived at Sydenham, but he was likely to be in that morning for instructions if we cared to wait for him.

No, Mr. Holmes had no desire to see him, but would be glad to know more about his record and character.

His record was magnificent. There was not an officer in the fleet to touch him. As to his character, he was reliable on duty, but a wild, desperate fellow off the deck of his ship—hot-headed, excitable, but loyal, honest and kind-hearted. That was the pith of the information with which Holmes left the office of the Adelaide-Southampton Company. Thence he drove to Scotland Yard, but instead of entering he sat in his cab with his brows drawn down, lost in thought. Finally he drove round to the Charing Cross telegraph office, sent off a message, and then, at last, we made for Baker Street once more. (Continued on page 22.)

The Burglar and the Blizzard

The Christmas Adventure of a Country Gentleman, an Aristocratic Robber, and a Lady of Quality, told in Three Parts



By Alice Duer Miller Illustrated by Charlotte Harding

SYNOPSIS OF PARTS ONE AND TWO

A number of country residences having been broken into and robbed near his estate, Geoffrey Holland determines to visit his own place to make sure that everything is secure. He arrives at night in a snowstorm and discovers a masked man in his library. The burglar proves to be a former schoolmate named McVay. Holland intends to keep McVay in the house until morning, when he will deliver him to the police, but the burglar explains that his sister is waiting for him in a hut a mile away. As the storm grows fiercer, Holland, although incredulous, consents to go for Miss McVay, who, her brother asserts, is ignorant of his criminal exploits, believing him to be temporarily acting as a night watchman. After a long tramp through the snow Holland finds the girl in a hut, surrounded by stolen property and nearly frozen. He brings her back to the house, still ignorant of her brother's robberies. Holland releases McVay, threatening to shoot him if he tries to escape, and the three then set about the preparation of Christmas dinner.

PART THREE

IN THE kitchen McVay made it evident that his talents were for organization rather than for hard labor. He drew a chair near the wall and, tilting back at his ease, watched Geoffrey and Cecilia at work. Geoffrey, engaged in lighting the range-fire, looked up at her as she moved about filling the kettle and washing out pots and pans, and thought that he and she presented the aspect of a young couple of the laboring class, with no further ambition than to keep a roof over their heads. He almost had it in his heart to wish that they were.

She proved herself infinitely more capable than the two men had been, discovering tins of butter and soup and sardines, a package of hominy, apples and potatoes in the cellar, and an old box of wedding cake, which, with a burning brandy sauce, she declared would serve very well for plum pudding.

Manual labor was such a novelty to Geoffrey that he soon forgot even his irritation against McVay, and the triangular intercourse was more friendly than before, until marred by an unfortunate incident.

He was standing in the middle of the kitchen with a steaming pot in each hand, when McVay without warning advanced toward him, handkerchief in hand, exclaiming: "My dear fellow, such a smut on your forehead, pray allow me—"

"Look out," roared Geoffrey, realizing how easily in another second his revolver might be taken from him. The tone was alarming, and McVay sprang back ten feet. "I was afraid of burning you with the soup," Geoffrey explained politely. "I own you made me jump," said McVay.

The girl said nothing, and Geoffrey feared the incident had made an unfortunate impression on her.

It appeared to be completely forgotten, however, when they presently sat down to their Christmas dinner, of which they all expressed themselves as inordinately proud. There were canned soup and sardines and toasted biscuits, canned corned beef, potatoes, and fried hominy, bacon, and a potato salad, a bottle of champagne, and finally the wedding cake.

Now to say that by the time dessert was put on table McVay was drunk would be to do him a gross injustice. All the more genial side of his nature, however, was distinctly emphasized. The better part of a quart of champagne had not produced any signs of intoxication; his eye was clear, his speech perfect, and he was more than usually aware of his own powers, confident of appreciation.

As he finished his share of cake he rose to his feet, and, leaning the tips of his fingers on the table, addressed Geoffrey.

"My dear Holland," he said, "I will not wish you a merry Christmas, for it has already been as merry as it has lain within my poor capacity to make it. Let me, however, express my own gratitude to you for this delightful occasion. You have referred to the fare as meagre, to our position as constrained, but, believe me, I am not exaggerating when I say that I so little agree with you that I am confident that during many of the remaining years of my life I shall look back to this Christmas as one of unusual luxury and freedom. It is perhaps the warm glow of friendship that gilds all small discomforts; for in situations like ours characters are tested, and yours, Holland," he paused impressively, "has stood the test."

Geoffrey bowed gratefully and McVay continued: "I have here a slight token in honor of the day. It is of little pecuniary value, but between us, Holland, pecuniary value is no longer mentioned. I feel that it will be recommended to you more than mere worth could recommend it by the fact that it is peculiarly my own—my own as few human possessions can be said to be. I offer it," he said, drawing from his pocket a square flat little package, "with best wishes for a happy New Year."

The idea that McVay was going to give him a present had never crossed Geoffrey's mind, and now it struck him as so characteristic, so perfectly in keeping with

McVay's consuming desire to triumph in minor matters, that he was able to smile pleasantly and receive it appropriately. He exchanged a glance of real appreciation with the donor, and received a grave bow in return.

Cecilia smiled too. "I don't know exactly why you should think Mr. Holland wants your picture, Billy," she said.

"It may be of the greatest service to him," said McVay.

The girl turned to Geoffrey. "I can't make a speech like Billy's," she said, "but I have a small present for you, which I hope you won't despise because it is not new. I mean I have worn it myself, for some time, and I hope you will, now, in remembrance of the time when you sheltered the houseless." She held out on her pink palm a flat gold pencil, with a single topaz set in the top.

The thing was of some value, and Geoffrey looking up caught McVay's eye, in which danced such delicious merriment that Geoffrey's half-formed question was answered. McVay was undergoing such paroxysms of delight at the idea that Geoffrey was about to become a receiver of stolen goods that he could not well conceal it. And instinctively Geoffrey drew back his hand. The next moment he realized that he must at once accept the gift with decent gratitude, whatever he might choose to do with it afterward, but unfortunately the girl had noticed his hesitation.

She said nothing whatsoever, but she closed her hand on the pencil, rose from the table, and left them to dispose of the remains of the feast as best they could.

McVay, as if he had observed nothing, threw himself at once into the part of a waiter, tucked a napkin round his waist, flung another over his arm, and began to clear the table.

"Wait a moment," said Geoffrey, who had not followed his example. "I have something to say to you."

"I see you are in possession of my sentiments in regard to your sister. I think her a wonder—that's all it is necessary for you to know."

"Quite naturally, Holland. She is, she is."

"I won't discuss that with you. The point is that you seem to be under the impression that this will do you some good. Well, it won't. You stand just where you did before. You go to jail when the snow melts. Then I settle my affairs."

McVay's face fell. "Really, Holland," he said, "I don't see how, if you are fond of a woman, you can want—"

"—to spare her such a brother as you. Think it over."

"There are worse brothers than I," replied McVay. "How many men would have sacrificed what I have sacrificed in order to keep her comfortable?"

"Not many, I hope."

"She is extraordinarily fond of me."

"Perhaps. You see she has not any one else to be fond of."

"We can scarcely say that now," returned McVay encouragingly.

"I won't discuss it with you."

"You can't mean to tell me that



He was standing with a steaming pot in each hand, when McVay without warning advanced toward him



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TED STORY

DANA GIBSON

you are in love with my sister, and mean to send me to state's prison?"

"I mean exactly that."

"Why, she'd never forgive you."

Geoffrey thought this so probable that he had no answer to give, and presently McVay, who had been grumbling over the matter to himself, asked, "Are you serious, Holland?"

"What do you suppose I am?" Geoffrey roared, and McVay, shaking his head, went on with the work of clearing the table. He was very silent and abstracted, and for the first time seemed to realize his position. When they had put away the last plate, Geoffrey said: "Now come to the library. I am going to give you a pipe, confound you."

"A pipe! Why?"

"Because I want to give your sister something, and I think she would be more apt to take it."

"I'm afraid she is rather offended by the way you treated her little gift. As a matter of fact, I was the person to be offended, for I had given her the pencil. A pretty little thing, singularly like one which you may have seen Mrs. —"

"Don't tell me where you took it from. I don't want to know. Come and get your pipe, and mind you are grateful."

"A pipe," observed McVay thoughtfully. "I think I'll take that large meerschaum on the mantelpiece."

Geoffrey laughed. "I think you won't," he answered. "The best pipe I own! No, indeed, you'll take a horrid little one that won't draw. It will be just the thing for you."

"No," said McVay, "no. You must give me the big one. Otherwise I shall make it appear that you promised the other to me and turned mean at the last moment. And I can do it, Holland." His little eyes gleamed at the thought. "I shall say, 'My dear fellow, I'm glad you changed your mind about the meerschaum; it was, as you say, too handsome for a man in my position.' That will make her mad if anything will. You know, she is not quite satisfied with the way you treat me, as it is."

This was quite true, and Geoffrey, remembering that the object of the gift was to please the girl, reluctantly agreed to part with his favorite pipe. The affair went off well. McVay affected to hesitate over accepting so handsome an offering, and Geoffrey pressed it upon him with a good grace.

As far as his present to the girl was concerned, he found himself less and less willing to make it in McVay's presence, and more and more unable to think of any way of getting rid of him except murder or the cedar closet. His anxiety was rendered more acute by the fact that once or twice he could not help suspecting that Cecilia, in spite of her anger, would have been glad of a few words alone with him.

Before very long she suggested that McVay should take her hat and coat upstairs for her.

"Certainly I will," cried Billy, springing up with alacrity, and was at the door before Holland's warning shout, "McVay," stopped him.

"Let me take it up for your sister," he said warningly.

"Oh, not at all. Let me," replied McVay courteously.

"Couldn't hear of it," returned Geoffrey.

By this time they were both outside of the door, and Geoffrey closed it with a snap.

"You would, would you?" he said angrily.

"Now, Holland," said McVay, as one who intends to introduce reason into an irrational confusion, "this is exactly a case in point. I am by nature a gallant man. I forgot all about your instructions—"

"I wonder?" said Geoffrey.

"It was instinctive to do my sister the little favor she asked. Yes, and I doubt if I should have acted differently if your pistol had been at my head. She asked me. That was enough."

"I've warned you once."

"Holland, I think—you'll excuse my telling you—that you have a very unfortunate manner at times."

They went upstairs together and were descending when Geoffrey stopped, with his eye on the grand piano, which stood in the hall below them.

"Can you play?" he said.

McVay brightened at once. He had been looking a little glum since his last speech. "Yes," he answered, "I can. Well, I'm not a professional, you understand, but for an amateur I am supposed to have as much technique and a good deal more sentiment than most."

"I don't care how you play," said Holland. "There is a piano. Sit down and play, and don't stop."

"No, Holland, no," said the other with unusual firmness, "that I will not do. No artist would. Ask any one. It is impossible to play in public without practice. I have not touched the instrument for over a year."

"You can do all the practicing you like here and now. You can play finger exercises for all I care. All I insist on is that you should make a noise, so that I'll know you are there."

"Well," said McVay, yielding, "you must remember to make allowances. Not the best musician could sit down after a year. However, I dare say, it will come



"A slight token in honor of the day"

back to me quicker than to most people. You must make allowances for my lack of practice."

"There is only one thing I won't make allowances for, and that is your moving from that music stool."

He opened the piano, and McVay sat down, waving his fingers to loosen the joints. He sat with his head on one side, as if waiting to discover which of the great composers was about to inspire him. Then he dropped lightly upon the notes, lifting his chin, as if surprised to find that an air of Schubert's was growing under his fingers. Geoffrey was astonished to find that he really was, as he said, something of an artist. He waited until he was fairly started and then returned to the library.

"Is that Billy?" said the girl. "It must be a great pleasure to him to have a piano again. He is so fond of music."

"He was not as eager to play as I to have him," said Geoffrey.

He came back quietly and stood looking down at her for a moment. Then he said, stretching out his hand: "I want my Christmas present."

"I have none to give you."

"You had."

"I've changed my mind."

"Why?"

For the first time she looked at him. "Mr. Holland," she said, "you must think me singularly unobservant. Do you suppose I don't see that you dislike my brother? You refused the pencil—you did refuse it plainly enough—because Billy had given it to me. I will not offer it to you again. I know that Billy sometimes dresses people up the wrong way, but I should think any one of any discernment could see that his faults are only faults of manner."

She said this almost appealingly, and Geoffrey, unable to agree, turned with something like a groan, and, resting his elbows on the mantelpiece, covered his face with his hands.

"Do you suppose that he does not see how you feel toward him? Are you by any chance assuming that he bears with your manner on account of his own comfort? You might at least be generous or acute enough to see that it is only for my sake that he exercises so much self-control. He does not want to make my position here more unendurable by quarreling with you. It makes me furious to see what you force him to put up with, the way you speak to him and look at him, as if he were your slave, or a disobedient dog. His self-control is wonderful. I admire him more than I can say."

"And is my self-control nothing?" he asked, without moving his hands from his face.

"Yours! I don't see any exercise of yours. Circumstances have put us at your mercy; you are rich and fortunate, and as insolent as you choose to be. Self-control, I don't see any evidence of it."

"No?" he said, and turning looked at her with a violence that might have set her on the right track. Under his eyes she looked down, and probably in the instant forgot all that she had been saying and feeling, for when he added, "I love you," her hands moved toward his, and she made no resistance when he took her in his arms.

VII

McVAY was left so long at the piano that he finally resorted to a series of discords in order to recall himself to Holland's mind. His existence, if he had only realized the fact, was so completely forgotten that he might have made his escape with a good half-hour to spare before either of the others appreciated that the music had ceased. Not knowing this, however, he did not dare stop his playing for an instant, until sheer physical fatigue interfered. It was at this point that the discords began and brought Geoffrey into the hall.

The disposal of McVay for the night was a question to which Geoffrey had given a great deal of thought. The cedar closet presented itself as a safe prison, but in the face of McVay's repeated assertion that the air had

barely sufficed to support him during his former occupancy, it looked like murder to insist. Geoffrey finally, when bedtime came, locked him in a dressing-room off his own room. The window—the room was on the third floor—gave on an empty space, and against the only door he placed his own bed, so that escape seemed tolerably difficult.

And to all other precautions Geoffrey added his own wakefulness, although toward morning weariness triumphed over excitement, and he fell asleep.

He was waked by an insistent knocking at his door, and he heard his name called by Cecilia. He sprang up and found her standing in the hall. She was wrapped in her sable coat, but shivering from cold or fear.

"There is some one getting into the house. I heard a window open and steps on the piazza below my room. What can it be?"

Geoffrey flung himself past her. The instinct of the hunter joined to the obstinacy of his nature maddened him at the notion of McVay's escape. On the opposite side of the house there was a piazza, and on the roof of this a neighboring window opened. He threw it back and climbed out.

The snow had stopped and the moon was shining, paling a little before the approaching dawn. Geoffrey could see a figure stealing quickly across the snow. There was no question of its identity. His revolver, which he had snatched from under his pillow and brought with him, he at once leveled on the vanishing form; his finger was on the trigger, when he felt a hand on his arm.

Leaning out of the window behind him, the girl caught his arm.

"Don't fire," she said. "Don't you see it is Billy?"

There was a pause—the fraction of a second, but momentous. For Geoffrey realized that all his threats to McVay had been idle, that with that touch on his arm he could not shoot.

Nevertheless he raised his voice and shouted thunderously, "McVay!"

The figure turned, hesitated, saw perhaps the gleam of the moon on steel, and began to retrace his steps.

Steadily with the revolver still upon him he moved back to the house. Under the piazza he stopped and waved his hand.

"I'm afraid they got away from us, Holland. I did my best."

"There was a burglar then?" said the girl, in the little whisper of recent fright.

"By Heaven, he shall not trouble you," returned Holland, with more earnestness than seemed to be required. Then he went down to meet McVay.

"You were just about half a second ahead of a bullet," he remarked, ushering him into the hall. To be caught and brought back is so ignominious a position that Geoffrey looked to see even McVay at a disadvantage, but looked in vain. The aspect worn was a particularly self-satisfied one.

"I was aware I took a risk," he answered. "I took it gladly for my sister's sake."

"For your sister's sake?"

"Yes, and yours. Be honest, Holland, what could be so great a relief to you as to find I had disappeared? You are too narrow minded—too honorable, you would say—to connive at it, but you would be delighted to know that you need not prosecute me."

"If I shot you, I should be saved the trouble of prosecuting."

"But at what a cost! I refer to my sister's regard."

No, no, the thing, if you had only been quick enough to see it, was for me to escape. It was a risk, of course, but a risk I gladly took for my sister's sake. I would take longer ones for her."

"Do you mean that?"

"Of course."

"Then take this revolver and go out and shoot yourself."

McVay looked very thoughtful. Then he said gravely, "No, no, Holland. To take a risk is one thing. To kill myself quite another. I have always had a strong prejudice against suicide. I think it a cowardly action. And it would be no help to you. She would not believe that I had committed suicide. She knows my views on the subject, and could imagine no motive. No, that would not do at all. I'm surprised at the suggestion. It is against my principles."

"Your principles?" Geoffrey sneered. Nevertheless, he was not a little altered in opinion. It had been something of a shock to him to find that he could not shoot at the critical instant. It had shaken his faith in himself. He began to doubt if he would be capable of sending the man to state's prison, when Cecilia besought his pity. His own limitations faced him. He was not the relentless



"Take this revolver and shoot yourself"

judge he had supposed himself. Yet, on the other hand, the remembrance of Vaughan and the other men he was representing held him to his idea of justice. "Sit down," he said, suddenly turning to McVay, "and write me out a list of everything you have stolen in this neighborhood, and where it is and how it may be obtained. Yes, I know it is difficult, but you had better try to do it, for on the completeness of your list depends your only chance of avoiding the law. If I can return all property, perhaps—I have a mine in Mexico, a hell on earth, where you can go, if you prefer it to penal servitude. There won't be much difference, except for the publicity of a trial. I've a man there who, when I give him his orders, would infinitely rather shoot you than take any risk of your getting away. Which will you have?"

"Can you ask, Holland? Which will be easier for my sister?"

"Sit down and write your list then."

"An interesting occupation, mining," observed McVay, as he opened the portfolio. After this, for a long time, nothing was heard but the soft noise of the pencil, when suddenly a step sounded outside and the door-bell rang. Both men jumped to their feet.

"My God, Holland!" said McVay, "if that is the police, keep your wits about you or we are lost."

It was a revelation to Geoffrey to find how completely, as his alarm showed, he had cast in his interests with McVay's. He stepped forward in silence and opened the door. Not the police, but a man in plain clothes, was standing there.

"I'm glad to see you safe, Mr. Holland," he said. "There has been great anxiety felt for your safety. I am a detective working on the Vaughan and Marheim cases. I got word to come and look you up, as you did not get back to the gardener's cottage the night before last."

"The snow detained me," said Geoffrey slowly.

"Come in, come in, friend," said McVay briskly, "you must be cold."

It speaks well for the professional eye that the detective, after studying McVay for an instant, asked: "I did not catch this gentleman's name. Who is he?" There was a barely perceptible pause. Then Geoffrey answered coolly, "That is the man you are after."

"Are you crazy, Holland?" shouted McVay.

"What, the Vaughan burglar? You caught him without assistance?" Envy and admiration struggled on the detective's countenance. "I must congratulate you, sir."

Geoffrey allowed himself the luxury of a groan.

"You needn't," he said. "I am no subject for congratulation. I can't even prosecute him, confound him, for several reasons. We were at school together, and I can take no steps in the matter."

"But I can," said the detective. "Indeed, it is my duty to."

"No," said Geoffrey, "nor can you. This man can not be sent to prison. Yes, I know it is compounding a felony. Well, sit down, and we'll compound it."

"I could not agree to anything of the kind," said the detective.

"I don't see exactly what you can do about it," Geoffrey was deliberate and very polite. "Reasons which I can't explain, but which you would appreciate, leave me no choice. I have to save this man from jail. If you intend to work against me, I shall simply let him escape at once. Don't draw your revolver, please. I prefer to be the only person with a weapon in my hand. He has made a list of all the things he has stolen, and I shall see that they are returned to their owners at any cost. Will you undertake to get him safely to a mine I own in Mexico? Once there, he can't get away. It is forty-five miles from a railway. If you accomplish this, I will give you ten thousand dollars to make up for the reward you didn't get—five thousand down and five thousand at the end of a year."

"I don't know what to say," said the man. "It sounds like a bribe."

"It is," said Geoffrey coolly.

"I never received such a proposition," returned the man.

"That scheme won't do, Holland," put in McVay. "Can't you see it lays you open to blackmail?"

"From you?" said Geoffrey. "I had thought of that. But you can't blackmail me at La Santa Anna, and if you get away and come close enough to blackmail me, I'll put you in prison without a moment's hesitation. I shall be in a position by that time to take care of the feelings of the other people concerned."

"You don't understand me," answered McVay. "I meant blackmail from this man."

"Oh," said Geoffrey civilly. "I am convinced he is not a blackmailer. And, besides, he won't get his second five thousand for a year, and, as I was saying to you, after a year I don't so much mind having the whole thing known. My reputation will stand it, I think, if yours and his will."

"I'm no blackmailer," said the detective. "If I accept, I'll be on the square."

"If you do, let me offer you a piece of advice," ob-

served Geoffrey, "and that is not to take your eye off that man for a single instant. He is a slippery customer, and you run a fair chance of not seeing my money at all if you give him the smallest loophole."

The detective considered McVay carefully from head to foot. Then he said gravely: "Is there any way of getting to this place of yours by water? I don't see my way to taking this customer in a Pullman car. If he chose to slip overboard from a boat, why, no one would be any the worse, unless maybe the sharks."

"Very true," agreed Geoffrey amiably. "Fortunately, you can get a steamer in New York."

It soon became apparent that the detective failed to see any good reason for declining so advantageous an offer as Geoffrey's, and they were presently deep in the discussion of their plans. McVay meanwhile studying the map with unfeigned interest in the situation of his future residence.

Cecilia fortunately gave them plenty of time for their arrangements, for she had fallen asleep again, after the alarm of the early morning, and the men must have been talking for two hours when she appeared at the library door.

She cast a look of surprise at the addition to their party, and Geoffrey saw with a sort of paralysis that she was inclined to set him down as the burglar whose footsteps she had heard in the night. To prevent any betrayal of this opinion, Geoffrey advanced a few steps to meet her, although as he did so he realized that he

"Ah, but you don't understand, my dear," went on McVay, ruthlessly cutting into the look which the lovers were exchanging. "You don't yet understand how fortunate we are in our friends. Henderson did not, it is true, come to find me. It was the greatest coincidence, his meeting me here. It seems that he and Holland are both interested in a mine in Mexico, and what do you think?" McVay paused and rubbed his hands. "Really, we have the kindest of friends. They have been arranging between them to offer me a job down there. What do you think of that?"

Cecilia, who had been trying to imagine any future after they left the shelter of the gray stone house, would have answered if she had been thoroughly candid that she thought Mexico was a terribly long distance away, but she only observed: "How very kind of them. I am sure we shall like Mexico."

"There, there, do you hear that? 'We,' Gentlemen," cried McVay, throwing up his hands, "I can not go. I can not leave my sister alone—deserted. Consider it all off."

"Oh, I wasn't to go?" asked Cecilia, looking up with more enthusiasm.

"My dear," replied McVay, "I must own that I was base enough to consider a plan that would separate us. The mine, it seems, is no place for ladies. But we will think no more about it. I see by your manner that your feelings—"

"Dear Billy," said the girl gently, "you must not give it up. You know that I can always go to the Lees, until—until I get a position. And nothing is so important as that you should have work that is satisfactory to you. Of course, you must accept."

"Did you ever hear anything so noble?" asked McVay. "Yes, I suppose I ought to accept. So they both tell me. I must go, mustn't I, Hen?"

"Well, it looks like it would be better for you if you did," replied the detective, who had, fortunately, his legitimate share of American humor.

"There is another point, Cecilia," McVay went on, "if I do accept I shall have to leave at once. When did you say, Hen?"

"Train to New York this afternoon—steamer sails to-morrow."

"Oh, dear. That's very sudden," said Cecilia.

"At a word from you, dear, I'll give it up," remarked McVay.

"No, no, of course not. I should never forgive myself. You must go. Perhaps it is all the better that I did not know beforehand. It saves me just that amount."

"We've no time to lose," remarked McVay briskly, "if we are going to try for that afternoon train. I suppose we can get a sleigh at the gardener's, Holland, if we can struggle as far as that. Well, well, we must hurry off."

It was McVay who urged on the preparations for departure, hurrying his sister, flitting about the house at such a rate that the detective, who was of a solid build, found it hard to keep up with.

Nor was it only physical agility that McVay required of the unfortunate man. Having overheard Geoffrey telling him that he was not to betray the real state of things before Miss McVay, under penalty of losing his money, McVay took special delight in making him look like a fool, calling upon him to remember happenings which existed only in McVay's own fertile brain.

"Ah, Henderson, I see the mark of Sweeney's bullet has entirely gone. I was afraid it would leave a scar. Tell my sister that yarn. I think it would interest her."

"Yes, do, Mr. Picklebody," said the girl politely; and McVay, when he had sufficiently tortured his victim, would at length launch out into a story himself. Miserable as the detective was under this sort of treatment, it soon appeared that McVay's ease and facility had made an impression on him, and that he looked at his prisoner with a sort of wondering admiration.

"Now, Holland, are we all ready? Cecilia, have you got your little bag?" he began when they were about to depart. "Holland, my dear fellow, don't think me interfering if I ask whether you have looked to all the doors and windows? Tramps and thieves are so apt to break into shut-up houses, and it would be such a pity if anything happened to any of your pretty things. Ah, what an expanse of snow. Beautiful, isn't it? You may talk about your tropical scenery, Hen, but we shan't see anything finer than this the world over. What a contrast the South will be, though—eh, old man?" And drawing the detective's arm through his, leaning heavily upon him meanwhile, McVay moved forward, talking volubly.

Cecilia and Geoffrey hesitated a moment, looking up at the house that had seen such momentous changes—their lives.

"When we come back it will be spring," said Geoffrey softly.

"Oh," said the girl in rather a shaky voice, "you like me well enough to ask me to stay again?"

"Well enough," said Geoffrey, "to ask you to stay forever."

THE END.



A VEGETARIAN CHRISTMAS

DRAWN BY FRANK VEE BECK

would have nothing to answer when she asked, as, of course, she did ask, "Who is that?"

A sort of desperation, the cowardice that will sometimes attack the brave, took hold of Geoffrey. He looked at her hopelessly, and would perhaps in another instant have told her the truth had not McVay, not the least disconcerted, taken the lead.

"This, Cecilia," he said exuberantly, laying his hand on the detective's shoulder, "is my old friend Picklebody—Henderson Picklebody. You have heard his name often enough, and he yours, too. Eh, Henderson, in the old Machita days?"

The detective, whose name was George P. Cook, was so taken up with his surprise at the apparition of a beautiful woman that he scarcely heard McVay. He began to guess something of the motives that led Holland to shield this offender against the law, nor had he ever found it unwise to yield to the whims of young millionaires.

Cecilia, who was too gentle or too polite to betray the fact that she heard the interesting name of Picklebody for the first time, remarked in a tone as cheerful as she could make it: "I suppose that if Mr. Picklebody could get in, we can get out now."

"Can and will," rejoined McVay beamingly. "Hen comes, as he has always come to his friends, as a rescuer."

"I seem to require a great deal of rescuing," said the girl, looking up at the monopolist in the art, who had so far said nothing.



READINGS AND REFLECTIONS

HEADPIECE BY MARFIELD PARISH

By NORMAN HAPGOOD

National Journalism

BUSINESS was almost the only interest in America from the Civil to the Spanish War. We were an energetic people, loving effort and excitement. Production and barter were the contests encouraged by conditions. It was the spirit not of avarice, but of competition.

Newspaper owners and writers have felt the dollar standard of success, like other Americans, but that standard is becoming less exacting. The improvement shows thus far more in the periodicals than in the dailies. They are more national and they are more independent. Advertisers influence the policy of a daily more than a weekly, since the field on which the daily draws is limited, whereas the weekly or monthly has the whole breadth of the country for its business as well as for subscribers. The journalism of the future, in business as well as in prestige, belongs to the independent press. The lead thus far has been taken by the monthlies, none of which is as much a type of the journalism of the future as "McClure's."

When Mr. Steffens went to Missouri, a baking powder company sent an advertising contract to "McClure's." Of course, the expected immunity did not result, but the baking powder company acted on what business men have been accustomed to deem a principle of the press.

American people are becoming interested in serious facts about their life. The last election showed that they are becoming politically more independent. They wish now to know really what they are like. The task of the higher journalism is to tell them, and it will pay to tell them.

The field of the weekly, as a national organ of opinion, seems to me even more interesting than that of the monthly in its possibilities. We have never had the weeklies which we need. Those of influence have been of small circulation, and the popular ones have reached an inferior audience and been without importance. There has been none which has rivaled the influence which the "Spectator" has on the formation of English opinion.

There are some advantages which the weekly form has, especially in the United States. Ours is a country where the distance is so great that the daily has no chance of more than a local circulation. No daily can circulate in Maine and California, Massachusetts and Louisiana. The monthly must confine itself to conditions of some permanence. The news weekly has the opportunity to step in between and combine timeliness with selection. It need not be indiscriminate, like the daily, and yet, unlike the monthly, it can deal with all the important events while they are smoking hot.

Popularity

THE people must not be bored. In a democracy the millions rule, and the millions will not submit to heaviness or to great length. The editor who would speak to the masses and guide them should have so much to say that he need not "pad." His main task is to think out what he believes and what is most interesting to him, and say it to the public as frankly and as briefly as if he were talking to his friend. Perhaps a little also—as the public is in part a woman—he should say it as if he were talking to his wife. The ideal weekly newspaper would be one that should interest the college professor and the average motorman, not by having one page for the professor and another for the laborer, but by speaking clearly and wisely on things interesting to both. The ideal is to approach universal popularity, not by catering to the special interests of different men, but by dealing ably with the interests common to all men. Toward that ideal, I believe, American journalism is moving. The idea of writing down to the people is a dying one. The task of writing up to the deeper sense of the people is the real one.

Somewhat less than two years ago I came back from nosing about the galleries of Rome and Florence. It was a pleasant life, and I was glad to be out of journalism, glad to be in beautiful towns, seeing beautiful pictures, talking with people of charm and education. I went back into journalism with reluctance, as I believed that there was a necessary conflict between popularity and sincerity. A year and a half has convinced me that the more thoroughly one expresses his

thoughts, his feelings, his ideals, even his doubts, the better the public will be pleased. To inspire confidence is the greatest road to power. The way to inspire confidence is to be ruthlessly honest to every party, to every class. The greatest opportunities to-day lie not before the papers that are organs of capital, of labor, of Republicans, of Democrats, of the South, or of the North. They lie before any journal, daily, weekly, or monthly, which shall have the ability and the courage to ignore, and if need be to defy, any one special interest; to keep well informed about them all, and to speak with absolute impartiality. Such honesty alone makes journalism worth living. Fortunately also it is a sphere in which honesty can be made to pay. There is no necessary conflict between the editor and the business manager. Those policies which make the best paper will more and more lead also to the best business.

Leadership in the West

IN some ideal ways the West pilots the East. It is more democratic. It does actually, in Mr. Bryan's oratorical phrase, care less for the dollar and more for the man. The successful purifying political movements are mostly in the West. The new note of politics is struck there: the moral note. Newspapers, like politicians, reflect and emphasize that tone. I asked one of the most admired statesmen of the country why the Hearst papers had a hard time getting any influence in such a city as Chicago, whereas they undoubtedly possess great influence in New York. His reply was that the other New York papers were so undemocratic that the poorer classes, and especially the laboring men, read the "American" and the "Journal" because in them alone could they find their side represented. If, he went on, the other papers were fairer; if they did not have convulsions every time the market dropped a point; if they were not, consciously or unconsciously, tuned by Wall Street—then the laboring men would read them, as they read the "Tribune," the "News," and the "Record-Herald" in Chicago, and feel no need of a violent organ of agitation and distortion. The lack of democracy, in the true sense, with the little d, was shown when the New York newspapers first bullied Judge Parker into sending his gold telegram, and then wept hysterically on his shoulder for his valiant deed. The election told the story. The people answered the gold telegram in Missouri, in the State of Washington, in Minnesota, in Wisconsin, and all along the line. They did not vote, even in Missouri, for free silver. That, they knew, was dead. They did vote for the democratic Roosevelt and against the plutocratic Parker, and the newspapers and politicians who were his dictators. Their instinct was correct. They responded to the democratic tone and feeling, not to the Democratic label.

Routine and Ideals

WHEN a few of the books that a month brings to my desk give some hours of pleasure I feel devout in gratitude. In Bacon's noted summary, some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested. He might have added that any one volume is for tasting, swallowing, or mastication, according to the habits and nature of the reader. I taste a hundred books where I swallow ten and Fletcherize one. For a person whose ordinary diet includes a dozen dailies and as many weeklies, the books which pay for the time and mental labor they exact are few. Bacon said also that reading maketh a full man. It frequently induces mental indigestion.

A little volume by Dean Briggs of Harvard, who is President of Radcliffe also, has given me much to ponder. In "Routine and Ideals" Mr. Briggs finds not contrast but mutual dependence. As surely as routine needs ideal aims to make it sufferable, with equal certainty do ideals need the routine of common life to give them substance. The older we grow the more rational does such philosophy appear. One of the compensations (or advantages) of increasing age is the reality which it lends to conventions and to what in youth seems commonplace. Conventions, like the parts of speech, gather meaning as we understand them. They are crowded with the lives of millions

reaching down the centuries. Mr. Briggs, writing especially of education, finds much to cling to in the older methods—in spelling; in dates in history; in mathematics, which teach a child distinctly the boundaries between what it knows and what it does not know,—in lifting the calf every day, until unconsciously we have lifted a row. "The Austrian ballet," a New York schoolgirl wrote in an examination, "was introduced into this country by Cleveland to corrupt the people and keep it secret." Of such clarity Mr. Briggs holds the rather startling opinion that it is commoner now than under the older style of education. Frills, he believes, or perhaps rather the plausibilities of the easy, have gained too much at the expense of difficulties that train and strengthen the intelligence.

Novels and Real Thought

DO historical novels create more good by awakening interest in the topics which they treat, or evil by making readers satisfied with lax and capricious views of history? The greatest master of historic fiction said that he could imagine no excuse for novels about history unless they led to direct study of the subject.

History is not the only topic which our novelists encroach upon. They take up science, religion, sociology, and indeed the social topics are more suited to their art. It would be hard to find an answer to certain dogmas of socialism of sharper effect than Mr. Thomas Dixon's recent yellow novel, "The Only Woman." Mr. Dixon will be always crass in style, exaggerated in expression, unreal in characters; but there is brilliant insight, all the same, and dramatic, or melodramatic, power. He makes us squirm with the number of times he refers, like one of the cheaper lady novelists, to his heroine's tapering fingers. He makes his persons entirely change their natures with suddenness and without preparation. But his pages glow. It is easy to believe his dedication, in which he connects with his love of romantic literature a claim for himself of eternal youth. When he is epigrammatic, which is often, it is with the sharpness of conviction. While God builds the churches, he observes, the devil gets the job to heat, light, and ventilate them. When his characters speak a language never used in life, the substance of what they say is often so true that we forgive them. "The distinguished young pastor of the Pilgrim Church needs the smiles of all beautiful women," are the words in which a jealous wife is made to address her husband, and he strikes back with envy of a friend who "has not been initiated into the joys of a Sunday sermon at 10 P. M. with his wife in the pulpit." The wife observes, in passion to her husband, "This woman I know is more beautiful than I—three years younger; her hair is gold, mine the rarest." Just fancy your wife using that language. And as the style, so the substance. The attack on Socialism as an enemy of the family and of moral love is as powerful as it is unmeasured and stylistically discolored. Quotations from leading priests of Socialism—Fourier, William Morris, Robert Owen, Grant Allen, Karl Pearson—show how generally is free love a part of their concocted world.

"Private property had its origin in the family. The family is the source of all monopolistic instincts, and your regrettably moonshine brotherhood can never be brought to pass until you destroy monogamic marriage. . . ."

"You don't mean to tell me that your Socialist poppet plant has borne its opium fruit so soon? That you are going to desert that charming little woman, shy, timid, and tremulous, with her great soulful eyes, the bride of your youth, the mother of your babes, and take up with another woman just as any ordinary cur has done now and then for the past four thousand years?"

A great power of Mr. Dixon is that he believes in the sharp divisions of right and wrong. He has no use for a morality broad enough to admit the devil. No middle tints for him. And, although that clearness of outline be rather against one's nature, the writer forces attention to its eloquence. The return of the lost leader to his wife, his children, and the doctrines of the ages, away from the isms which had led him into collision with society and the family, concludes a book which, with all its uncouthness, deserves to influence thought.



Hogan, Yale—Tackle



Kinsey, Yale—Guard



Tipton, West Point—Centre



Piekarski, U. of P.—Guard



Cooney, Princeton—Tackle

The All-America Football Team

By WALTER CAMP

FIRST ELEVEN
 End.....SHEVLIN, Yale
 Tackle.....COONEY, Princeton
 Guard.....PIEKARSKI, Pennsylvania
 Centre.....TIPTON, West Point
 Guard.....KINSEY, Yale
 Tackle.....HOGAN, Yale
 End.....ECKERSALL, Chicago
 Quarter.....STEVENSON, Pennsylvania
 Half.....HURLEY, Harvard
 Half.....HESTON, Michigan
 Full.....SMITH, Pennsylvania

SECOND ELEVEN
 WEED, Pennsylvania
 THORPE, Columbia
 GILMAN, Dartmouth
 RORABACK, Yale
 TRIPP, Yale
 CURTIS, Michigan
 GILLESPIE, West Point
 ROCKWELL, Yale
 REYNOLDS, Pennsylvania
 HUBBARD, Amherst
 MILLS, Harvard

THIRD ELEVEN
 GLAZE, Dartmouth
 BUTKIEWICZ, Pennsylvania
 SHORT, Princeton
 TORREY, Pennsylvania
 THORPE, Minnesota
 DOE, West Point
 ROTHGER, Illinois
 HARRIS, Minnesota
 HOYT, Yale
 VAUGHN, Dartmouth
 BENDER, Nebraska



Eckersall, Chicago—End



Hurley, Harvard—Half-back



Smith, U. of P.—Full-back



Shevlin, Yale—End



Stevenson, U. of P.—Quarter-back



Heston, Michigan—Half-back

THE All-America team for 1904 presents an aggregation of peculiar strength, when one covers the entire possible field and notes the available substitutes and the closeness of the struggle for positions. If some former stars are missing, the general strength of the aggregation and its possibility of play, particularly in team work, more than make up for that deficiency.

Shevlin of Yale is the first selection in the ends. He is a man weighing close to 190 pounds in condition, extremely muscular and unusually fast. He gets down the field under kicks as rapidly as any of the lighter weight ends, and is not only sure of his tackle, but his strength and weight are such as to preclude any possibility of the runner's knocking him off with his arm or shaking himself free. Even when without footing on a slippery field, he usually checked his man. When one adds to this the fact that his weight and strength make him quite the equal of any tackle he is required to box on offensive play, one gets some idea of his value as a wing man on offensive work. There is one other feature of Shevlin's play which adds many yards to his team, and that is his ability to run back kick-offs in an open field. He seldom fails to reach the 30-yard line in carrying a kick-off back, and, as in the Brown game this year, it is not unusual for him to go back through the entire line of forwards and have a chance to reach the last defender. He is a student of the game, does not play in a hit or miss fashion, but thinks out his methods. He is never deceived on tricks, and no runs are made around his end. He can also run with the ball from his position, and is an extremely hard man to hold.

My second end I have selected only after choosing all the rest of my team, and then carefully going over all the possibilities of the field and endeavoring to put myself in the position I should assume were I the coach and obliged to select from all the excellent array of material a man who would serve me best on the team when I went into actual play. Weede of Pennsylvania, Gillespie of West Point, and Glaze of Dartmouth, all would suit me well for a mate to Shevlin. But I believe these men—and I know something of their unselfishness on teams—if threatened with the actual situation and this material at hand, would agree with me in preserving my back field intact with Smith of Pennsylvania, full-back, Hurley of Harvard and Heston of Michigan at halves, and Stevenson of Pennsylvania at quarter-back, and securing a kicker by placing that marvelous kicker and brilliant tackler and runner, Eckersall of the University of Chicago, on the other end next to Hogan. This man Eckersall can punt 60 yards, drop-kick with disconcerting accuracy, and in more than one game has actually decided the issue by his drop-kicking. He is a remarkable tackler, and as for running in a broken-up field, he is a wonder. Almost unaided he stalled off the attack of the Michigan team by his excellent kicking through quite a period of their contest this year, and besides making brilliant runs he made the record run of the season in one of his big matches, that against Wisconsin, where he caught the kick-off, jumping up for it on his own 5-yard line, and ran through the entire opposing team for a touchdown. With the team as above arranged we should offer to the

opposing team, when on the third down they were forced to kick, and we sent Eckersall and Stevenson back to receive the kick, a rather difficult proposition as to which of these two little wonders they would prefer to have receive the ball, for I believe either one would stand a chance of running it back as far as the line from which it was kicked.

Both are past masters of the art of interfering, and in case of a fumble or muff either is as quick as a cat to retrieve. By putting Eckersall on the end with Hogan, I put him next to a tackle who proved himself so powerful on offence and defence as to make it advisable on the Yale team this year to shift Shevlin over to the other end, and rely upon a clever light end on Hogan's side. This would suit the arrangement with Eckersall admirably, and it should be remembered that his weight is condensed into only about 5 feet 6 inches of height.

Gillespie of West Point was most reliable and exceptionally good in getting down the field, as was also his mate Hammond. Weede of Pennsylvania is very fast, and while not as big and powerful as some ends, certainly filled the position well.

Glaze of Dartmouth played right end on their team this year. He weighed 166 pounds, but it was good hard muscle every ounce of it. He put up a remarkably clever game throughout the season, and was one of the fastest men on the field and a sure tackler.

Rothger of Illinois is a big man of 190 pounds in weight, over 6 feet in height, and as hard a man to get by as can be found. He is also good at carrying the ball. Matthews of Harvard played an admirable game of great speed and showed first-class possibilities.

Bush of Wisconsin is a different type, weighing about 168 pounds, but extremely clever and painstaking.

Neale of Yale is another most dependable man, as are also Drake and Sinkler of Pennsylvania, Russ and Schwinn of Brown, Spick of Chicago, and Elder of Williams.

Hogan of Yale deserves all the credit that has come to him so generously this season, and his position as the first choice on the team as tackle is simple. The Yale captain rounded out a football career that has been one of steady progress. He is one of the most difficult tackles for the opponents to send plays through, because he is not a stationary mark, but a moving one. While apparently watching his opponent, he never fails to have his eye on the ball, and diagnoses the direction of the play with great accuracy, and when he throws his compactly built 200 pounds of power into the line of the attack, he is very apt to pile up the interference or bowl over the runner himself. Hogan on the offence was a reliable advancer of the ball for short distances, but was particularly good in making openings. His runner could generally rely upon the fact that if he followed in Hogan's wake he would not be met by any direct opposition. In no game of the year was any soft spot found on Hogan's side of the line, even though the end who last year played with him had been shifted over on to the other wing, and a lighter, less experienced man played on Hogan's side. His work was tireless. The longer he played the more eager he was to have responsibility thrown upon his shoulders either by his



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own quarter-back or by the opposing quarter. Of an equable disposition, determined but just, as a leader he had his men with him through thick and thin, and he came through a particularly difficult season with the best results.

The second tackle position goes without question on showing and quality to Cooney of Princeton, the man who is to lead the New Jersey team next year. This man was undoubtedly the most dangerous man on the Princeton eleven this year. His offensive work in the Yale game was enough to stamp him as a first-class performer, even without the strong work on the defense. He was the only man to successfully penetrate Yale's line, and his great strength enabled him to repeat time after time when a less enduring man could not have been used so often. Thick-set and heavy, yet withal active and with a natural aptitude for the sport, he was easily the star of the Princeton line, and that, too, a line aggressive enough to require a good man to stand out so prominently in such an aggregation.

The Tackles Have Hard Work

In his selection, as in that of Hogan, one of the great features to be remembered is the tirelessness required in the tackle of to-day in the modern game. It is a position where the incumbent must be very alert, but with something more than the watchfulness belonging to the position of an end or a half-back, for the tackle must, in every play directed on his side of the line, meet and displace weight. Now to do this sluggishly and ponderously may make an average tackle, but it never makes a star. A man in this position must be like Hogan and Cooney—able to lift and keep lifting throughout two 35-minute halves, and yet every time after a lift or smash be trying for a man.

Curtis of Michigan is the best tackle in the Middle West. He weighs 315 pounds, is just short of 6 feet in height, and while this is only his second year of experience, he has shown quality and power that have given him the position indisputably.

Thorpe of Columbia played in a losing aggregation hard and well. He is powerful, active and aggressive, and with a stronger eleven would have stood out prominently.

Hukiewicz of Pennsylvania showed the most decided advance of any of the players last year. As a tackle this season, though not as heavy as many of the men he faced, he was always to be relied upon, and as a type of an active open shifting player of the position, was without a peer. He was down the field under kicks with his ends, and was probably one of the surest tacklers in the open who played on the gridiron this season.

Dee of West Point was quite up in the class with these men, and it was his not showy but effective work on crossbacks which enabled the Army to win the game against the Navy. He was strong also on defense and thoroughly reliable.

Bloemer of Yale, although handicapped in point of physical condition, did his work in his big games, and did it well. He was not as strong physically as in the first year of his playing, but was better in point of experience, which made up for this deficiency.

Grady of Annapolis did most creditable work, and was the whole bulwark of his side of the Annapolis line.

Perry of Chicago was a real tackle, but, like Bloemer of Yale, was incapacitated a good deal of the time by injuries, so that he could hardly be measured for the season's work.

Hill of Harvard, Stannard of Princeton, Rollins of Amherst, and his mate Pierce, as well as Kafer of Northwestern, all did creditable work.

Piekarski of the University of Pennsylvania was the strongest and most marked guard of the season. His work in the Harvard game, both as an interloper and as a runner with the ball, chiefly the former, was what gave Pennsylvania her start and her final victory. On defense he was equally good, and it was his strength and weight which enabled Pennsylvania to play as light a man as Torrey in the middle of her line. So seriously impressed was he with the duty of his position that he played I don't know how many pounds off him in the Harvard game, but so much that it was almost impossible to get him back to condition. He was the same old reliable, however, in the Cornell game, and when any distance was absolutely necessary to secure, Piekarski could be relied upon to take the ball or to make such a wide opening in the opposing line that anybody else could take it and go through with it.

The Achievements of Kinney

Kinney of Yale brought all his excellent work as a tackle two years ago to the guard position this season. Big, tall, and massive, yet in no way muscle bound, active as a cat, and willing to do not only his own work, but if necessary the work of a man on either side at a pinch, he was worth everything to his team this year. He never let up, was always studying the man opposite him, could not be tempted by anything into loss of temper or a momentary failure to remember that the main object of the contest was that Yale should win the game. He was a tower of strength behind which Yale's light backs could work with safety and assurance. Out in the middle of the field Kinney on the attack was opening holes for his runners, and on the defense was making it impossible for the opponents to crowd in or through the Yale line. Then when Yale had forced the fight into the opponents' territory, and even had lost the ball through some misadventure, Kinney was only thinking how the situation could be retrieved, and it was evident the situation stood in his mind in the following sequence: First, to hold the opponents for downs and force them to kick; second, with the knowledge that the opponents were going



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to kick, to somehow reach that kicker and block the punt, and he demonstrated that a ball kicked against over two hundred pounds of muscular Kinney, coming through the air in an extended manner, will bound back over the kicker's head. It is not an easy thing for a guard to block a kick even on an interior team, and when he does this in a big game against supposedly equal opponents, it is an achievement that marks a man's class.

Tripp of Yale, although different in method, was quite the equal of Kinney in playing the position, and were it not for Kinney's work in blocking the kick in big games, Tripp would be equally deserving of the place. He was not as heavy or powerful as Kinney, but played a somewhat freer game, and in close quarters could handle himself more actively. He was a brainy player, absolutely quiet, ignoring everything that went on that was not of interest to him as a player, but missing nothing that had any bearing on the game. His quiet, unostentatious work in assisting on the offense and making things safe on the defense was worth a great deal to Yale this season. He was a man who could be worked harmoniously into team play, and had it been necessary, Tripp could have been run with the ball effectively many more times.

Gilman of Dartmouth, as noted last year, was a big star in her game. He was in all the plays, and very few gains were made through him, while on the offense he helped out for many yards.

The Guards and the Centres

Short of Princeton and Palmer of Amherst would have a close contest for the next place at guard. Both of them are good men. Taking the entire work of the season, Short of Princeton might have the better of it, although Palmer's work against Gilman of Dartmouth, whom he was shifted over to meet in their game, was excellent. Palmer stands over 6 feet in height and weighs between 190 and 200 pounds.

Thorpe of Minnesota is of the type of Hefelfinger and Glass before they put on quite so much weight. He stands 6 feet 2 inches, weighs 190 pounds, and has had four years' experience in the position. He works in with the Minnesota style of play most admirably, and is quite up to the class, as noted.

Carter of Michigan is another first-class guard, as are also Fairweather of Illinois and Clough of Dartmouth. Schulte of Michigan and Smith of Minnesota are also very available men.

Tipton, the West Point centre, has to his credit the giving of more trouble to opposing lines and back fields than any other centre of the year. This was not true alone in his breaking through, but also in his ability to aid in heavy plays, to open a weak spot between centre and guard, and finally to always be in such a position as to make it difficult for the opposing centre to assume the best position to better West Point after the play started. In addition to this he fed the ball well to his quarter, and was steady and accurate in passing for kicks of all kinds. His work in his most important game of the year, that against the Navy, was typical of his value to his team. He was down the field on the kick, and when the ball had been touched and fumbled by the Navy back, Tipton, realizing immediate possibilities of the situation, kicked the ball, followed it up and secured the touchdown that marked the turning point in the game. He tipped the scales at 190 pounds and every ounce a player.

Roraback of Yale would press Tipton closely for the position. His passing was good, his defensive work excellent, and the only point where he fell behind was in activity. Here Tipton had the better of him and deserves the place.

Turrey of Pennsylvania was the type of the lighter centre, and, thanks to his aggressiveness and the support from his guards, he was quite able to carry the position. He is a clever, steady, reliable man, active all the time and remarkably good on defence considering his weight.

The Quarter-Backs

Stevenson of the University of Pennsylvania proved himself indisputably the star quarter-back of the year. His brilliant running, had that been his entire stock in trade, might not have fairly classed him as the best man in the position, because if that were the case his value to a team might have been almost equally conserved by playing him at half-back. His work, however, in passing the ball, directing the plays, successfully mastering the starting signal, and, in fact, all the requisites of a good quarter, not forgetting a most important feature, namely, his ability to handle punts in the back field, all combined to give him a right to the place even without his running. In almost every game of the year this brilliant player would, when his team had failed to gain the required distance, bring off one of his effective runs, netting not only the needed distance, but many yards besides, and oftentimes bringing a touchdown within the realm of possibility, when at the time he essayed the play it might look well-nigh hopeless. He did this in both the Columbia and Harvard games, when it was the sole chance of keeping possession of the ball. He is a fearless, almost a reckless tackler, but he does not fall and seems, at any rate in actual games, immune from injury. He studies a team, gives them all they want in the way of good passing, and never, no matter in how tight a position, does he let them see him at a loss.

Rockwell of Yale proved himself at the end of the season the same reliable little player as of old. His value to his team in clean passing was a great aid in their final games. His physical condition was not first-class through the year, and he could not be used as some of the other quarters were. In one respect he was stronger than any of the

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others, and that was in the assistance he lent his runner in steering him into the projected openings and in helping him to keep his feet when he went through. His work in this respect was remarkable and meant many yards for Yale's backs.

Harris of Minnesota is the same clever quarter-back as in former years, and would be in a field of ordinary quarters a star. As it is, with men like Stevenson and Ekersall, Harris has inevitably been forced down lower in the scale.

The Season's Half-Backs

Heston of the University of Michigan gained more ground this year than any other back on the gridiron. The position of captaincy apparently mistated not at all against his effectiveness as a player. Weighing over 180 pounds, able to run 100 yards in less than 10-5 seconds, compactly and muscularly built, practically unshakable, as his record shows, he went through his season, in spite of the fact that all opponents knew it was Heston who was to be feared, and so concentrated their defence upon him. He was far and away the most desirable man that has played the position this year. Every now and then we see a half-back who occasionally makes use of his arm to ward off tacklers, and a murmur of approval goes up from the old coaches along the side lines. Heston invariably used his arm wherever any advantage could be obtained by it, shifting the ball when necessary, and once well started and through a line it was almost impossible to stop him save by getting behind that arm. In defence he was quite as strong as on attack, poking his man cleanly, ready to leave his feet and shoot the shoulder in when necessary, and ever vigilant. His speed in starting as well as when in motion is greater than that of any half-back of the season, which gives him an additional advantage. Heston is a man who never gets headed back. He is always pounding along toward the opposite goal, seems proof against injury, and in his Chicago game carried the ball himself for approximately 200 yards of ground, being called upon some thirty-eight times in that game. This would make his average something over 6 yards.

Hurley, the captain of the Harvard team, stood out as conspicuously as any man in the back field this season. He it was who made it possible many a time for Harvard to stave off the attack of Yale, and his individual work probably reduced the score at least a half in that contest. In fact, his defence was unequalled. In offensive work, in spite of the great amount of labor he was called upon to perform when the opponents had the ball, he was a good ground gainer, fought for all the distance that could be squeezed out, and was a hard man to stop. Nor was he of the type that must play an individual game or nothing. He followed his interference whenever it was given him closely and consistently, and never left it unless it had been brought to a standstill and he was thrown upon his own individual resources. He showed unsurpassed endurance in games where his team was thrown on the defensive, and his ever ready ability to see the breach almost before it came, and put himself in the position to be of the greatest assistance, was stronger than that of any other back of the year. He has well earned his place.

Hubbard of Amherst is another fighting half-back who not only keeps everlastingly at it, but who is clever, a good dodger, a fine line smasher, and can stay through any contest.

Reynolds of Pennsylvania is a fine punter, having both direction and distance, able to get off his kicks cleverly, never at a loss, and of wide experience. His running game is not as strong, but improved very steadily this year.

Good Men of the Back Field

Hoyt of Yale is an accurate, strong punter, can kick well from close formation, is a steady man on defence, and a good individual runner, although at the end of the season he was handicapped somewhat by a bad leg.

Vaughn of Dartmouth is a star runner with the ball, excellent on defence, can follow interference splendidly, and is of good experience.

Vanderboom of Wisconsin and Hammond of Michigan are a pair whose work stood out strongly in the West, the former a man of 180 pounds in weight, active on offence and defence, and one who would be of great value to any team.

Smith of the University of Pennsylvania, a first-class ground gainer, strong on his feet, splendidly built and weighing close to 200 pounds, has been all through the season, as he promised to be last year, invaluable to his team. Last season, owing to the interference being strong enough for him only on one side of the line, he pounded himself to death in the attempt to make ground where no aid or very poor aid was rendered him. This year, thanks to Williams and his staff of coaches at Philadelphia, the work of the rest of the team was rounded out so that it was possible to send Smith at any point of the opponent's line with proper protection, and Smith has been quite equal to doing the rest. In plays assaulting the line, even when Smith was not the runner with the ball, his interference and aid to the runner have been particularly strong features, and have rendered the work of his comrades, Greene and Reynolds, far more effective than it could have been without Smith. But for all that, Smith's defensive work was his most valuable asset to the Pennsylvania team. Taller than Hurley of Harvard, and 25 pounds heavier, playing behind a light centre, he would throw himself into a play coming with heavy interference at the middle of the line and actually stagger it with the force of his impact, and many times seize the runner himself and turn him back for a loss. Probably the greatest discouragement that can come to an attack-



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ing team in a modern game is to meet such a defensive player as Smith, because it forces them to abandon plays directed at the middle of the line, and thus gives the opponents an opportunity to far more safely protect the wings. Plays inside the tackles, even though yielding but two or three yards, are especially valuable because they force the opponents to condense their line and thus open the way to far more effective runs outside the tackle, hence Smith accomplished more for his team than merely stopping the centre plays, and there was no man on the gridiron who did it better. No full-back on any team of this year can possibly crowd Smith out of the position on the All-America eleven.

Owsley of Yale was one of the best backs in the country, especially on defence, but was in poor physical shape during the season.

Mills of Harvard did work in his big games that would have brought him far more credit had the rest of the team been up to the best, so as to give him an opportunity. He was a very strong man on defence, working with Hurley in this respect in excellent fashion, and on attack was a hard worker, struggling for all possible gains. He was not a showy player, and his weight aided materially in Harvard's back field.

Bender of the University of Nebraska is one of the best players back of the line that his section has produced. He could be utilized as quarter, half, or full. The writer has mentioned him before, but this year he came to his own with greater experience and more power than ever, and is certainly deserving of recognition.

Next week Mr. Camp will announce an "All-Western Team"—selected from players of Western college teams.

The Adventure of the Abbey Grange

(Continued from page 12)

"No, I couldn't do it, Watson," said he, as we re-entered our room. "Once that warrant was made out nothing on earth would save him. Once or twice in my career I feel that I have done more real harm by my discovery of the criminal than ever he had done by his crime. I have learned caution now, and I had rather play tricks with the law of England than with my own conscience. Let us know a little more before we act."

Before evening we had a visit from Inspector Stanley Hopkins. Things were not going very well with him.

"I believe that you are a wizard, Mr. Holmes. I really do sometimes think that you have powers that are not human. Now how on earth could you know that the stolen silver was at the bottom of that pond?"

"I didn't know it."

"But you told me to examine it."

"You got it, then?"

"Yes, I got it."

"I am very glad if I have helped you."

"But you haven't helped me. You have made the affair far more difficult. What sort of burglars are they who steal silver and then throw it into the nearest pond?"

"It was certainly rather eccentric behavior. I was merely going on the idea that if the silver had been taken by some men who did not want it, who merely took it for a blind, as it were, then they would naturally be anxious to get rid of it."

"But why should such an idea cross your mind?"

"Well, I thought it was possible. When they came out through the French window there was the pond, with one tempting little hole in the ice right in front of their noses. Could there be a better hiding-place?"

"Ah, a hiding-place—that is better!" cried Stanley Hopkins. "Yes, yes, I see it all now! It was early, there were folk upon the roads, they were afraid of being seen with the silver, so they sank it in the pond, intending to return for it when the coast was clear. Excellent, Mr. Holmes; that is better than your idea of a blind."

"Quite so; you have got an admirable theory. I have no doubt that my own ideas were quite wild, but you must admit that they have ended in discovering the silver."

"Yes, sir, yes. It was all your doing. But I have had a setback."

"A setback?"

"Yes, Mr. Holmes. The Randall gang were arrested in New York this morning."

"Dear me, Hopkins. That is certainly rather against your theory that they committed a murder in Kent last night."

"It is fatal, Mr. Holmes, absolutely fatal. Still, there are other gangs of three besides the Randalls, or it may be some new gang of which the police have never heard."

"Quite so; it is perfectly possible. What are you off?"

"Yes, Mr. Holmes, there is no rest for me until I have got to the bottom of the business. I suppose you have no hint to give me?"

"I have given you one."

"Which?"

"Well, I suggested a blind."

"But why, Mr. Holmes, why?"

"Ah, that's the question, of course. But I commend the idea to your mind. You might possibly find that there was something in it. You won't stop for dinner? Well, good-by, and let us know how you get on."

Dinner was over and the table cleared before Holmes alluded to the matter again. He had lighted his pipe and held his slippered feet to the cheerful blaze of the fire. Suddenly he looked at his watch.

"I expect developments, Watson."

"When?"

"Now, within a few minutes. I daresay



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Upon them correct form has set the crown of approval, certifying to their goodness by unreserved acceptance for banquet, luncheon, tea—for any occasion where exquisite dessert confections are desired.

NABISCO Sugar Wafers are made in the following flavors—vanilla, chocolate, lemon, orange and mint.

FESTINO—Another confection to please the eye and charm the palate—an airy texture of shell shaped like an almond and concealing a kernel of delicately flavored cream.

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